

# **Otherworld Nation Founding Chronicles**

— Isekai Kenkokuki —

**- Volume 3 -  
The New King and the New Order**

**-Author-  
Passing Villagers**

**[ Isekai Shousetsu ]**

# Story

気がついたら知らない森の中で、  
**知らない子供の姿**になっていた。

**そこは神獣グリフォンが住む、  
人間が踏み入ってはならない森だった。**

だが、その子供が異世界から転生したこと、  
精神が大人であることを知ったグリフォンは、  
森に立ち入ったことを許す代わりに、  
**あることを依頼**する。  
そして子供に**アルムス**という名をつけた。



**グリフォンの依頼とは、森に捨てられた  
子供たちが独り立ちするまで  
面倒を見る、というものだった。**

3年間は、食料だけはグリフォンが  
用意してくれるという。

アルムスは前世の知識と経験を生かし、  
**30人の子供たちとともに3年後の自立**を目指す。

畑を作り、農具を工夫し、  
子供たちの将来のために勉強を教え……  
隣国の王の知遇も得て、  
村の生活は徐々に安定していった。

そんなある日、村に**難民の一行**が現れる。どうやら近隣の国で、  
**森の奥にグリフォンに守られた楽園が  
あるという噂**が広まっているらしい。

そしてついに、楽園を手に入れようと**侵略を企む国**が現れた！

**アルムスは村と子供たちを  
守ることができるのか!?**





# Character



アルムス

前世は日本の大学生。  
養護施設育ちのせい、  
子供たちの面倒を見るだけ  
でなく、健康な成長や  
将来の自立にも心を砕く。



テトラ

森に捨てられた子供のひとり。  
利発で思慮深く、周回  
諸國の地理や政治情勢に  
も詳しいが、畑仕事など  
には疎い。



ユリア

アルムスたちから薬草を買っ  
たことで知り合った少女。  
優れた呪術師だが、その  
せいで友達がいなかった。



ロン

アルムスが現れるまで子供  
たちのリーダーだった少年。  
アルムスに対してはちょっと喧  
嘩腰だが、責任感は強い。



ロズワード

ロン以上に高圧的でアル  
ムスに反感するが、あるこ  
とがきっかけでアルムスを  
「兄さん」と慕うようになる。



ソヨン

ロンと同じ村出身の幼馴染。  
いつもロンと仲良く  
口げんかをしている。





「いつもアルムス君にお世話になっている  
ユリアと申します」

Julia



「ばれちゃいました?」

Ogoyon



Rosalind

「兄さんは何の縁もない  
俺たちを助けてくれた」



「別にお前のことを完全に  
認めたわけじゃないんだぞ」

Ron



Tetora

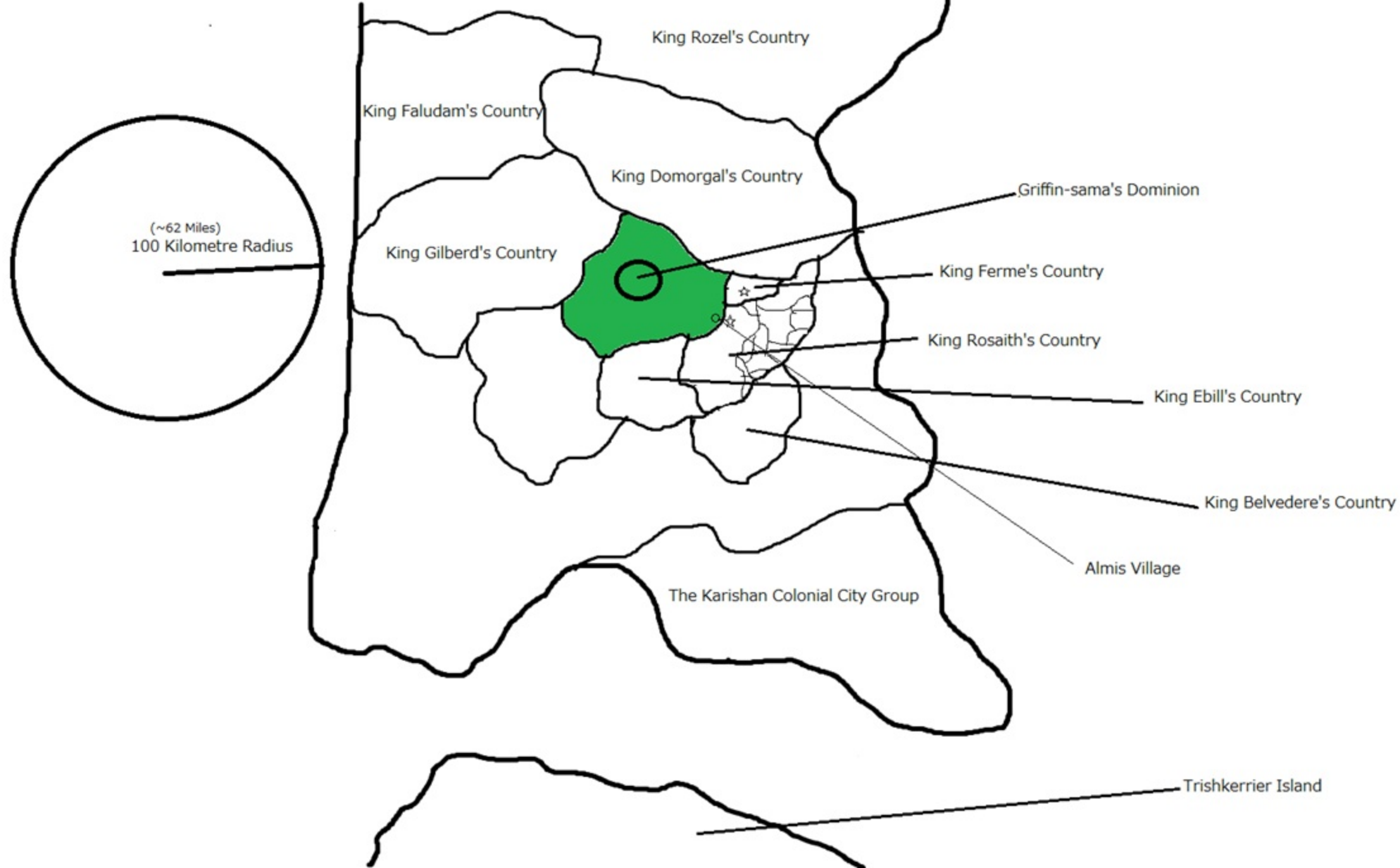
「みんな、ここが、  
あなたが好きってこと。  
それだけ」



「安心しろ。  
ここにいるみんなは  
いなくなったりしないよ」

Almis





# Chapter 79

## Diplomacy II

For the meantime, I managed to secure the continuity of friendly relations with the Equus tribe.

Next item on the agenda is the problem regarding the Belvedere and Eville Kingdoms.

These two countries had a previous offense of banding together to try to attack the Rosyth Kingdom.

In other words, relations are completely sour.

Both kingdoms are probably vigilant against a new and radical king.

I need to directly meet them and ascertain friendly relations.

First, I headed to the Eville Kingdom.

This time, I had brought along Yal, Bartolo, and Tetra to assist me.

Ron and Gram also came along as escorts.



“It’s been a while, King Eville.”

I greet King Eville.

He’s around his mid-forties. It’s probably the prime age as king.

Although he’s shorter than me, you can clearly see, even on top of his clothes, his firmly built body.

He gives off an image of..... a warrior king.

“Aa, I’m happy to see you, King Rosyth.”

We begin first with harmless chatter.

I was mostly asked about the wars against King Ferrum and the De Morgal Kingdom as well as the civil war.

“Good gracious, what a splendid job you did. Even though civil wars end up getting dragged on, to be able to end it within two days, it clearly is no small feat!”

Such a transparent old man, you. Didn’t you hurriedly gather your men around the time the civil war began?

Or perhaps I should say some DeBell Faction members tried to emigrate to your country causing great trouble?

Well, I would have done the same thing though, if a country were to collapse right before me.

Gradually, the topic moved towards industry.

Because the Eville Kingdom has few plains, their wheat output is little compared to ours.

On the other hand, they utilized their slopes resulting in a vibrant grape and olive industry.

Others are herding sheep and goat.

Our country is several times more superior in agricultural output plus potential.

Therefore, our two countries found no necessity to trade with each other.

Well, if we really must, I guess we could trade for wool, maybe? Our country would rather focus on agriculture rather than animal husbandry after all. If we’d be bringing up livestock, we’d focus on pork which could be turned into meat and cattle and horse, which could be used for labor.

“Since the threat of the De Morgal Kingdom had ceased to exist, the southern part of the Southern Adernia Peninsula will be peaceful for a while, yes?”

“Yes, our country also desires peace whenever possible. In any case, the amount of things we need to do domestically is as big as a mountain.”

It’s actually the truth. We’re not in the mood for any war right now. Right now, yes?

“Let’s get along well, from now on.”

“Yes, let’s be good neighbors.”

We exchange handshakes.



“How was it, your majesty, King Eville?”

“Well, I guess you could say they aren’t a threat for now. I couldn’t feel any clear hostility. That said, I don’t think a young king in his teens would be satisfied with such a small kingdom. It’s probably best to strengthen our forces.”

Presently, there are no signs of any hostile intentions. In that case, he should be preparing without arousing other nations as much as possible.

Defeat is inevitable if the Rosyth Kingdom faces the Eville Kingdom directly.

“However, we have too little information. We shall continue surveillance. As soon as we see turbulent movements, we shall immediately move to have the neighboring countries on our side.”



“Hee, this is the Belvedere capital, huh... they have quite solid defenses, huh.”

I headed to the Belvedere Kingdom immediately after the Eville Kingdom.

I brought along the same people.



“The Belvedere Kingdom is the one nearest to the Cretian colonies after all. They’re the ones most exposed to their culture. Therefore, they’re the most advanced in construction techniques amongst the Adernian states.”

Raymond explains for me.

However, nevertheless, isn’t this still overkill?

If we say King Ferrum’s palace is a 1 and the Rosyth Kingdoms’ is a 10, then this would be a 100.

“This is just between us, but the present Belvedere King is famous for his cowardice. Therefore, he had these much fortification built. Although this was just a famous story related to his succession...”

According to Raymond, it seems a war of succession broke out after the previous king met his demise around ten years ago. At that time, the then-crown prince Belvedere had been so afraid of being killed that he had renounced his right of succession and secluded himself in a temple on top of a mountain.

After that, the eldest and third sons had simultaneously struck each other. Both ended up dying so Belvedere had been hurriedly summoned from his seclusion and made king.

The one who ran away ended up having the last laugh, huh...

“Hey, Bartolo. If you were to take this down, how many soldiers and how much time would it take?”

“Hmm, let’s see... I’d need a minimum of 10,000 soldiers. It would take around 6 months at the shortest, maybe? If we used the fire medicine, we’d be able to shorten this to 4 months.”

Even Bartolo would need that much time and people huh.

As expected, sieges are very troublesome.



“It’s been a long time, King Belvedere.”

“Same here, King Rosyth.”

King Belvedere is a man in his late forties.

Although he’s taller than me, he doesn’t give off that much of a strong impression.

Not only does he have very little muscle on him, his face doesn’t show much self-confidence, either.

His eyes are swimming.

What we talked about wasn’t that much different from the time with King Eville.

By the way, the Belvedere Kingdom’s industry doesn’t differ that much from the Rosyth Kingdom’s industry. Both countries have vast plains and a warm climate after all.

“Recently, your country seems to have been profiting from trade with Cretian merchants.”

“Yes, we have been profiting but...?”

What in the... what about it?

“Our country’s customs income has also increased. Thanks to your country..... We would like to get along from here on as well.”

“...Yes, let’s get along.”

Between our country and the Cretian colonies lies the Belvedere Kingdom.

In other words, if they were to do things such as raise the tariff and blockade the borders, then Cretians wouldn’t be able to enter our country.

This guy has just hinted me that.



Not just with timidity...

“We have considerably weakened the De Morgal Kingdom’s power. There won’t be any wars for the meantime, yes? As expected, peace is... the best, don’t you agree?”

“It’s completely as you say..... is hard for me to say. At any rate, our country is still embroiled with border disputes with Lezzad.”

The Belvedere Kingdom and Lezzad (a Cretian Colony) have sour relations.

The reason is simple – between the borders of the Belvedere Kingdom and Lezzad lies various small to medium sized states where large numbers of mixed Cretian and Adernian peoples live.

The two countries are fighting over the leadership over those states.

“Your country is one of us, the seven kingdoms. Naturally...”

“Our country would have you let us take a neutral stance.”

That’s only natural. There’s no way we’d join your territorial problems.

Besides, we’re generally trading with Lezzad, you know?

It would seem my reply was within his expectations as King Belvedere’s expression didn’t change much.

He doesn’t seem to be angry.

Well, it’s intolerable whenever these things are collapse.

“Is that so. I guess that’s regrettable. Well, we’re happy that you’d take up a neutral stance. Should the occasion arise, we would like to have you intervene.”

“Our country desires peace. It’s only natural, as people, for us to lend our hands to that peace.”

I say something I don’t really mean.

My war policy is to cultivate relations with distant countries while conquering nearby ones. If there comes a chance, it might be a pincer attack.

In any case, I managed to reconfirm favorable relations with both countries and obtain assurances of peace.

...at least officially.



“That brat. There’s no mistaking his ambitions.”

King Belvedere mutters.

He had four reasons to believe so.

First, his expression when they talked about the tariffs. His face looks as if he didn’t mind it that much.

Cretian trade should have been a very important for that country right now.

In other words, ‘if we annexed this country then tariffs and what not would be nothing but crap’...he’s probably thinking that.

Second, his emphasis and repetition of peace. It’s conversely suspicious.

Third, if he really wanted to intensify peaceful relations then he should have proposed an exchange of prisoners.

Him not doing so means he’s probably not thinking even a little bit about peace.

Fourth, the eyes. Those are eyes filled with ambition.

They were the same... completely the same as the ones my brothers had when they fought each other to the end.

Though it would seem he had intended to hide them skillfully...



In the first place, that new king is just a young person in his teens. It's an age where one tends to act aggressively.

Besides, he has the achievement of a great victory over the De Morgal Kingdom.

There's no way he won't perform military movements.

However, at the same time, his desire to maintain peace is probably true.

He had just assumed his role as king, so he probably still hasn't put a close to domestic issues.

You can infer and understand that much just from him needing to conduct that large scale of a purge.

I dare say he won't move his military for a minimum of around two years as deferment.

On the contrary, you could say that this country would get destroyed in two years' time.

As far as that's concerned, the moment of truth would be in two years. In that time, it's necessary to reduce that country's national power.

"First, we should try calling out to King Eville and King De Morgal..."

King Belvedere decides on his foreign policy for the immediate future.

That is, a coalition against the Rosyth Kingdom.

# Chapter 79.5

## Brassiere II

“Nee, Almis?”

“What is it?”

“Make me one of those things Tetra is wearing.”

Julia points to Tetra’s brassiere.

Almis had the two of them at once tonight and Julia, it seems, couldn’t help but notice the brassiere.

“That’s an underwear to protect the breasts, yes? Shouldn’t I need those things more than Tetra?”

Julia sticks out her chest.

Her beautifully shaped breasts that were a size larger than Tetra shake in response. Certainly, it would be a waste if these were to collapse.

“ ‘More than Tetra’ is too much!! ”

“Nna, hey, what are you doing!”

Tetra grabs Julia’s breasts, making them strained.

“These impertinent... lumps of fat!”

“Don’t you have these too! Take this!”

“N... Let go, if you don’t I’ll pinch you.”

“Hey, wai... Almis! Help me!!”



“No... Here you go, you can have the continuation.”

This is amazing in its own way...

Nevertheless... this one's another like, huh. I found a new discovery.

I think as I gaze at the two who continued to grapple each other naked.

These two, do they also have the same inclinations? Well, it's good that the two of are getting along but...

My wife is getting NTR'd by my other wife? I wonder about this.

As a man, and as a husband.

Well, it won't be a problem if I joined in.

“Oi, let me join too. Don't hog all the fun you two.”

“W... wait... We just did it a while ago...”

“Aa, no more, ri, right now is...”

By the way, I made Julia a brassiere as requested the next day.

Tetra couldn't help but blink away her tears in vexation when she saw the difference in size.

Come on Tetra, you're fine. It's not like you're that small after all.

There exists less fortunate people (Lulu) after all.

# Chapter 80

## Flood Control I

“I guess I’ll first reform the military system...”

“What are you going to change?”

Julia asks.

“Well, I won’t change much. I think I’ll retain both a conscription and recruitment system. Recruits would be 1000. Maybe I’ll go with 400 hoblites, another 400 would be cavalry, and the remaining 200 would be archers. Although a standing army would cost much money, it’s necessary right?”

Especially cavalry, there’s no way I could gather them from conscription.

Normally, it’s necessary for them to keep on training.

Furthermore, it’s more convenient to have a standing army that would move on my command.

I intend to have that army be led by Ron, Roswald, and Gram.

“All the rest will come from conscription. Not only would it be unreasonable to turn the whole army into a standing army, we won’t be able to gather enough numbers anyway too.”

War is quantity.

Naturally, quality is also important. However, if you could manage to maintain a certain level of quality, then what comes next is quantity.

“What’ll come next are the blacksmiths we obtained from the De Morgal Kingdom. We’ll work them hard manufacturing iron.”

By the way, Tatara Iron Manufacture is the current trend in the industry. <sup>[TLN1]</sup>

We'll prioritize iron weapons manufacture.

After we've changed all weapons into iron, we'll change priorities to agricultural tools.

However, changing the weapons into iron based ones is already nearing completion.

Why?

It's because of the presents from the De Morgal army.

Thanks to them leaving behind their weapons and running away when they were defeated, we were able to take all their iron weapons and hand them out to the army.

Well, this much is good for the army right?

If you change too much, then it might cause disorder.

"For the present, the thing I absolutely need to do is..."

Palace Construction, huh.



I had the royalty, with Raymond on the helm, gathered in advance.

Because of my position as husband ((to royalty)), I have to be mindful and honor their positions while governing.

Well, since I'm inexperienced, I'm actually happy that they're here to help out so I don't have any complaints.

"I'm thinking of moving the capital city anew. What do you think?"

I go straight to the point and ask them.

The Rosyth clansmen bustled in conversation for a while but Raymond steps forward before anyone else and speaks his view.

“What would be your reasoning behind such a move? Are you unsatisfied with the current palace?”

“There are several problems with the current palace.”

I begin to point out such points.

“First, it’s directly connected to the Romano Forest. It has been thought of, up until now, that no enemy that would come passing through the forest exists. Thus, we managed to use the forest to protect our rear. However, we now have King Ferrum’s case as precedent. Furthermore, we, ourselves, have extensively used the forest in the previous war. If the enemy were to march through the forest, we won’t be able to notice their movements. This is a big problem, right?”

Half of it’s my fault. It’s not like I’m regretting it now, though.

“The next problem, though it isn’t an issue yet, has a possibility of becoming one from here on out.”

The castle walls are now deteriorating.

The current capital is the one father in law got from his grandfather... in other words, if you count starting from me, this capital has been built by the third generation King Rosyth before me, in other words, Julia’s great-grandfather.

It was built to be able to restore the war front against the De Morgal Kingdom.

It has the advantages of being able to send out a sortie immediately when the country gets invaded and being able to immediately send royal orders to the battlefield.

This, however, begs the question. When King Ferrum appeared, why was the capital never moved?

There’s very little distance between King Ferrum’s capital, the Ars Territory Palace, and the Rosyth Capital. Furthermore, the then King Rosyth was ill and therefore couldn’t effectively give out orders.

This should have lowered this location’s strategic value, (dismissing it should be



natural.)

However, politics got involved.

If they were to move the capital, they would look like cowards running away. It was feared that they'd lose unifying force over the great clansmen.

Moreover, they also didn't have the economic leeway to move the capital.

Due to these circumstances, the capital stayed put.

I digress so let's return to the matter at hand.

The next problem – size.

You couldn't say this capital was particularly spacious. Well, it's the norm for Adernian standards. However, I'm dissatisfied with the size.

"For the sake of centralizing powers, we established a bureaucracy and a standing army. Furthermore, you people understand that there's a need to consolidate key industries such as paper and iron, yes?"

"Yes. We understand such points and we also support them. However, what do those things have in relation to moving our capital?"

"The standing army would have one thousand men. These men would each have a wife and we could expect each would have four children. Add all of them together and we could easily expect a population of around 6000 people in our capital.

You do understand that we should expect the same for our bureaucrats, our paper craftsmen, our blacksmiths, and other personnel, yes? Once fortune gathers in our capital, people in search of it will come in droves. They, too, would then rear children, and their children would then rear their own children... this cycle will continue until we become flush with people that it becomes a problem."

By my predictions, in 30-years time, the capital territory will become insufficient.

It'll become full of people and get congested and would bring about various effects on the economy.

“Besides, it’s starting to become unhealthy here. You can clearly see that we’re being overwhelmed with the management of human wastes. Our drinking water supply from the river is at it’s limits too. If our population continues to grow, the river just might end up drying up completely. Should the dwellings grow denser, we also increase the risk of suffering great damage when a fire breaks out.”

“I see... You are absolutely right. Then, where should we transfer the capital?”

I spread a map before the nobles.

I then point to the place where three rivers converge.

One of the rivers runs from the Romano forest, another from the former Ars territory, and the other from the former DeBell territory.

We will source the building materials from from the Romano Forest and the Former DeBell Territories and transport them through the rivers.

We will also bring in the food to be consumed by the capital from the Former DeBell and Ars Territories.

You can secure drinking water from these rivers as well, so it should be fine if we source domestic water from them.

This place should be the best place to put the capital.

“My King! This place is...”

“Flood prone, right?”

I cut off Raymond.

Raymond nods.

Yes, the place I’m specifying has, since long time ago, suffered from severe damages from flooding.

Rivers in the Rosyth Kingdom have no sufficient flood control.

Thus, when rain falls, the rivers immediately overflow. When it rains a downpour, it's common to see the rivers rise several meters high.

This place is always inundated – by rains in winter and by water from the thawing snow in the mountains in spring. It's a place where water from three rivers converge after all.

As such...

“First, I think we should start with flood control.”

“Fl, flood control, my king!? The money to cover the costs for that does..... exist, huh.”

Yes, we have the money.

First, from the rock salt mines.

The Rosyth Kingdom has three rock salt mines.

The first one is a mine privately owned by Raymond.

The other is a mine located nearby the present palace.

And the last one is the salt mine found in the Ars territory.

In other words, I have in my control two of those salt mines. Furthermore, the mine in the Ars territory is in a whole larger scale than the other two mines.

Next, from paper.

Thanks to my ascension as King, nationwide production of paper has begun.

Also, the earnings and Blouse town that was obtained from the previous war, which was recently being referred to by the public as the one-week war.

Earnings from plunder and earnings from the reparations.

Furthermore, the vast income obtained from the garnet stones.

There is sufficient capital to undertake flood control.

Up until now, the former King Rosyth himself had been ill and unable to engage in large scale flood control due to lack of funds.

He did occasionally commission small scale projects though.

“For the meantime, we will conduct flood control on the entire area of the planned location of the new capital. I shall rely on the great clansmen for the labor. Naturally, I will shoulder all the food expenses of that labor force. With this, you won’t have any complaints, yes?”

In otherwords, I just told them “give me people since I don’t need money” in a roundabout way.

“Your Majesty, King Rosyth. We won’t object to this flood control project. It would give us and the people peace of mind after all if we managed to mitigate flood damage. Furthermore, it would also increase our harvest by several times if we manage to arrange irrigation. However, could humans capable of a large scale project such as this really exist? I know that a Cretian architect has come to be employed by Your Majesty. However, construction and flood control are different. Would that Cretian be able to do the job?”

“There won’t be any problems. I have employed another Cretian. He’s a person learned in Astronomy and Earth Sciences. This scholar and my architect are more than enough to do the job.”

I say brimming with confidence.

“Now then, another question. What would we do about the defensive line? As Your Majesty knows, the current capital was made in consideration of the conflict with the De Morgal Kingdom. Now that our territory has increased and the border has shifted north, shouldn’t we be moving our new capital north ((following our logic))? Won’t this new location place our capital farther south from the border?”

“That is correct. However, at present, I don’t think that the De Morgal Kingdom is a huge threat to our kingdom. What we should be fearing is being surrounded by a coalition of neighboring countries. As such, we should, as much as possible, put our capital in a central location. Besides, I intend to construct paved roads that reach up



to our borders. We'll do this at the same time as flood control. I think we should sufficiently manage with that."

We would also need stations next, huh.

It would increase the transmission speed of information by fast horse.

If we succeed, we would be able to do correspondence in a speed faster than ever before.

"Is that so?... Then I guess there won't be problems."

Raymond quickly withdraws.

Just like this, the flood control project has been decided.



*(TLN: This probably happened before what was written above.)*

"How is it, Ismere? How do you feel about your own employer becoming king?"

"...Uh, it, let's see, feels quite like incubating a chicken's egg and it ends up hatching up as a dragon."

"It's an example I quite get but really don't, huh."

Qingming quips from the side.

"Well, it was quite a splendid subjugation. I have seen and heard of several domestic strifes in my travels but the one that managed to brilliantly subdue such is pretty much King Rosyth. Would it be fine if I write it down in a book?"

"I won't mind. Do as you wish. But don't exaggerate too much."

An Ancient History Annals would be appropriate after all.

Besides, all of them completely exaggerates, like "isn't that one zero too many?"

Eyewitness A would say "It was such a huge army!"

Historian A would be like “I see... then let’s make it a million.”

Things probably go down like that, right?

“By the way, for what purpose did you call for us?”

“Well, I’ll get straight to the point. We’ll be making a city, so I want you to make some plans. Qingming, we’ll also be expecting much from your knowledge.”

I now don’t have the time to go and inspect other countries’ cities after all. I’ll leave it to these two. Especially Qingming, he had come and gone through cities aof the Scarlet and Persis Empires.

“Really!? I will be designing a city!?”

Ismere bends forward in excitement.

Well, this is the highest honor for an architect after all.

“It won’t just be you, you know? I, just in case, intend to call on another Cretian for the job. Whether or not your plan gets utilized would depend on your abilities.”

I, however, sufficiently understand the extent of Ismere’s skills.

There’s no architect better than this woman.

“There’s a caveat. The planned location for this city has suffered from heavy flood damage since long ago.”

I pass the map over to Ismere and point to the planned location.

Ismere frowns.

“As such, flood control is necessary before the construction of the city. Can you do it? Around the parts here and here...”

Ismere’s face dims.

“I’ll be able to do it if it’s small scale. However, to do this on such a large scale... if we don’t play our cards right, we might inadvertently worsen the problem. We would need someone with specialized knowledge. We’ll also need some sorcerers.”

“I see. In other words, we’ll be needing an Earth Scientist.”

I have Tetra so a sorcerer won’t be a problem but...

Dang... where do I find an Earth Scientist looking for a job.

“My King, Sir Ains requests a meeting with Your Majesty.”

A guard informs me.

What now? I should have paid my liabilities, though?

“Ains, is it? Let him in.”

Ains enters on my command.

He sits down correcting his posture, bows his head deeply, and greets me once again.

He then breaks the ice.

“I actually, you see, have an earth scientist!!”

“What the heck is this, are you a psychic or something?”

“No, I’m not. Just as I was thinking about introducing an earth scientist, in a stroke of luck, everyone was talking about it so I figured I’d cut to the chase.”

As expected of Ains. Your company even deals with earth scientists, huh.

What impeccable timing.

“He’s my brother.”

“...You, you actually made your own brother fall in to slavery, huh...”

You're the worst as a human.

"No, you're mistaken! He's not a slave. He's a genuine free man, though he's quite weird. Could you somehow give him the opportunity to meet with you?"

"Hmm, let's see. I guess meeting him won't hurt."



A while later, Ains brings his brother along.

He goes by the name Nikolaos.

What's with him, I can feel a very eccentric atmosphere on him.

"I'm a Cretian scholar by the name of Nikolaos. My specialty is astronomy but I'm knowledgeable in every field including mathematics, earth sciences, physics, and the like."

"Ah! The Alto Eccentric! The number one in the annoying scholars ranking, Nikolaos!!"

Ismere points at Nikolaos.

"Oi! Who are you calling eccentric!!"

Even your younger brother called you eccentric, you know.

But, the annoying scholars' ranking top 1, huh. To think something like that exists...

"This guy's extremely annoying, you know. One way or another, he'd end up repeatedly saying 'the world is round, the world is round.' In the morning, he'd say 'It's round' in place of a greeting. Even in academic conferences, he'd begin with 'It's round.' Nonetheless, he doesn't give sufficient evidence. In the end, he will scream 'persecution!' in persecution complex."

Are you pretending to be a scholar in a tragedy? It's not just your thinking that's being persecuted, it's you yourself. You're very annoying! Is what my friend constantly grumbled."



“I already told everyone that my calculations are correct, right!?”

“Aren’t you missing a digit somewhere? Then why don’t you also discover and show me the annual parallax?”

“Then why don’t you also explain the retrograde motion of the stars!?”

Aren’t you guys in the presence of a king?

Well, I guess it’s fine. It’s good when people are full of vigor.

That said, it’s completely become like an internet response battle, huh. Are all Cretians like this?

It’s kind of like the battle between the Ptolemaic theory and the Copernican theory.

Which one is it, I wonder?

For the meantime, I’ve confirmed that this planet is round. You’ll understand that if you looked at a ship.

However, I still don’t know if it’s revolving around the sun or the converse.

This world has stuff like sorcerers, fairies, divine protections, Griffons, and the like so I wouldn’t be surprised if the Sun wound up revolving around this planet.

I don’t understand much astronomy after all.

“Eitherway would be fine but, would you be up to the job?”

“Yes, I believe I can do the job. I’m quite confident regarding the movements of rivers.”

Oh?... Then I guess he will do.

“Well then, Ismere, Qingming, Nikolaos, and Tetra. I hereby order the four of you to control the floods. Well, do it after convening, okay? Perform some preliminary investigations.”

“Yes, Your Majesty!!”

# Chapter 81

## Flood Control II

“My King Almis. For the meantime, I have made a rough outline so please read it.”

Ismere hands me the project documents.

It's very rough to the point the you can't even call them project documents.

However, she made this just three days after the brief so it's a job well done.

“I am still waiting for the River Survey and the Capital Area's Geological Survey from Lady Tetra and the pover..... Nikolaos. That's why I intend to add small revisions to the plan depending upon their results.”

“I see...”

Ismere chose a plot of land located slightly east of the three rivers' confluence point as the construction area.

According to her plan, because the land around that area leans slightly to the west, the water will also head to the west when the river floods.

Therefore, building on the eastern side would be quite safer.

It appears there are seven gently sloping hills in the area and building the important institutions on top of those hills would reduce the risk of flood damage against them.

However, there are fears of 10-year floods that, once they occur, would spare the top of those hills from damage but might submerge the lowlands below it in flood waters.

We plan to turn these lowlands into residential areas for the commoners so flood control would be absolutely necessary.

That's all regarding the report on the capital.

“What do you plan on flood control?”

“I intend to make concrete plans when the report comes but... for the meantime, I would like to deal with levees and water diversion. There’s a troublesome area but it’s not to the extent of constant flooding.”

“Levees and water diversion, huh.”

Diverting water would be good. It’ll play a part in establishing irrigation and it would also reduce flood control damage.

Hitting two birds with one stone.

“Ah, I just remembered. I actually want to show you something.”

I clapped then two slaves enter to bring the items in question.

One is a gray colored dripping liquid and the other is a gray colored stone.

“These are?”

“These things are called concrete. It normally starts as this dripping liquid and, in time, it hardens into this solid mass.”

I hand over the solid concrete to Ismere. She looks at it with great interest.

“It’s made by mixing volcanic ash and lime. We have lots of these materials so use them to as you desire.”

“Th, this is... If such a convenient thing exists, please teach it to me more quickly!”

Ismere draws near with an excited face.

It took some time to develop so I wasn’t able to tell you about it. I didn’t want to raise up your hopes for nothing after all.

“So, with that much manpower, how much time do you plan on spending? I don’t want to wait that long so...”

“First, regarding the flood control, for the meantime, the water diversion project and levee construction would take about a year. We would then take another four years to strengthen both projects and perform irrigation. If we did these projects with this much care, then barring any natural disasters occurring, no break downs should happen.”

Five years, huh...

This is the long projection? Or is this the short projection... I pretty much don't know.

“As for the capital's construction... as per the previous explanation, we will start construction from the hill tops. I think it's fine to begin construction around one year after the flood control project starts. We should settle down for the present. The walls would take around a year and the palace and the other bureaucratic buildings would take approximately three years. At the very least, we should take at least four years for just the capital functions.”

I see... I had just asked sometime ago but it's quite the short estimate...

“How much manpower is necessary? That is, to achieve that plan?”

“2,000 people. Considering the national power of this country, the most workers we could maintain would usually be around 4,000 people. That said, employ too little and it would take longer. Conversely, employ too many and the costs would mount. 2,000 people would be the most suitable if we are to conduct this project with the highest efficiency.”

2,000 people huh...

Our standing army would only number around 1,000. Therefore, the remaining 3,000 would have to be transferred from agriculture into military and construction affairs.

It's around 1.2% of the population. Well, it's a somewhat manageable level. Just thinking about maintaining these levels for five years makes my head hurt. However, it's not to the extent that I'd take us down.

“So, Ismere. I actually also wanted to construct some roads but... would that be possible?”



“Some roads, milord? We still have them even now, yes?”

Yes. If we’re talking about simple roads, then yes, we do have them.

Rather, they are natural roads – paths that have been hardened by years of being walked on by people.

Their width is around 4 meters, fairly wide. They’re not inconvenient in fair weather.

It’s a different story, however, on rainy days.

Since they’re made from earth, once they’re inundated with rain water, they’d immediately turn into mud.

Feet will get stuck. Carriages will sink. Horses will fall over...

Good infrastructure... there’s no way I could call it that.

I want to revitalize commerce and further increase tax revenues.

“I want to lay out a road system where it won’t be a problem for carriages to run at full speed. First, I want a route that starts from the palace and continues to the De Morgal Kingdom, the Eville Kingdom, and the Belvedere Kingdom. It’s fine even if it’s not made with that much priority and importance. I also want a route from the new capital to each of those kingdoms. This one, I want to be made with utmost care and quality.”

According to the plan, this palace would become unused five years later.

Well, as expected for having a palace, the population of the area is high and the wealth of the land is true. Thus, everything hadn’t been for naught but... the efficiency would be better if we prioritized the new capital and focused there.

“Specifically?”

“Please let the roads stretching from the present palace be made in crushed stone. For the meantime, this should prevent the roads from being unusable due to turning into mud. As for the roads stretching from the new capital, let them be made in stone paving. I have been to Lezzad... I want these roads to be of higher quality than those

found there.

“I see... then shall we do it in this way?”

Ismere puts the plane for the highway in paper and shows it to me.

We will excavate the earth deeply. We will then fill the lowest layer with gravel and the second layer with a mixture of clay-like soil and gravel.

We will then cram the third layer with huge stones the size of fists loosely layed down in bow shaped patterns.

Finally, we will lay down square shaped stones cut so that they'd fit each other on the top most layer.

The bow shaped pattern is probably so that the water won't accumulate when it rains.

“For the time being, this is the foremost Cretian road building technology. Important points in Claris and Alto have this kind of road. If we succeed, we will most certainly make roads better than those in Lezzad.”

“Can we accomplish this with our country's technological strength?”

“.....I daresay it's indeed possible. It's not supposed to be that hard of an undertaking. I'm worried about the stones for the topmost layer but... we'll probably work something out on that area.”

Oh, isn't that great? Our technological power isn't that much far behind, huh.

Well, if you think about it, the palace and the houses around it are quite well made.

While pit houses are the norm in the countryside, those are handmade houses by commoners that can't spend much on housing.

“I have something I want to add.”

“What could you want to add over this?”

“Add some drainage channels on the sides of the road. Also, I wan't you to add

sidewalks. If the roads carriages and humans used were the same, then carriages won't be able to run fast."

We need to properly segregate cars and humans. Otherwise, unfortunate accidents will occur.

We should also guarantee the width.

Roads for carriages should be more than 4 meters wide. I'd want the sidewalks to be more than 3 meters wide left and right. 10 meters in total.

Well, it would depend on the amount of traffic too, anyway.

At the very least, this should be the standard for the main roads.

"How much personnel would we need?"

"How much time could we have to create the roads?"

"I want to have the crushed stone roads quickly done in a year. I want the stone paved roads... done around four years."

I wonder if my request is quite severe?

If my calculations were correct, the two would each stretch for around a 110 km long, I think.

"1,000... or around that number."

"Alright, then we'll mobilize a thousand more people."

In other words, the number of people we'd have to maintain have now become 4,000 people.

That's 1.6% of the population. While it's a little difficult... if we think about how it'll improve our revenues, then we'll have to make do.

"Now then, once the geological report arrives, I shall once again revise and present to Your Majesty the official plan."

“Yes. I’ll be relying on you. I’ll be taking care of all the troublesome aspects such as the right to land and what not. So please concentrate on the rivers and land in front of you.”



Around the time Ismere and Almis are having a meeting. Tetra and Nikolaos are working hard at surveying as per Almis’ orders.

They are investigating the planned capital area’s geographical features, and examining the quantity, speed, and shape of the rivers.

Everything is vital for flood control.

They are also gathering and sorting stories from the residents in the area.

It’s actually a very troublesome duty which the two are silently carrying out.

“Lady Tetra, actually, I’m very interested in the magic techniques that you speak of. Can I also design such things?”

“Theoretically speaking, it’s possible. It’s just drawing lines, after all. However, it would probably feel difficult for a person who can’t use sorcery to do.”

Tetra lightly explains to Nikolaos the theory behind magic techniques.

Nikolaos tilts his head.

“What is this zero you speak of?”

“It’s nothingness.”

“You attach nothingness to numbers? Isn’t that ridiculous?”

Nikolaos frowns.

“It’s more convenient if it exists.”

Nikolaos makes a little unsatisfied expression. Another person not quite accepting Zero.

“By the way, it’s something I’ve been bothered about, what is that strange tool?”

He points to the tool Tetra holds on her right hand.

“It’s an abacus. It’s something Almis recently made. If you have this, arithmetic would be a breeze.”

“Oh?...”

Nikolaos looks at the abacus with great interest.

“How do you use this?...”

Nikolaos tries to use the abacus while receiving instruction from Tetra.

“Wow! This thing’s amazing!...”

He feels as if the world just got a little bigger.

“As expected, math is great.”

“I understand what you feel! Math is truly amazing yes?”

The two hit it off with their love for maths.

However, their conversation immediately turns for the worse.

“Math is able to express any number after all. Such a wonderful thing, yes?”

“That’s overdoing it. There exists irrational numbers.”

“Irrational numbers?”

“Like the square root of two. You can’t represent that using rational numbers.”

A slightly strange atmosphere brews between the two.

“No no, it can, you know.”

“It can’t.”

After first explaining the Pythagorean theorem, Tetra writes down the explanation for the square root of two and explains it carefully.

In addition to that, she explained through argument to absurdity that the square root of two is an irrational number.

“I, I see... I had thought of numbers as a collection of points... To think there exists a possibility like this.”

“Mathematics is an arbitrary concept made by man. Therefore, it would yield irrationality. It’s something that couldn’t be helped.”

The two abandoned their work for the meantime and exchanged expertise.

Tetra talked about Mathematics, Chemistry, and Sorcery.

Nikolaos talked about his specialties – Astronomy and Philosophy.

“What do you think about the origins of creation? As expected, is it numbers?”

“.....I don’t know. Although I do think a mathematical blueprint exists. However, it couldn’t be expressed by numbers. I dare say it’s another thing. How about you?”

“It seems there exists things called atoms. It appears the world is made up of very small beads invisible to the eye, or something like that. However, wouldn’t that make you think why do those beads exist?”

The two had started an unproductive argument that, perhaps, won’t get reliably resolved even if they spend several thousand years discussing.

The people around them had also ditched their duties, looking coldly at the two’s idle chatter from a distance.

What the hell are these two talking about.

“You know that I espouse the Heliocentric theory, yes? What do you think about it?”

“If I consider it normally then I’d think the Geocentric theory is correct. Observationally speaking, the Geocentric theory is also correct. Although it would require complex calculations, I also think that you can even sufficiently show it through mathematical formulae. However...”

Tetra pauses.

In the end, unless we have proof through observation, I can’t be sure. It’s an unproductive argument as both sides can’t produce conclusive evidence regarding the world.”

No matter how many arguments you can pile up, unless you have conclusive evidence then everything is for naught. If you say it’s pointless then that would be the end of it.

“Is that so...”

Nikolaos returns to a dissatisfied expression.

Even the outspoken Nikolaus, as expected, would restrain himself at the presence of Tetra, a queen.

He had hesitated to go against Tetra’s proposal to stop this discussion that won’t reach a conclusion and contend it.

“It’s about time we go back to our duties. Almis will get mad at us.”

“I agree. Let’s quickly end this investigation.”

The two finally return to their jobs.



“First, the capital city’s construction. In order to do that, flood control is necessary. If we managed to complete irrigation facilities while were at it, it’ll be hitting two birds with one stone. However..... once we complete the flood control for the new capital’s environs, we would first need to round things up and construct the roads...”



Roads are an important aspect of the country, economically and militarily.

If we are to achieve a maintained road system, commerce will become lively and the army, too, would be able to move quickly.

While it depends upon the location, it's something that we should prioritize even more than flood control.

We should be able to secure enough funds.

The problem is, as expected, human resources.

Since our territory has increased by several times, we couldn't square process them.

At present, the only territories where land surveys and tax collection are happening are the former Ars Territories and the Palace environs. It's simply impossible to cover all the directly controlled territories around the country.

We also can't continue providing orphans with hospitality and education for a long time.

The consciousness of the crime of throwing away children might become trivial.

In any case, we'd be troubled if the people threw children away left and right if they get poorer just a little if they knew that the country would take care of them anyway.

It's necessary to introduce a system similar to ancient Chinese civil service examinations but... in the end I reached an impasse. I don't have any need for my country's bureaucrats to be versed in poetry and prose.

Besides, if I concentrated power on the bureaucracy, I'd just be repeating the same mistakes of countries in history.

The inflation of bureaucratic systems is due to Kings and Emperors allowing concentration of power after all.

In the end, even if you centralized power in such systems, unless the King or Emperor himself is excellent, no governance can be done.

Therefore, the government will become completely reliant on the bureaucracy.

When that happens, the post called bureaucrat would rise in popularity. The number of people who would pass the exams will increase. The problem, however, is that they'd increase too much.

Unless you choose a difficulty where you can't pass with just mindless memorization of poetry, the selection will become impossible to conduct.

In the end, the gap between exam contents and a bureaucrat's ability would completely widen.

In other words, while advancing centralization of power is good, concentrating such power on a single person must not happen.

Nevertheless, I can't just leave the existences called the great clansmen as is.

I wonder what should I do.

Well, let's just think about the examinations on the way. Right now, we need to immediately raise the necessary human resources.

Bureaucracy is not the only thing important.

For example, commanders who could direct work in the actual field. We have very little of people like this.

We're flush with top class people but we're short on the middle class.

"Sigh, problems are piling up, huh."

I want to pretend like I can't see them.

"My King."

I was abruptly greeted.

When I looked, it was Julia and Tetra.

“You two, since when did you?”

“What are you talking about? You gave us permission to enter, right?”

“You brood too much.”

The two look displeased.

My bad, my bad.

“So, what is it?”

“Actually, it’s about human resources. We have a concern which needs to get immediately resolved.”

The two push a paper before me.

This is...

“We’re proposing a bill regarding regulating sorcerers around the whole country and manage false sorcerers. We ask your cooperation regarding this matter.”

The two smile together.

# Chapter 82

## Sorcerer

Fake Sorcerers are people who take up the title of Sorcerer even though they aren't one to abuse it and request money and goods from people.

For example, let's presume there exists a sick child.

Then someone who's not even a sorcerer would come and say she'll cure that child and chant "Abracadabra."

Suddenly, the child is cured of his sickness.

It's the birth of a false sorcerer.

After that, she'll start spouting random things while demanding increasingly harsh doctor's and prayer's fees.

Once the jig is up, she'll immediately flee to someplace else.

That said, things are still at a mild level.

Things like overblowing diagnoses, putting mysterious medicine on scratches and wounds that would have been fine even if you normally left it as is, and causing side-effects such as lock-jaw, etc.

At any rate, this is a world where real sorcerers exist, so these things are straight-up fraud.

While trifling sorcerers are common, there aren't that much sorcerers with that much skills.

Therefore, even real sorcerers can be deceived.

Amongst them, there even exists real sorcerers (naturally, they're at a level not much

different from amateurs) that apprentice under false sorcerers.

If you ask these false sorcerers “Why aren’t you working for the country?”, they’d convincingly answer back “I have no interest in such trifling matters.”

If they were told “Master, please teach me soul riding!!”, they’d say admonishments like “Listen here, okay? Sorcery is not something you flaunt off, you know.” and deceive their apprentices.

Well, if you put it simply, they are crooks.



“How is it, father-in-law?”

“Isn’t it fine? I think things would be better if you do it.”

I secured permission from father-in-law, the Former King Rosyth who’s holed up in retirement.

Although it’s not necessary to give face and seek this person’s advice as the new King Rosyth, he is still the former King despite his retirement.

As such, there’s no way I could ignore his ideas.

Although there’s particularly no need to ask permission for conducting projects such as flood control, as expected, it’s safer to seek his permission when it comes to modifying the laws and what not.

It’s my “I’m not making light of the Former King Rosyth” appeal.

“Nonetheless, that Julia. She thought of this, huh. Why didn’t she propose this to me back then...”

“Isn’t it because Father-in-law is sick?”

It’s probably Julia being considerate – not wanting to add unnecessary work to a sick person.

Otherwise, it's something that had just recently come into her mind.

Eitherway, since making a new law is an extremely time-consuming process, it would have been probably hard for Father-in-law, who's sick.

It's something more suited to be handled by me since I'm young after all. I'd at least be able to pull off two consecutive all-nighters.

"So, what does it proposes? Tell me the specifics."

"Yes, I'll get into it."

I explain Julia's proposal to Father-in-law.

First, to create a licensure system for sorcerers.

In a short, it's like the licensure system for doctors.

Next, to divide sorcerers into three classes – Senior, Intermediate, and Low.

The condition for the Senior Class is to be capable of dealing with high level sorcery including soul riding.

For the Intermediate Class, the candidate should have firm grasp of fundamental sorcery skills such as curses and barriers. In addition, they should be able to put these skills into practical use.

For the Low Class, the candidate should be able to use basic sorcery.

Anyone who does not meet any of these conditions would not be considered as a sorcerer.

Each class shall be given their own license certificates – the Senior Class will have a gold plate, the Intermediate Class a silver plate, and the Low Class a copper plate.

Also, the act of calling one's self a sorcerer, whether true or not, without a sorcerer licence shall be criminalized punishable with ten lashes of the whip.

Furthermore, the act of cultivating narcotics (with the exception of hemp, however,)

necessary for sorcery shall be forbidden.

The country shall, under a strict oversight system, do such cultivation and sell such products only to licensed sorcerers.

Those who discover new narcotics, drugs, and sorcery shall have the duty to report its discovery and invention to the country. The country will pay a suitable reward to the inventor/discoverer.

With this, we can prevent against a sorcerer concealing and monopolizing them.



Next is the National Sorcerer System.

Simply put, the sorcerers employed by the country.

Only intermediate class sorcerers can become national sorcerers.

If a sorcerer becomes one, she shall receive a monthly pension as well as various privileges such as discounts in narcotics purchases.

In exchange, when country calls, they should immediately respond.

Even sorcerers who have not yet been employed by the country should have a certain number.

This is a law to employ them.

Next is the Sorcery Institute.

Simply put, this refers to a state-run sorcery research institute.

The country will appropriate funds for research and pay tenured sorcerers high wages.

The sorcerers will be given the opportunity to freely conduct research studies. Provided, however, on the premise that they will obey the idea and intention of the country to a certain extent.



Next is the Sorcerer Training School.

Up until now, the way to become a sorcerer had been to apprentice under another sorcerer and pursue knowledge. With this system, however, the number of sorcerers that could be nurtured is limited. Thus, the number the country could take a hold of is also limited.

As such, the country shall create a state-run school.

Once a year, little girls aged 8 years above shall be gathered at the palace.

They would then be taught sorcery in a month while their abilities, or lack thereof, are ascertained.

According to Julia, with the exception of late bloomers, it appears one month is more than sufficient time to ascertain the existence of ability.

Afterwards, the country will negotiate with the parents and the candidate herself, asking her if she would like to become a sorcerer.

The country will shoulder the parents' moving expenses to a certain extent. If the parents don't want to move and the child is to move by herself, then the child will be assigned to a dormitory.

Naturally, tuition fees are free.

By the way, national sorcerers would be the ones to do the teaching. They'll be paid a salary.

It will rake up a considerable cost but if you think of it in the context of investment, then it's a small amount of money to pay.

In the first place, there aren't that much talented sorcerers so the number of students probably won't reach more than a hundred people, right?

Lastly, the Magic Institute.

This is Tetra's wish.

In short, it's an organization that researches magic. By the way, according to Tetra, if it's just designing magic circles, then even non-sorcerers should be capable.

Rather than sorcery, knowledge in mathematics would be much more necessary, it seems.

At present, the only member is Tetra. Whether or not it would increase is still a mystery.

Anyway, it's a new field so it's direction is still unknown.

Well, we also plan to teach mathematics in the Sorcery Training School so people that would take interest in magic should appear sooner or later.

When that comes, it would depend on how much effort Tetra gives to inviting members.

After that is something I don't understand very well – that is the fields in sorcery would be divided, it would seem.

There would be five fields – Sorcery (Curse Specialty), Pharmaceutical Arts (Medical Specialty), Holy Arts (Anti Curse Specialty), Spirit Arts (Soul and Related Arts Specialty), and Magic (Magic Specialty).

It's like the division of all things set by scholarship up until now into National Language, Arithmetic, Science, and Society.

Honestly speaking, I don't quite understand their differences.

I intend to leave all of this on Julia and Tetra's hands.

By the way, according to this division, Soyon, Lulu, and Tetra's specialties would be Spirit Arts, Sorcery, and Magic respectively.

Julia is quite skilled in all fields except Magic but it appears she's particularly skilled in Pharmaceutical and Holy Arts.



“You’re doing quite a lot, huh.”

“We don’t to do all of them in one go, you know. We would like to start first with the licensure system, the National Sorcerer System and the Sorcery Institute.”

The shortest time we’d be able to put these into full-blown effect would be two-month’s later, maybe?

“Also, what do we do to manage the false sorcerers?”

“We’ll use the standing army. I intend to send them out immediately to arrest offenders once we receive a report.”

By the way, the discoverer would be rewarded one gold coin.

This should make everyone inclined to report one.

“Do you intend to also have the great clansmen’s territories adopt this law?”

“Yes, that’s what we intend to do. Even those territories need countermeasures against false sorcerers, yes?”

This shouldn’t elicit much complaints.

The National Sorcery System might create some dissatisfaction but it’s just a matter of presenting better conditions than ours if they don’t want their sorcerers taken away by the country.

That pretty much doesn’t change.

However, I only intend to create schools in the royal territories.

Opposition is to be expected.

“The main point of this law is for the country to be able to completely manage all information regarding sorcerers. Is that correct?”

“Yes, that’s correct.”

Information is important after all.

For the time being, I’m thinking about starting from the centralization of power in information and human resources.

“Well, a law of this extent should be able to sufficiently pass in the Great Clansmen Conference. I’ll also send in my recommendation. Do your best.”

“Thank you very much.”

In the conference that began a week later, the whole law passed safely.

Around two months after the implementation of the new law.

“Sorcerer-sama. I’ve been giving him the medicines you’ve prescribed but he’s not getting better.”

A woman asks an old woman.

This woman has a sick child.

“It couldn’t be helped, yes? It’s not something that immediately takes effect.”

The woman makes a suspicious face at the old woman’s ((rhetorical)) question.

“Two months have already passed. For how long am I still supposed to wait?”

“What? Are you doubting me?”

The woman shakes her head at the old woman’s forceful inquiry.

This old woman is the only sorcerer in this village’s vicinity.

“It’ll be fine. He’ll get stronger soon. Well then, I’ll be going home.”

The old woman takes her leave.

“Haha, what an idiot. That’s just dango made from rounded wheat. It’s not medicine. There’s no way it’ll cure him.”<sup>[TLN1]</sup>

She laughs while holding her sides.

This old woman is ripping off large quantities of wheat, salt, and liquor from the surrounding villages with this modus operandi.

While there are a lot of competent sorcerers in the palace environs, this is the countryside.

There are no sorcerers here who can see through the old woman’s fraud – that she’s a false sorcerer.

The villagers had no choice but to rely on this old woman.

Besides, there’s unexpectedly very little people who had personally seen sorcery.

There aren’t even enough sorcerers to meet the country’s demand.



“Excuse me!!”

Somebody is knocking on the door.

The old woman opens the door to the sight of a young woman standing before her. Behind that girl, several soldiers are standing in attention.

“I am called Lulu, a National Sorcerer. You are under suspicion of fraud. Please show me your Sorcery License.”

The old woman frowns.

She doesn’t know anything about any sorcery licenses.

“Excuse me, what?”

“Oh? Could it be, you haven’t heard? Recently, a new law had been passed that prohibits anyone without a license to use sorcery.”

“Such a thing. I didn’t know.”

The old woman really didn’t know anything about that law.

Because the number of bureaucrats in the Rosyth Kingdom is still low, there are bound to be a lot of villages out of the loop.

“Well, I sincerely apologize for any inconvenience due to our inefficiency. Now then, Let’s just confirm it right now. It’ll be over immediately.”

Lulu smiles and draws near the old woman in a manner as if asking her to show her sorcery.

The woman is troubled. Why? It’s because she isn’t sufficiently capable of sorcery and such.

“Listen here you see, I... lightly... being a sorcerer...”

“I don’t give a damn about that. Please hurry it up.”

Lulu pushes into the house. The soldiers too forcibly enter one by one.

“Wait, stop, what are you touching as you please!?”

“Ah, please excuse us. What do you have here inside these containers? Are they medicine? Rather, these are wheat dango that you’re selling as medicine, yes?”

The smiling Lulu draws closer as the old woman draws back.

“By the way, false sorcerers are punished with 10 lashes and seizure of assets. Furthermore, we’ll change that 10 lashes into 20 unless you confess.”

As such, the old woman promptly confesses.



The child whose illness never healed under the deception of the old woman had been cured in two weeks by Lulu's prescribed medicine. He has burned this memory in his heart.

# Chapter 83

## Industry

At present, our country has paper and salt for industry.

We can also add to this the seized Garnet stones from the previous war.

Thanks to these three, our present public finance is profiting.

However, money is something you need in as much quantity as possible.

From hereon, the construction of the capital, the road project, and flood control project will begin.

At anyrate, we'll need money for the other things too such as the propagation of iron tool production, horses, and cows.

Moreover, I want to quickly finish the propagation of a monetary economy throughout the country. To achieve that, I think other industries are also necessary.

The country is producing paper, iron, and garnet stones while monopolizing their means of production.

With that, although the country's income is increasing, the people's incomes are not.

Furthermore, paper is not something the people are using. Even garnet is something that only some landowners buy.

While acquisition of foreign currency is important, increasing domestic demand is also important.

Even the common people of the Rosyth Kingdom need goods they can buy and splurge on a little.

For the time being, what I've roughly thought about is recommending the production



of liquor varieties such as whiskey, vodka, grappa, and the like.

If we change the pot stills we're currently using into a continuous/column stills, we should be able to produce distilled liquor in large quantities.<sup>[TLN1]</sup>

I only understand the structure of continuous stills so I'll pass this task on to a craftsman.

He should be able to manage and create something similar to it. It's fine if they could only create one with a performance not worse than the existing stills. It's just a matter of improving it as the years pass by.

As for wine, it's being made by farm villages everywhere.

Next, it'll be good if we now let those we put for export to properly mature. This, however, would make the maturity period into three years and above.

Grappas, on the other hand, mature in around six months to become alcohol so we should proactively make them.

We'll now be able to reuse all the lees that we've been throwing away so our profits margins will also increase.<sup>[TLN2]</sup>

As for beer, I'm not recommending we make it.

I don't understand much but it seems the Adernians and Cretians don't like beer that much.

In the first place, wine, for them, is something that is drunk diluted with water.

Something drunk excessively and on its own without being diluted, like beer, is something they'd consider uncivilized.

In the first place, barley is largely known as livestock feed, so the people kind of look down on it.

That's why they'd probably hate beer.

Vodka is also made from barley but it's probably safe to recommend since it can be

drunk diluted with water. It's also something not drunk excessively.

Well, there'll always be someone who'd be drinking it like a fish anyway.

I'm also recommending the cultivation of flax and hemp. I'm wondering about what to do with hemp, however.

"What should we do with hemp?"

I try asking Julia and Tetra.

This really is common knowledge, but hemp is something that can be turned into narcotics.

Naturally, if I recommended its cultivation, there'll always be someone who would be cultivating it only for recreational use.

Cracking down on it would be a herculean task.

In the first place, there are already a lot of farm villages cultivating hemp in this country, so it wasn't prohibited. It'll be like snatching away livelihoods after all with the added bonus of creating a shortage in domestic textile supplies.

However, in the end, cannabis is a narcotic.

While you often hear that the "toxicity of cannabis is lower than tobacco", from my point of view as someone who has never done both (that goes without saying), they're just unnecessary things.

If it's not popular then it'd be better if it stays that way.

It'll only corrupt public order after all, and greatly increase medical expenses.

It'll also feed organized crime.

At this present level of popularity, if we wanted to put it out of fashion then we should be able to.

If it grows into a custom, then even something like this would become inextinguishable.

That said, clothes can be made from hemp.

We obtained large quantities of wool from the Equus tribe so we're still satisfying demand.

However, once we unify the Adernia Peninsula, there's a high chance that demand would overtake supply.

Since we are propagating, via sorcerers, the sterilization processes from making distilled spirits, we are also reducing fatalities from postpartum infections.

Crop rotation is also slowly propagating therefore greatly increasing food production.

With these developments, future demand of clothing is sure to increase.

Should we monopolize the production and sale of hemp and ward off the popularity of narcotics?

Or should we recommend the cultivation of hemp in order to satisfy clothing demands?

"We should monopolize it. For textiles, rather than hemp, we should be recommending flax. Unnecessary things are unnecessary. Medicine that makes a fool of people should be regulated."

Tetra first gives her opinion.

Linen, from flax, is an extremely popular textile in the west.

My clothes are also made from linen.

It's softer than hemp after all. It also feels better to the touch.

Well, certainly flax itself is enough, huh. Recommending hemp is probably unnecessary.

"Hmm, I think it's better if we recommend it, you know. We won't be able to monocrop flax, right? In contrast, we could introduce hemp through crop rotation, so we should

be able to produce them in great quantities. Besides, even if we regulate hemp, it'll still enter the country, right? The Cretians and the like are hooked on it after all."

Come to think of it, there are lots of Cretians addicted to cannabis, huh...

If those guys enter the country, then naturally cannabis follows.

Cretians would be like "Dude, this thing's crazy yo." And Adernians would be like "Seriously? Let me try dude!!"

Crazy Cretians. Don't pull my pure innocent Adernians into the dark side.

"If we are to ban its use as a narcotic then we should also ban its trade with other countries. Otherwise, wouldn't it be better if we just make a virtue out of necessity?"

Hmm, what to do.

"Then I guess we'll suspend recommending hemp for the meantime while only recommending the cultivation of flax.

Let's also stop recommending its cultivation on a national level. We'll just recommend it when demand increases and supply fails to satisfy."

In the end, we choose a compromise.



"Nee, Almis. You're recommending raising cows, pigs, and horses, right? However, you're not quite recommending raising sheep, yes? Can I know why?"

"It's because the Equus tribe is raising sheep. I'm avoiding trade friction. They are strong militarily after all."

The reason the Equus tribe and the Rosyth Kingdom hasn't gone into conflict is the Alva Mountain Range.

Horses can't cross mountains easily.

Besides, the Equus tribe doesn't seem to have much interest in what lies beyond the

mountain range.

However, because of the alliance, the circumstances have changed a little.

There is an extremely high possibility that they would come to a decision to invade the affluent Rosyth Kingdom.

Therefore, I will destroy, as much as possible, any seed that will lead to conflict. It's better for neighbors to be on good terms.

With that point in mind, we could see that we won't have competitors in cows and pigs.

Cows can be used for labor after all and can be harvested for milk.

Pigs, on the other hand, grows fat quickly so it's optimum for meat consumption.

While we do procure horses from the Equus tribe...

It's difficult to say their horses are suitable for farmwork even though they are suitable for warfare.

Thus, it's better to raise our own horses for farmwork while still procuring horses for warfare from them.

"I like freshwater fish more than pork."

"I, on the otherhand, like fruit more than meat."

While it's good and all that your preferences are healthy, it's because of those preferences that the two of you are so little, you know...

"By the way, by the way..."

Julia lowers her voice.

"You said that you'd unify the Adernia peninsula but... do you have any plans in the near future?"

It's about war, huh.

"I don't have any plans for the meantime. I've just become king after all. I want to focus more on the country's domestic governance."

Right now, we are pumping manpower into construction projects.

If we went to war, then we would have to interrupt those projects.

"At the very least, we would start after we have trained a standing army."



"How's the training going?"

I call Ron, Roswald, and Gram to ask them.

Ron, Roswald, and Gram oversee the hoplites, cavalry, and bowmen plus javelineers respectively.

Ron is the first to speak.

"There's a difference in skill between the new recruits and the soldiers from the Ars Territory but they're doing well for the most part. Give it a month and we should be able to send them to a real war."

There's no problem with the hoplites' training.

Next is Gram, huh.

"From the very beginning, we would need technology in archery. The people we recruited for our standing army were career bowmen and hunters, so they're quite capable by themselves. However... their skills are quite different from what I'm aiming for. They're also not used to handling long bows. They are, however, ready to be sent to actual battle."

In other words, the bowmen too have no problems.

Last is... Roswald, huh.

“Come to think of it, what’s blondie doing? Is he still a soldier?”

That guy, he seemed to have bought himself freedom from slavery.

“Virgar, yes? That guy, it seems he lost all his money to prostitutes. That’s why he’s gone back to soldiering. It seems the other former slaves too have similar stories. The rest, on the otherhand, are still soldiering ‘for more money’ or so they say.”

Oh? That’s good.

It’ll be bad without the Germanis after all. Our strength would fall.

“The skill difference between the old timers and the new recruits is too big. It’s out of the question... Furthermore, the only ones who could match the Equus tribesmen are the former Germanis slaves. It’ll simply be difficult to send them into real battle...”

Difficult, huh.

“Well, cavalry training is difficult after all. Oh, I’ve got an idea... why don’t we buy more from Ains?”

...But relying on foreigners is bad huh... I guess you’ll just have to do your best one way or another. It’s not like we need to train them up to the level of Equus tribesmen. It would be fine if they could just hold their own squarely.”

It’s unreasonable to expect winning against the Equus tribe in terms of cavalry.

Those people are cavalrymen by birth.

“Will we be having a war soon?”

Ron asks me.

“No, right now, I don’t have any intention of starting a war. However... there’s a slight chance a war may be pushed on to us.”

The Rosyth Kingdom had suddenly grown in power.

We're already breaking past 200,000 people in population.

The Belvedere Kingdom on the south and the Eville Kingdom on the west only have around 100,000 people. It wouldn't be strange if they would consider us as threats.

The nail that sticks out gets hammered in.

There's enough danger that we'd be pushed into an anti-Nobunaga coalition-like situation.

"That's why the standing army is important. To be able to immediately mobilized... with no permissions necessary from the great clansmen. I'll be relying on you."

""Understood!!""

Now then, I now know the standing army has no problems.

It'll be peaceful for a while, huh.

"Come to think of it, you guys, when are you going to get married?"

The three turn red and avert their faces.

Still undecided, huh. Hurry up and get it over with, guys.



"Bartolo. How is it with the De Morgal Kingdom?"

"Let's see. They seem to be embroiled in disputes regarding the succession problem."

I'm having Bartolo conduct espionage against the De Morgal Kingdom.

I'm also conducting my own operations but, as expected, Bartolo, with a territory directly neighboring the target, should be more informed.

"Why do you ask, milord?"

"It'll be bad if we get pitted against a coalition of the De Morgal Kingdom, Eville



Kingdom, Belvedere Kingdom and the Equus tribe, after all.”

We’re allied with the Equus Kingdom so there’s little worry about them double crossing us but...

In the world, nothing is certain.

“Let’s see... The De Morgal Kingdom and the Equus tribe doesn’t have any intention to invade our country. We don’t have to worry about that. De Morgal doesn’t have the leeway to do that anyway plus Equus is, even though provisionally, allied with us. The problems are Eville and Belvedere. However, I believe we could rest easy regarding the Eville Kingdom.”

And your reason is?

“King Eville is a prudent person, you see. He’s not the type of person to do something so easily. Because De Morgal and Equus don’t have the intention to invade our country, it’ll be difficult to pit us against a coalition. Eville won’t be able to move.”

Conversely, if De Morgal were to settle down and Equus would have a change of heart, then the coalition becomes a possibility.

“How about Belvedere?”

“Unfortunately... I have no idea. However, that king has a tendency to dislike a country that overtakes his. It was also him who supported the independence of King Ferrum. Therefore, the possibility ((of conflict)) is there. However... I don’t think they’d make a move if the other three countries won’t show interest.”

I see... in other words, there are no problems at this point in time.

“Is that so? By the way, what do you think about having an alliance with the several Cretian city-states?”

“Hmm, isn’t it fine? It won’t put us in a disadvantage, yes? However, do we even have some feelers?”

“From Ains. He said they’re talks from Lezzad.”

In other words, they're just feelers/testing the waters.

Ains was probably the one who pushed for it. He probably intends to expand his influence over Lezzad on the coattails of my power.

An alliance with Lezzad would be a check against Belvedere, too.

"If you are so inclined, then how about you go there and try it out?"

"N?"

"I'm talking about your honeymoon, milord. Why don't you visit Lezzad, Gehenna, and Nemes for it?"

That's... probably a great idea.

# Chapter 84

## Honeymoon I

As such, we set off to our honeymoon.

Preparations took around two months. Well, being King is quite troublesome, huh. You can't even go travelling lightheartedly.

Well, normally, diplomats would be the one going and the king would stay put and wait behind but...

For me to go personally should be much popular. Cretians have high pride after all.

Our objective this time is to obtain human resources for low level bureaucracy and technical agencies.

However, if the two had gotten pregnant, then the trip would have to be postponed for a while.

This is bad.

It's about time Tetra should be pregnant, if we go by frequency but...

I don't know which is bad, my seed or Tetra's flower pot.

Or maybe we're just not hitting the jackpot.

I need to do my best.

Our escorts this time are Gram and Ron, as well as Bartolo and Yal.

The cavalry corps headed by Roswald is still a little ill mannered, so I had them pass on the assignment.

Bartolo and Yal will act as advisors. I'll have the two aid me on military and political

matters respectively.

“Here, Revolution.”<sup>[TLN1]</sup>

“Here, Revolution”

“AAAAAH!!! WHY!”

Julia screams out loud.

It was Tetra who called Revolution.

“She probably saw that your current cards are two number twos and one number one.”

Of course, Julia’ll get checkmated with that.

With just three players in Daifugo, there’s a high chance that a revolution would be called. It’s something you need to keep in mind.

By the way, the order is Julia -> Tetra -> Me.

All four kings had already been drawn and played. The same goes for the two Jokers.

Julia plays a number 6 on her turn.

Her plan was probably to play a number 2, end the trick, and then play the other 2 and then empty with the 1.

That’s when Tetra played an eight ender and called a revolution with four number fours.

By the way, with this all the number eights have been played.

Unforetunately, with my current hand, I won’t be able to call a counterrevolution. Sorry, Julia.

“Well then, I’ll play a three of hearts and a three of spades. You’ll pass, yes? Then here’s a five of spades. Finish.”

Tetra jumps up to Daifugo (Great Millionaire) from Daihinmin (Very Poor Citizen).

I was the Daifugo but since we're playing with few people, the People's Revolution rule doesn't apply.

By the way, I have one number one and three queens.

Considering all the cards that have already been played, Tetra's prediction hit the mark.

Well, it's because Julia was grinning after all.

She was making a face like "I'll finish it on this turn!" That's why she was read.

Once the game reaches the final phase, you'd be able to know who has which cards after all.

"Then, I'll play two queens and end the trick with a one. Finish."

"Ah! I lost!!"

Julia throws away her cards.

"Hurry up and deal, Very Poor Citizen."

"Kuuu, remember this!!"

Julia gathers the cards to reshuffle them while glaring at Tetra.

"Hey, I'm starting to lose interest, how about we play Concentration?"

"Quitting while ahead?? The nerve!"

"Don't you always win in that game? Let's just play Old Maid."

I'm starting to get tired from playing games where you need to think.

"But... Okay fine, but Julia gets to be old maid, okay?"

“Why!?”

“I’m 17. You’re 18.”

By that logic, I’d be an old geezer, you know.

The two are embroiled in a friendly squabble.

“Your Majesties, we shall be entering Lezzad’s territory soon!!”

The coachman shouts to advise us.

The two, remembering his existence, quieted down and fixed their postures.

They were a little red in the face.

“It’s been around a year, huh, Lezzad, since I’ve visited after the war with King Ferrum.”

“Hmm, as for me, I want to try going to Cretia itself.”

Isn’t that stretching it a bit too far?

“It’s my first time here. I’m quite looking forward to it.”

Julia cheerfully declares.

“Well, I’m sorry but what’ll we be doing here is boring diplomacy. So, how about we get some disguises and do some shopping and the like?”

Lezzad definitely has no sightseeing spots. Therefore, there shouldn’t be anything else to do other than do some shopping.

“”Agree!!””

“Then we’ll be imposing on Ains.”



We were received by 5 members of parliament, including Ains, in the Lezzad border.

While being guided by these 5 people, we arrive at the Lezzad capital, Lezzad.

Since it is a gulf city facing the sea, several hundred ships enter Lezzad in a day.

You can find here a great variety of various peoples including Povenians, Adernians, Persis, Gallians, and Germanis in addition to, of course, the Cretians.

“We, Lezzadians, are extremely proactive with Cretian immigration and trade.”

Ains explains for us with a smile.

That there’s no country with this much tolerance towards foreign races than the city-states on Cretia-proper, including Claris, and naturally also including the colonial cities.

Well, it’s that anyway.

It’s their “we want to have good relations with Your Majesty, King Almis” appeal.

We can hear cheers from outside the carriage. It seems the city folk have all come together to welcome us.

I open the door and wave my hand upon which the cheers grew louder. It was a nice feeling.

We were first guided to a huge mansion. It’s not as big as the palace back home but it’s of a comparable scale.

The exterior is treated with a modest grainy texture. It’s of a style you don’t see often, huh. Is it, maybe, Persis-style?

As we alight from the carriage, we are received by many men wearing ceremonial clothing.

All of them are probably members of parliament, huh. Considering their numbers, is

this a reception involving all members of parliament?

“This is, with the exception of our nation’s parliament building, the largest building in the land. Please make yourselves comfortable here for the day. Tomorrow, I will be guiding you around our honorable nation. Let us put the difficult political and business talks for later.”

For the meantime, they welcomed us, and are trying to do diplomacy by reading me.

Yeah, not bad. I also want to have fun after all since we’ve come all the way here.

“By the way, Your Majesties, are you fine with fish? Lezzadians prefer fish over pork so if Your Majesties are fine with it, we are thinking of serving fish as the main course.”

“I’m fine with it.”

“Me too.”

“I’m more than happy to have fish. I also prefer it over pork, after all.”

The MP’s give off relieved faces at our responses.

“By the way, do you have a bath?”

“Yes. In any case, there is a hot spring here, so a bath is only natural.”

How splendid.



Each of us got assigned a room each. However, the two immediately went over to my room.

The bed in my room was stupidly big so the three of us were able to sleep together.

Well, they had probably prepared it in anticipation of this.





“Look, it’s the sea!! Wow! It’s so huge!!”

Julia shouts in joy at the sight of the sea from the carriage window.

There are several sailing boats headed here from the sea.

“Hey, is it true that the sea’s salty? It’s salt water, yes? Then why do we have to mine rock salt? Can’t we get them from the sea?”

Hey, one at a time.

“It’s true that it’s salty. I’ve tasted it after all.”

Tetra quips as she stuck out her tongue.

“I’m not that knowledgeable but, isn’t it because mining rock salt is cheaper? Obtaining salt from the sea would require large amounts of firewood, after all.”

Although there exists something called ‘salt farming,’ I’m not that familiar with it. Even if I did, I wouldn’t implement it. Salt mining is one of our chief industries after all.

“I want to go to the library tomorrow.”

“The library, huh. I’m also interested.”

I wonder if the whole collection is in clay tablets.

Or would they be using wood strips or even paper?

“I want to go to a Cretian temple!! I wonder if we can manage to take home a Cretian god?”

By the way, what this “taking home a god” means is what we call in Japan ‘Bunrei’ or sharing and dividing a god to be re-enshrined somewhere else.

By all means, it could or could not have sorcery-related nuances.

However, I wonder if it's alright to take a foreign country's god? Won't Adernian gods get angry?

"The gods are very tolerant so it's fine."

Really?

"How about you, Almis? Do you have some place you would like to go?"

"Hmm, let's see. I guess I want to carefully study the harbor. After that, I'd also want to look at the marketplace and the castle walls' construction."

"Who cares about the harbor? Our country doesn't have access to the sea, right?"

"That's just for now, you know?"

We won't lose anything by studying it in advance, after all, so wouldn't it be fine?

"I want to take home, in large numbers, craftsmen and people of the like as souvenirs."

"I want plates – Persis Glass Tableware."

If we invite other Adernians over, they'd probably be surprised if we brought out glass tableware, huh.

Should we stock up on them?

"Books. I'd want books. Let's duplicate some and bring them home."

I wonder if it would cost us to duplicate some books?

Or would they oblige if we requested it?

There aren't copyrights here, after all. However, I don't know how long would it take if we tried to duplicate all the books in the library.

"Why don't we ask for duplicate books later? Let's just have them send it over to us."

I wonder if we should also build a huge library.

Like maybe the Library of Alexandria or the Royal Library of Nineveh.

It feels as if they'd also burn down, huh.



“Hey, Almis. We still have some time until dinner so...”

Tetra clings to me.

“Won’t we play some Concentration?”

We played some absurd amount of cardgames after this.



Shrimp, Crab, Shellfish, Fish...

It’s completely seafood galore.

The meal begins at once.

The seasonings are simple, comprising mainly of salt, olive oil, and lemon.

“Hmm? Is this pepper?”

I ask while eating Meunière. The MP eating with me answers.

“That’s correct. We are gathering spices from all over the world, you know.”

Pepper. It’s been a long time since I’ve tasted one, so I can feel its deliciousness.

I want to secure a stable supply.

You can tell from the taste. All the food here had been prepared with spices, even if just a little. They were also prepared with aromatics in little quantities so as to not break the flavor.

That said...

I look at the MPs hands while chatting with them.

As expected, they're eating with their hands, huh.

Although they do use spoons for soups since they're hot and are liquids, they're quite the same with Adernians when it comes to eating.

I stopped minding it after all this time but, I wonder if there are other countries aside from Cretia that use tableware?

I have heard from Qingming, though, that the Scarlet Empire use chopsticks.

How about Persis?

"Hey, Almis."

Julia clings to me.

This is bad manners, you know?

"I want to eat fish everyday. Fish is better than meat."

The MPs freeze at Julia's utterance. What?

Ah, I see.

I want to eat fish -> I want the sea -> I want Lezzad.

Is that how you heard it?

Aren't you guys overthinking this?

Just in case, I check Julia's expression. She's smiling with joy. She doesn't seem to have said it with a particularly "I want to invade" nuance.

If you calmly thought about it, our country has unconsciously broken through the 200,000 population level and has become the biggest country in the southern part of

Southern Adernia.

On the other hand, although Lezzad has a strong navy, their population is only around 60,000 so their army is weak and reliant on mercenaries. Their mother country is far so the shortest time they could expect reinforcements to arrive is one week. As such, we're quite the threat to them.

That said, being an influential person sure is troublesome. They won't even let frivolous talk pass.

Now then, I guess I should do a follow-up.

"I wonder how long would it take if we were to haul fish caught from here into our own country?"

"Let's see... by carriage, it would take maybe around four days? If we crammed them with ice then you should be able to adequately eat them, I think. If they were dried, then they would keep, even without the ice."

"Isn't that great, Julia?"

As soon as the MPs heard my conversation with Ains, they felt relief and resumed their meals.

Ains winks at me. This guy, your winks suck.

However, we'd need ice to transport them, huh.

Ice is something cut and taken from the mountains in winter and basically stored in basements.

Because the southern part of South Adernia is warm, water doesn't freeze easily even in winter.

Securing ice would be a difficult undertaking.

In other words, we'd be raking up quite a cost in transporting fish.

Moreover...

“You’d be taxed a toll in the Belvedere Kingdom on the way to the Rosyth Kingdom, huh...”

An MP states with dissatisfaction.

Ains coughs and the MP withdraws in haste while saying “Ah! It was nothing.”

Politics is not something discussed on the dinner table.

By the way, Lezzad has some border disputes with the Belvedere Kingdom.

Honestly, I had thought about whether going to Lezzad would stimulate the Belvedere Kingdom but, in the end, I decided to go anyway.

I had put precedence on the returns rather than on the risks.

For the finale, we were brought the desserts.

They were mainly fruit – grapes, pomegranates, figs, etc.

All of them were fresh and delicious.



“Oh, this is quite wide, huh.”

“Let’s see, it’s even bigger than the bath in the palace.”

“This is somehow frustrating.”

Our admiration leak upon seeing the bath.

While the bath in the palace uses ordinary hot water, this bath uses hot spring water. With just that point, the bath here in Lezzad already trumps ours.

I wonder if a hot spring will spring forth in the new capital. Well, at the worst, we’ll just have to bring over hot spring water by carriage, if possible.

“That said, we can’t let our guard down around Cretians.”

Tetra murmurs. Hey, don’t you also have Cretian blood in you?

However, I’m of the same opinion as her.

These guys just went and prepared thirty beautiful women to attend to our bathing needs.

Along with Adernians, and naturally in addition to Cretians, they also have Povenians, Gallians, Germanis, Persis...

They even have Afric and Asiatic women. We’re free to choose.

I was saved thanks to Julia and Tetra clinging to me and clearly saying we don’t need them.

Well, it’s fine even if they didn’t particularly save me.

It’s just a little disappointing. After all, weren’t those thirty women?

Furthermore, they were all beautiful! They’re like a human salad bowl or something.

\*Smack\*

“Oww!”

“What’s with the grin!?”

I got slapped hard on the back by Julia. Damn... it hurts so bad...

“This is why violent women are... I’ll wash your back for you, Almis.”

Tetra gives Julia the look. She then makes me sit down with a grin.

She then makes a bewildered expression.

“What’s this?”

“I think it’s a sponge. It’s probably used for washing the body.”

Certainly, I have heard that there’s a living being that could naturally become a bathing sponge.

“Then what about this strange fruit-like thing?”

Julia takes out a black fruit from a container.

I take it and try to crush it.

This is...

“A soapberry?”

It’s bubbling, huh. It’s a natural soap.

While I’ve heard that it could be used as an eco-detergent, I wonder if it could be used for washing the human body?

Well, it’s not necessarily a soapberry. This is another world, after all.

It’s definitely gentle on the body and soapberry-like.

Let’s ask Ains later.

In any case...

“Hey, you two. Actually, I have something I want you to do for me using this fruit but...”

What that might be... I’ll leave to your imaginations. (◡‿◡)



---

Author's notes:

Volume three would be 80% about domestic governance and foreign diplomacy so it might be lacking excitement.

Volume four would be mostly about war.

The slow ascent will continue for the meantime so, before the story rises, I'd increase the update speed.

However, my drafts have been decreasing...

# Chapter 85

## Honeymoon II

Second Day.

On the second day, we went sightseeing... Or rather than sightseeing, we went inspecting.

First, we headed for the harbor.

“Our country, Lezzad, is mainly a base for transporting salt from the Adernia Peninsula and produce like wheat and olives harvested from Lezzadian farms to the Cretian mainland. All these products are gathered in Claris, two-thirds of which would then be exported to the Persis Empire. Recently, however, we have also been profiting from paper aside from salt.”

The MP explains for us with a smile.

You can clearly see he is currying favor with me through every important point.

Now that I thought about it, diplomatic policies of countries with monarchies change on the whim of their kings so you need to pay quite close attention.

Conversely, if you flatter them then you should be able to create a favorable relationship.

“Are the ships that anchor in this harbor all from Claris?”

“...No, ships from the city-states participating in the Western Alliance with Claris often use this harbor. Ships from Alto and Therbae also stop by occasionally; although the cause of their resupply is getting shipwrecked. Others, like Persis ships and Povenian ships, although rare, also stop by.”

I see, they're not in bad relations to the extent that they'd disrupt commerce, huh.

They also seem to be exporting a considerable amount of goods to the Persis Empire such as salt and agricultural produce, after all.

Economic connection is quite the strong force.

Suddenly, a group of naked men catches my eye. All of them have shackles in their legs – slaves.

“Where were those slaves procured from?”

“Those are... probably from Gallia. Even Gallia has colonies, after all.”

There are slaves here and there when I looked around.

While the Rosyth Kingdom has a not insignificant number of slaves, they’re not in a percentage this high. Our country is primarily a nation of landed farmers, after all.

Lezzad shouldn’t have any mines so perhaps these men are probably made to work the fields or row the galleys.

Racially speaking, a lot of them are whites.

While the image of a slave being black is strong, I don’t see much black slaves. There are black merchants though.

“By the way, we want to purchase several ships but...”

“Ships, you say? This might sound rude but... the Rosyth Kingdom doesn’t have any seas, yes?”

Yes, we don’t have any seas. However, seas aren’t the only places those things can be used in.

“We’ll be using them in the rivers. Our country has a lot of rivers after all. Although I do understand that I’m out of my depth regarding the difference between using ships in the rivers and in the seas but... is there none? As expected, even Lezzad...”

After I said such provocatively, the MP responds positively with a slightly serious tone.

“We have some, you know. We also use some of them in our home country for water transport, after all. How many do you need?”

“Let’s see... For the meantime, we’ll take about fifty. We’ll put them up for trials. By the way, we also want to hire shipwrights. They’re for when we’ll need repairs.”

At my request, the MP promised that they’d be recruiting on my behalf.

For the meantime, human resources secured.

“Next would be... you want to see the farms, yes?”

“Yes. I’ll be in your care.”



Ains is observing this new king that he had known for so long.

He seems to be listening attentively to the MP’s explanation.

Ains holds favorable sentiments towards this youth by the name of Almis.

Not only has this lad returned his loans, he had returned it with 25 years’ worth of interest.

He couldn’t help but be astonished at this youth.

He had thought that this lad, from the very beginning, had been interested in Cretian culture.

A lot of influential Adernians prefer Cretian culture.

Negatively speaking, simply and sincerely, from the point of view of people who had grown up under Adernian culture that reeks of destitution, the luxuriously and gorgeously delicate Cretian culture is an extremely attractive proposition.

Thus, Ains had laid in wait after preparing various goods such as carvings, pictures, and jewelry.

But guess what, this youth had ignored all those things; He's currently looking at things like ships, farms, and roads with great interest.

This came at a great surprise to Ains.

Ains doesn't like agriculture very much.

This is something that applies to any country in the west but, in Claris and Lezzad, there are two factions – the Coasts Party and the Plains Party which stresses the importance of trade and agriculture respectively. Naturally speaking, Ains is in the Coasts Party.

From the point of view of Ains who is from the Coasts Party, it's a mystery why Almis would want to study about agriculture that much.

Furthermore, Almis had told him that he wants to hire Cretians in that line of work.

Well, Lezzadians aren't particularly prohibited from migrating so there won't be any problems if Lezzadian artisans had willfully left for the Rosyth Kingdom.

It would have been better ((Almis had wanted)) tradeable things such as important military secrets like ironware since he couldn't sell things like roads and farms.

"This is foaming fruit for baths, yes?"

Almis asks with an interested voice so Ains rushes over to him.

"This is a Salpo fruit."

"Salpo?"

Almis asks again.

"You use this for washing the body. It's famed even among Cretians to make the hair and skin smooth and silky. Does it pique your interest?"

"Yes. I most certainly want some of these. Or rather, I want the trees and some specialist managers, the whole package."

Almis draws closer to Ains as if taking a bait.

Ains was a little troubled at Almis' enthusiasm. To think he'd want Salpo to this extent.

"Uhm... how about we negotiate about it? There are several people who have built specialist farms for Salpo after all. If you asked such people to migrate to your country in exchange for land and such as compensation then..."

"Certainly, please introduce them to me."

Almis strongly grabs Ains' hands.

"Oh yeah, while you're at it, won't you give me some of that sponge?"

"Sponges, yes? Understood. We'll prepare some for you as souvenirs."

They're expensive items but if it means you'd be buying the favor of a country's king, then it's a very cheap expense.



"What a splendid number of books."

"Thank you very much for your complement. This library has 30,000 volumes in collection. It's the largest in the Adernia peninsula."

I look around the library.

It would seem the books are made chiefly from papyrus. I can't find anything made with our country's paper. Well, reproducing them would take time after all.

"By the way, where is the world's largest library located?"

"...If I can recall correctly, the collection of the Imperial Library in the Persis city Jamshid which has 250,000 volumes is the largest in the world. The largest in Cretia would be the Claris National Library with 100,000 volumes."

If I recall correctly, the Library of Alexandria had around 700,000 volumes, huh.

If you think about it, the Persis library has quite the scale.

"I also want a library like this in our country. By the way... if we are to reproduce the books here, how much would one book take?"

"Is this about personnel expenses?"

From what I've heard, there doesn't seem to be any concept of copyright.

Books are something written to propagate one's thoughts. As such, having their books reproduced is actually very well received by authors.

The expenses will comprise of paper and personnel costs. Well, this would certainly be expensive, huh.

"Yeah. Once the country settles down, we'll be requesting this. Would that be fine?"

"Yes, I'm always at your service."

The MP answers with a smile.

"Now then, shall we head for the temple next? Oi, Tetra, let's go."

"N... you go on ahead. I'll meet up with you later."

Tetra got hooked on a book. I guess it can't be helped.

"Then let's leave her alone and go on ahead."

"Would that be fine?"

"The day will end if we wait for her, you know?"

I reply in jest.



Julia is enthusiastically appreciating the temple while having an intense conversation with the chief priest.

Unfortunately, I don't have that much interest in religion.

Therefore, I'm bored with nothing to do.

"How is religion organized in Cretia?"

"Our country is systematizing religion. We're separating it as much as possible from politics. Claris' primary god is the god of commerce and gold, so our priests are also working hard in order to make money. Well, it's a business by the name of donations, yes?"

Oh, really?... from the point of view of these guys from Claris, donations are business, huh.

Are they going to be fine with corruption?

Rather, they're quite determined, huh.

Polytheism is quite loose from time to time but, from what I've heard, in Claris, rather than loose, it seemed to be quite muddled.

As I talk with Ains, Julia comes back.

Behind her, several priests are carrying golden statues.

"Hey, Almis. If we donated ten gold coins, they told me they'd share (bunrei) their gods with us."

"These glittering statues are the gods, huh. Well, I guess 10 gold coins would be fine."

I don't think we'll become well off with these golden statues but, I guess it's just her way of thinking.

Compared to the stupidly huge Buddha statue that Emperor Shoumu got made, this price is extremely reasonable. <sup>[TLN1]</sup>

That said, bunrei sure is cheap, huh. However, these are quite the things. As expected of religion.



When push comes to shove, I guess making something that looks authentic with wood should be fine.

Cheers for Idolatry! Banzai!

“What’s up with the strange goldies?”

Tetra mutters.

Rather, when the hell did you get here?

“I just got here a while ago. Look, they said they’d give me this.”

Tetra shows a bundle of papyrus in her hand.

I wonder if she started an argument again? Or maybe they just couldn’t stand an unyielding Tetra any longer...



“Please don’t get too far from me, okay?”

“I’m fine. I’m not a kid.”

Ains lets out a sigh at my reply.

Our shopping, under the pretext of inspecting the marketplace, got approved under the condition of being supervised and guarded by several MPs.

They went with my wish to conceal our social status.

“That said, the roads sure are wide, huh.”

“Well, unless roads were this wide, carriages wouldn’t be able to pass through.”

The road is divided into the carriageway and the footpaths. I’m walking on the footpath.

Several carriages can pass through the carriageway. The footpaths, on the otherhand,

even have drainage. It seems to have been constructed so as rain water would not accumulate. Alright, should we also headhunt some road officials?

“That said, you sure have a lot of things here huh... This is?”

I discover a green orb that looks familiar.

This is a...

“It’s a melon, sir.”

“You even have melons here, huh. I’ll have some raised in our country too.”

I love sweet melon after all.

“Melons aren’t sweet you know? Well, compared to cucumbers, they do have a slight sweet taste.”

Is that so?

However, no matter how you look at it, melons and watermelons are vegetable-like, right?

They’re from the same Gourd family so it wouldn’t be strange if their common ancestors had the same taste.

However, if we selectively breed them we should be able to achieve musk melons.

I want to get these musk melons be cultivated before I die. I wonder if it’s not overdoing it?

We find a precious metal store on the way.

It’s a sensible shop. There are battle slaves inside as well as what appears to be slaves holding weapons and standing at attention.

They have quite the scary faces as well as amazing physiques.

Just their presence is enough of an anti-crime measure.

“Well, since we’re already here, we might as well get something. Tetra, Julia, do the two of you have anything you’d like to get?”

The two have a golden ring in their ring fingers.

These, rather than engagement rings, have stronger meanings as signs of their adult womanhood or their being a married woman.

Furthermore, the rings also act as signature seals.

In short, I should say that they’re more of an evidence that they’ve become family.

By the way, there are two rings in my ring finger. Just by looking at it you can see that I’m quite a bastard, huh.

At any rate, this means that I haven’t gotten them things befitting of what we call in Japan as Engagement and Marriage Rings.

It’s not like they had asked for one. The Adernians also did not have that kind of custom.

However, since we’re here, we might as well indulge. My present social status can even afford to buy one hundred or even two hundred rings.

“Then, I’ll take this one.”

Tetra takes a hair ornament with a ruby.

“Hmm, a hair ornament huh... it stands out so it’s quite good, yes? Then, I’ll be taking this.”

Julia takes another hair ornament but this time fitted with an emerald.

“Is that so? Then we’ll have these two... while we’re at it, we’ll also be having these.”

I take two pairs of pearl earrings and hand them over to the store employee together with the hair ornaments.

Meanwhile, I ask Ron and Gram whom I had taken with us as guards.

“You guys, aren’t you going to buy something? Like for Soyon and for Lulu?”

The two shake their heads at my question.

“We’ve already ordered for our weddings. They’re custom made.”

“Besides, Roswald will get mad at us.”

Right, you can say that it would be pitiful for Roswald, who was left behind to house-sit, for the two to buy something without him.

Oh yeah, now that they’ve mentioned it, when will they be having the marriage ceremonies?

“Since things have settled down, we’re thinking of doing it soon.”

Ron answers.

“I see. Make sure to properly invite me okay?”

I have to do something about wedding presents.

Should I also order in secret? Something custom made...



Dinner has ended, and we have taken our baths.

Around the time the day is about to end.

I, Julia, Tetra, Yal, Bartolo, Ron, and Gram assembled into the room.

“Now then, shall we finalize the policies for the diplomatic negotiations for tomorrow?”

# Chapter 86

## Honeymoon III

Lezzad has five enemy countries.

The first two are it's neighboring Cretian cities, Gehenna and Nemes.

Lezzad's suzerain, Claris is also antagonistic towards Gehenna's and Nemes' suzerains, Alto and Therbae respectively.

They are at odds with each other due to their competition on business influence and maritime trade.

The next two enemy countries are Persis and Povenia.

Hostility with Persis can be said to be only natural due to their history of having waged war against the Cretian city-states several times.

However, since Persis hasn't yet reached the West Tethys Sea, head on collision with Lezzad is not possible.

On the other hand, such violent collision is possible with Povenia.

Povenia is just a stone's throw away from the Adernia Peninsula. Furthermore, it's fighting against the Cretians for control over Trisqueria Island which is located on the sea between the continent and Povenia.

Naturally, the three Cretian colonies on the Adernia, which also serve as the front lines against Trisqueria, are always under threat by Povenia.

But then again, it's not like war is raging at the moment, so it's not a pressing threat.

Last is Lezzad's biggest enemy – the Belvedere Kingdom. Several microstates are packed on the area between the two states.

The reason for the existence of these small states is the chaos brought about the power struggles between the native Adernians plus the colonists from Cretia and Povenia.

Lezzad and Belvedere are vying for control over the area and the several small kingdoms in it. Since the influence of even the small states vary wildly depending upon the circumstances, no conclusion could be reached.

This is probably the reason why Lezzad wants an alliance with us.

The Belvedere Kingdom's population is around 100,000. Their population is around 60,000.

Since a huge percentage of their national power is invested on the navy, their army is lacking strength.

As such, their odds of winning a full-on war would be slim at best.

The suzerain, on which they could call on for help, is on the look out for suspicious Persis movements so they won't be able to help.

However, should they achieve an alliance with our country, things would change.

We would be able to attack from both the north and the south, surrounding the Belvedere Kingdom in a pincer.

At the very least, the Belvedere would be on too much alert against us that they won't bother to unleash their full force against Lezzad.

This is probably what Lezzad is aiming for.



"We want to pass on the military alliance.

I kick Lezzad's proposal.

You can see the despair on the MPs' faces.

However, as if they'd expected such a response, they immediately raised their faces.

“Would it be possible to hear Your Majesty’s reason?”

“We do not want to stimulate the Belvedere Kingdom. It’s not like our country is antagonistic against them, after all.”

The Belvedere Kingdom is a neighboring country.

I don’t want to complicate relations with them.

I don’t want something building up on foreign affairs even though we haven’t even completed tidying up domestic affairs.

Even if, for example, the Belvedere Kingdom were a vastly inferior country compared to ours.

Besides, the merchants that come and go between my country and Lezzad would certainly need to pass through the Belvedere Kingdom. It would be grave if we were to be embargoed.

“Nevertheless, we won’t have any problems with being bound to a treaty of friendship. We would, however, declare that we would take a neutral stance on the territorial disputes between your two countries.”

“Neutral, is it..... understood. Let us first begin with friendly relations.”

I shake hands with the Claris Head of Parliament.

Friendly relations are very important.

However, saying something like starting from friends, it’s kind of like lovers, huh. It’s like ‘I like you so let’s first start as friends’ or something?

“Now then, regarding trade and commerce. When our merchants enter your esteemed country, they pay a not insignificant amount of duties. We would like to have these abolished.”

Lezzad gives the first terms.

In other words, they’re telling me to give Claris’ merchants special treatment.

While it can be said that custom duties are a major source of income, I'm currently monopolizing paper and salt. I also intend to monopolize whiskey and vodka.

Therefore, I think it's fine to do away with these duties.

Even without them, we'd be able to profit from sales taxes, after all.

That way, with merchants vigorously coming to trade, our income would increase in the end.

However, it's not like we'd be getting rid of it for free.

"Why not? In exchange, we'd request complete cooperation with regards to Cretian technology and manuscripts."

"Understood, we'll do our best in that matter."

Now then, things are about as good as done.

What's left is something quite like a freebie but...

"This is something we would like to request but only if possible... can you teach us about the state of affairs with Povenia and the East Tethys Sea? Although we have gathered a considerable amount of information, as expected, our country has limitations. We would be very thankful if you are to provide us with information."

We already know, from information gathered from Cretian merchants, that Persis is constructing a large scale fleet and is performing large scale military exercises.

It's rumored that a third Cretia-Persis war would break out before long.

Although the Adernia peninsula has quite the distance between the two powers, the influence of such a war is certain to reach the area.

If Cretia were to fall, then the structure of power in the Tethys Sea would be completely redrawn.

It won't hurt to know more regarding the matter.



“Umm, understood. We will inform you as circumstances change.”

“Thank you very much. We are in your debt.”

As such, the talks with Lezzad come to an end.

Next in line would be Nemes and then Gehenna. We would also be visiting them and conducting talks on the same vein as Lezzad.

We aren't going to be tied to a declaration of friendship with these two countries, but we'll be getting provisions on customs, economics, technology, and human resources the same way as Lezzad. (Verify)

These two, not wanting to get one-upped by Lezzad, had proactively sent me 'love calls' when I became king.

“Uhm, we are heading for Gehenna after this, am I correct?”

“Yes, certainly we plan to visit Gehenna although it would be after Nemes. What about it?”

Ains asks out of the blue.

I thought he had known about our intention to visit all three countries long ago, but...

“Please be careful about the tyrant of Gehenna, his Excellency Abraham.”

Hmm... I wonder what do we have to be careful about...

# Chapter 86.5

## Newly Weds

“Hey, Alex. Isn’t fine even if we don’t go visit?”

“Where to?”

Alexios and Melia’s elopement was splendidly successful.

After arriving at Trisquerria Island, they immediately left for and entered the Cretian colonies. From there, they moved to the Adernia Peninsula within three days.

Their pursuers from Povenia have completely scattered.

Because the Povenian government’s most anticipated general and sorcerer had eloped, they had set up dragnets with considerable seriousness. Despite this, however, everything ended up for naught.

The Povenians ended the search in a month.

They don’t have the time to forever search for people that had fled outside the country.

But then again, because the famous Povenian Clan of Barca is still searching for Alexios with all their might, the Povenians couldn’t let their guard down.

Their elopement had relatively gone well.

In the first place, the two are soldiers so they both have planning aptitude.

They had secretly bought land and slaves using private property they moved to Lezzad to manage a property of a considerable scope.

Naturally speaking, the level of lifestyle they now have had fallen several levels from when they were in the army. However, since these two had originally led very modest lifestyles, they developed no discontent.

“That new king Rosyth... To be coming to Lezzad... or rather the several Cretian colonies of his own accord... this is unprecedented in history, am I not correct?”

Rumors of the product called paper being exported by the Rosyth Kingdom is circulating in Lezzad.

Right now, for the merchants of Lezzad, the Rosyth Kingdom is quite the delicious market.

Since even the Lezzad citizens hold no bad feelings, there is a welcoming mood around the city.

“Ah, the rumored person, huh. Upon returning from war with a neighboring country, without disbanding the army, he immediately launched a surprised attack against the opposition, disposing of them thoroughly. Quite impressive, yes? Only few kings are capable of ending a civil war in one moment. Soldiers and Nobles alike would hesitate on killing their brethren after all.”

However, this new King Rosyth had uplifted his soldiers through victory and made that possible.

With the soldiers crazily enthusiastic, he managed to make an atmosphere where the great clansmen would find it difficult to declare overkill and proclaim opposition.

Alexios assessed this king's abilities.

“Is that so? I had thought things had gone awfully noisy. So it's that day, huh.”

“Yeah, so, shall we go visit?”

“No, it's fine. I don't have that much interest, see.”

Alexios declares so and returns to reading his book. It's a book about far-eastern art of war.

Melia's heart is attacked by a pain much like being pricked by a needle.

Alexios' reading of a book about war means that he still has lingering affection towards

the army, towards war after all.

“Hey... are you regretting it?”

Alexios looks up to Melia.

After making a dubious face momentarily, he hurriedly closed the book in confusion.

“Ah, no. I’m not regretting my life here with you, not even one bit.”

“But, aren’t you regretting separating from the battlefield?”

“Ah, well... yes, honestly speaking, you’re correct. I, somehow or another, seems to quite love the battlefield.”

Humans are beings that notice only when it’s gone.

That said...

“Still, I don’t have any interest in returning to Povenia. I’ve had enough of fighting for that country. Parliament had always interrupted in battle. Because of that, victory had always escaped us. And yet despite that, they will, without hesitation, execute any general that fails even once. There’s no way I’d allow that to happen.”

Alexios shrugs his shoulders. His patriotism for Povenia is exceedingly thin.

However, it’s easy to guess that the cause is his opposition to his discordant family.

Alexios has extremely bad relations with his family. His family is a clan than seemed to have offered their spirit to Povenia. As such any unpleasant feelings towards their house is probably directly tied to discontent towards the motherland.

Although Melia hasn’t heard of the reason of the discord between Alexios and his family, she thinks it’s about Alexio’s eyes.

Alexios is a so-called ‘odd-eye’...his eyes are heterochromic.

It’s folklore in Povenia that children with different eye-colors are cursed.

What happens regarding that is Melia's guess.

However, from her point of view, she could care less about Alexios' family.

Hasn't met them since forever. It's only natural for others to be the same.

Melia grew up in an orphanage... or, to be precise, in an institution nicknamed "the Orphanage" where children suitable to become sorcerers are trained to be loyal sorcerers to the country after being separated from their parents. As such, she doesn't know her parents.

It's not like she particularly doesn't want to meet them. It's just that it would trouble her for her parents come and appear after all this time and tell her they're her parents.

As such she couldn't sympathize to the general sentiment that parents are important. She also couldn't sympathize with the emotion called hate that Alexios holds.

"How about becoming a general for Lezzad?"

"Well, I might oblige temporarily if they ask me. However, I won't be having things like swearing loyalty or the like."

Alexios' existence has become privy to the upper stratum of Lezzad.

In the first place, it's thanks to their cooperation that Alexios couldn't be found by the Povenians.

While it does depend on the country, Cretians are people that love big words like democracy, equality, justice, and the like. That's why they were receptive to the two who had come to elope.

But then again, a big part of the reason why the upper stratum of Lezzad is showing a cooperative attitude to the two is that they would obtain an excellent general and a card against the influential Povenian noble house of Barca.

Lezzad is a country of merchants, so they don't have any trouble gathering mercenaries. On the other hand, they are troubled with finding men to lead those mercenaries.

Should the time come... this is probably what Lezzad's upper stratum is thinking.

"Besides, for me, the most important is you. The second most important is in here, yes?"

Alexios caresses Melia's belly.

Melia's mouth relaxes.

The two share a kiss.

# Chapter 87

## Honeymoon IV

We head for Nemes next.

Nemes is a Cretian colony of the city-state Therbae.

While the suzerain has quite the distance from the colony, it imposes vassalage.

Therbae performs governance with an organization consisting of one part aristocrats and one part wealthy citizens (wealthy merchants and farmers) called the senate at the center.

However, for important decisions such as war and the like, it seems the city decides through local referendum of residents who hold citizenship.

Nemes also follows its suzerain's system of governance.

Well, the talks this time would only be about trade so there won't be any need for a referendum.

The armed forces is split evenly into the army and the navy.

The country seems to have an elite unit called the Holy Corps comprising only of homosexuals. It is said to be an invincible and undefeated force.

In the Adernia Peninsula, homosexuals can't obtain citizenship. However, Cretia seems to be an exception.

It seems that love of handsome youths is a Cretian taste or something...

It also seems such an inclination is quite strong in Therbae, or so I heard.

It's an unimportant matter anyway.

Nemes is surrounded by both Gehenna and Lezzad. As such it has now border with any of the Adernian states.

Consequently, they have a lot of pure-blooded Cretians. However... this is quite the handicap compared to the two other Cretian colonies when it comes to trade.

However, compared to the other two colonies, does Nemes have a lower national power?

If you asked this, then the answer is not at all.

Rather, their military strength is much more stronger that of the mercenary-reliant Gehenna.

Now then, how did Nemes managed to obtain the power to resist Gehenna and Lezzad?

There are two reasons.

First is the Carnus Kingdom.

Nemes is conducting large scale trade with the Carnus Kingdom on the west. They procure rock salt from there.

Second is the iron ore mountain.

Nemes has a comparatively large-scale iron ore mountain. As such, they are exporting good quality iron.

As for me, I want that iron.



Even here in Nemes, we were received with a warm welcome. The reception wasn't that much different from Lezzad's.

What changed was the taste of the cooking. There are several things different.

Nemes cooking had a much more simpler taste.



By the way, Nemes' deity is the "God of Love and Friendship." It's a male god.

I wonder if it's only me who somehow felt an evil meaning behind it?



"Regarding the export of iron, if you place orders, we would process them into weapons and export them."

"That would be great."

I still can't say that our blacksmiths are up to par.

The number of blacksmiths we obtained from the De Morgal Kingdom as compensation is also few.

Weapons are things that wear down after all plus we also constantly expend arrowheads.

Furthermore, it's about time we get iron protectors.

At the very least, I want the standing army to be fortified with iron protectors and draw a clear distinction with other armies.

"Regarding the customs duties..."

"How about the same conditions as Lezzad? I think, given this opportunity, that all things should be judged with equality and impartiality."

Or rather, nothing good would come out if we give Lezzad a monopoly where they'd do such things as buy cheaply and then sell expensively.

"We have one request. We want your country to give our country information regarding the East Tethys Sea and Povenia."

I ask the same thing from Nemes.

This way, with information from several countries, we would be able to authenticate

information.

“Now then, our country wishes friendship from you esteemed country.”

With a smile, I exchange handshakes with Nemes’ Chief of Parliament.

With this we get bound to a treaty of friendship with Nemes.



Next after Nemes is Gehenna.

For the time being, we plan to end the honeymoon with the trip to here.

Now then, this country called Gehenna... is a bit special.

It was a colony of the Cretian city-state called Alto.

Now, it has achieved a substantial amount of independence.

Alto is a state managed through direct democracy. It’s an up and coming democracy.

However, the disparity in wealth is huge.

The new state of Gehenna inherited that system of government but... twenty-years ago, a change in government had occurred.

A politician by the name of Abraham spearheaded a group of unlanded citizens, tenant farmers, debt slaves, and the like and announced a coup d’etat.

Thus, Gehenna fell into the control of Abraham.

Alto, in accordance with the requests of the expelled politicians, in order to pursue Abraham, waged war to Gehenna.

However, the soldiers under the Abraham’s command provided stiff resistance and the war degenerated into a stalemate.

Things ended up this way because of the behind the scenes aid provided by Lezzad

and Therbae.

Eventually, Abraham's diplomacy paid off and a united Claris-Therbae-Rehm army descended upon a shorthanded Alto army.

In the Cretia of that era, because the Southern Alliance headed by Alto had become strong, the East-West-North Union had united to defeat Alto.

Thus, the Alto army was forced to retreat from Gehenna who consequently achieved complete independence.

Presently, Gehenna is under the dictatorship of Abraham.

Now then, there are two rumors surrounding this Abraham, one extremely bad rumor and one extremely good.

The extremely bad rumor is that he had everyone in the opposition thoroughly killed or otherwise vanished from the country. At any rate, the majority of the country, that of poor people, is on Abraham's side. There's no way they'd oppose him.

The good rumor is that he's striving for the development of industry and the redistribution of wealth.

If the wealthy farmers and merchants were not to oppose Abraham, then their properties will, to a certain extent, not be seized and neither will they be killed.

He redistributed the seized land from the opposition to the poor farmers to try and resuscitate landed agriculture.

He also incorporated the propertyless citizens into a standing army as a counter-measure against unemployment.

He then went for rationing wheat in order to stave away starvation for those who nevertheless couldn't be absorbed into the army.

And then, his greatest achievement, which is the development of a gold mine within his territory.

Gehenna had a small-scale gold mine. However, due to lack of technological level,

manpower, and capital, it hadn't managed to begin mining gold.

So to develop the gold mine, he took a step further and invited miners from Persis and Povenia to conduct large scale mining. He used the money he seized from the opposition as capital.

They also seem to be conducting trade with the Lupus tribe.

But then again, these are rumors so it don't know their true meanings. The Lupus tribe is a closed nation so their true conditions are unknown.

However, Gehenna and the Lupus tribe, having no mountain range between them, directly border each other. As such, it wouldn't be strange even if there's trade between them.

While it also wouldn't be strange if, at the same time, war has happened between them but..... I wonder about that.



"You are the Rosyth Kingdom's new king, yes? I am Gehenna's first citizen, Abraham."

Abraham declares such.

Up until now, the MP's of the previous two Cretian city-states gave off a subordinate impression, but this person is different.

Is this the difference between a parliament member whose power is shared with several other people and a tyrant who controls the national power by himself?

This is mostly the same as a king.

"Your Excellency, Lord Abraham, I am most happy to be able to meet you."

The two of us exchange hand shakes.

That said, this old man, I feel like I've seen him somewhere, huh...

What is this amazing feeling of déjà vu...

Is it just me?

Suddenly, I recognize this uncomfortable feeling. The old man's not looking at me.

No, it's not like I want to be looked at by the old man. I'm not a Cretian, after all.

However, normally, wouldn't you not look away when doing handshakes?

Even after the handshake ended, Abraham's line of sight was a little bit off my direction. The target of this line of sight was... Tetra.

Why in the hell is this old man looking at Tetra intermittently?

What's going on?

However, once Abraham notices that I've noticed his looking away, he shows a shining smile and suggests the following to me.

"By all means, this is the point where one would want to go sightseeing but... you've probably been accompanied around to exhaustion by Lezzad and Nemes, yes? It's probably around time you got tired of it, yes? As such, for me, I would like to immediately move to diplomatic negotiations. Tomorrow morning, I would like to begin as early as possible.

Quite the fast development, huh.

However, I've thoroughly examined Cretian technology.

"I accept."

As such, it's been decided that talks were to be held early in the morning.



"Hey, Tetra. Why were you and the old man staring at each other? Did you fall in love?"

Julia asks Tetra in jest.

Surely, that's impossible... is what I want to believe.

Although you can't say that I'm a beautiful young man, I'm inclined to believe I'm more or less on the right direction.

My body is trained after all. Plus, I'm resourceful.

If you consider the Average Adernian, I'm on the taller side.

Nevertheless, while he might be quite the dandy, to suddenly lost to an old man that looks around 50 years old...

Before being sad, I'd be mortified.

"Don't mess around. I'm not in love with an old man like that."

Tetra whacks Julia with her staff as she makes a slightly mad expression.

Well, that'll happen if you ask her such a question in front of me...

"I love you after all."

Tetra says to me as she embraces me.

I lift her up and give her a kiss. She's very light since she's a step smaller amongst the smaller Adernians.

"So, what's up with the gaze?"

".....It's just that I felt like I've seen him somewhere before. I felt something very familiar."

"I felt the same."

That old man, we've indeed seen you from somewhere huh. Although I can't point out where and when.

"Did Almis also feel fate between the two of you?"

“No way. I don’t have homosexual tendencies.”

Even if I did, I won’t be choosing that old man. I’d be choosing a tomgirl or a fine trap.

He’s an old man whose head is turning to desert, you know? There’s no way in hell I’d choose him even if he’s the last person on the world.

“Hey, have you ever seen him?”

“Hmm, I can’t really say... Am I, am I possibly slow?”

Well, maybe. There are several areas where you’re kind of slow.

Because she relies on sorcerous sixth sense, this girl’s powers of observation, such as of sight and of hearing, are quite low.

She’s always looking for something in her chaotic room.

Well, the sixth sense is amazing anyhow. Even if I blindfolded her, she’d immediately find out my location. I couldn’t achieve blindfold play.

In contrast, Tetra’s observational abilities are extremely outstanding. In exchange, she fails to notice her gait and often stumbles in the process.

With regards to play, Tetra’s reactions are definitely more enjoyable.

“Things that can’t be understood can’t be understood. It can’t be helped. It appears that Lord Abraham himself has become curious regarding Tetra after all. If the opportunity comes, we’ll try and ask him.”

With this, we welcome the day of the talks.



“I understand what your honorable country wants of our country. You want human resources that are capable of reading and writing Cretian as well as performing arithmetic. You also want field supervisors for road and flood control maintenance, as well as mining supervisors, yes?”

“We appreciate the effort in advancing the talks quickly.”

“We’ll immediately recruit them for you. Your country should have a lot of people that want to make a name for themselves. At any rate, Gehenna is small. However, your country’s rise is in ascendance.”

A part of a country’s ambitious youth should have an inclination to want out the country – just like Ismere.

In order to advance in one’s own country, the youth themselves also need to wait to mature because there exists mature workers ahead of them.

If that’s the case, because of that established path, there are a lot of youths who can have peace of mind. However, amongst them, there also exists impatient youths.

Since there aren’t any mature workers in the Rosyth Kingdom, workers are placed in a high position from the start.

Furthermore, the rapid enlargement of our Rosyth Kingdom’s national power is also huge.

The new king is also young and proactive... that a lot of people think that, when it comes down to it, he’d be the winning horse.

“We’ll be making customs duties zero.”

“I’m thankful for that.”

The talks are quick, huh.

They aren’t making any difficulties so it’s going smoothly.

They’re not even troubled one bit by anything.

Perhaps maybe they already foresaw the pacts that I had signed with other countries.

“Will you be requesting information regarding foreign countries?”

“Yes. Information is important. As the Cretian maxim said, “Wisdom is worth more



than gold.”

They agreed with an immediate reply.

Things are going exceedingly easy.

“By the way, Gehenna directly borders the Lupus tribe so... do you perhaps maybe conduct trade with them?”

“Trade? Haha, there’s no way you could do that with those lot.”

According to Abraham, rather than trade, they were subjected to harsh plunder by the Lupus tribe.

Because the damage they sustain from getting plundered is larger than the money they’d profit from trade, Abraham decided to construct a defensive line along the border to stop their raids and such.

Negotiations are impossible, huh. Well, those lot didn’t send even a single person for my enthronement.

They’re probably just that kind of people.

“By the way, would it be possible to ask you a question?”

“What would that be?”

“I heard that one of your wives is a half-Cretian... I would like you to tell me her esteemed mother’s name.”

The name of Tetra’s mother?

What was it? I can’t remember huh.

It seems Tetra herself doesn’t remember that much so it’s only natural that I myself had never met her.

Tetra doesn’t talk about her family that much so I don’t know much.

“I apologize. Tetra’s mother was killed when she was young so... we never talked that much about her. Shall I call for Tetra?”

I remember talking about her a long time ago.

We’ll probably get the answer if we ask Tetra.

“She has died, huh... Please, without fail, I want to confirm her name.”

# Chapter 88

## Honeymoon V

Tetra and Abraham looked at each other for a while.

The first to speak was Abraham.

“Lady Tetra, I heard that your esteemed mother is a Cretian. I have a question regarding that. Is the name of your mother..... perhaps Helen?”

“...Yes. My mother’s name is Helen. You’re quite informed.”

“Naturally... Helen is my daughter after all.”

I see. If you think about our strange feeling...

This old man, he looks like Tetra.

Although he doesn’t look like him that much. Perhaps, Tetra takes after his father more.

However... now that they said it, these two do resemble each other to that point that you’d recognize it.

The reason we couldn’t for sure was physique.

This old man, for a Cretian whose stereotype is smallness, is quite huge. Furthermore, his muscles were amazing.

In contrast, Tetra, even amongs the small Cretians, is quite small.

You could probably get away with this excuse.

However, I wonder if these two really have blood relation.

I have a feeling there's enough possibility that this is just accidental resemblance but...

".....You don't have evidence. If just by resemblance my mother is your daughter, then my family would increase infinitely."

Tetra refutes him.

Yeah, that's right. Besides, could such a coincidence really exist?

Rather, how did a tyrant's daughter got wed to an Adernian great clansman from the country side?

"Let's find out whether we have blood relations through sorcery distinction. You know of it, yes?"

"...then, let's confirm it."

As Tetra declared so, Abraham's slaves brought over a container, grass, and a knife.

What're you guys going to do.

"Hey, Almis. Please call over Julia. Julia would be suitable for this job."

"Well, that's true."

If it's that girl, mistakes would be impossible. She'd also be able to notice anything that the other party might have prepared or planted.



"Now way, as expected there's no way that's possible, you know."

Even while Julia is denying the possibility, she still begins preparing.

While looking at the water on the container, she puts some pulverized medicinal plants.

She then mutters some kind of incantations, maybe, as she holds out the container before Tetra and Abraham.

“Now then, Your Excellency, Lord Abraham, your blood please.”

“Here.”

Abraham pricks his own finger with a knife. Blood dribbles forth from the wound.

It falls down into the water’s surface in dribbles and makes ripples on contact.

It dissipates like smoke into the water and mixes with it.

When the water changes into a slightly pink color, Julia tells Abraham to stop.

She then hands over a different knife to Tetra.

Tetra quietly pushes the knife into her thumb and makes a wound.

When the blood falls into the container, the liquid radiates a faint light.

“There’s no mistaking it... to think that...”

“In other words, it’s true?”

Julia nods at my question.

“To think that the son of the Griffon – the New King Rosyth – is my grandchild!!”

Abraham breaks into a good mood.

By the way, would this really make me this person’s grandchild?

Is the husband of your grandchild also your grandchild?

I don’t know...

Now then... what to do...

I don’t have any relatives. That’s find relatives I would be able to rely on is a good thing.

Although the status of a tyrant is not quite well received, that's only true amongst the Cretians.

There are a lot of Adernian countries with monarchical customs. Therefore, there won't be problems.

However...

"By the way, when will my great grandchild be born, I wonder? "

"Umm... our plans for the present are..."

I exchange glances with Tetra. She shakes her head.

"What is that? I'm already fifty. I don't have much time left. I can't die until I see the face of my great-grandchild. Let's see..."

Abraham rings a bell upon which a slave immediately enters.

He orders the slave.

"Bring that here. Do you understand?"

"Yes, that, am I correct?"

You understand with just "that"...

What are you two, a married couple?

The slave brings over a beautiful glass bottle. Inside is a gold-colored liquid.

"I'll give this to you. It's honey-wine (mead). A queen bee gives birth to a lot of children." [TLN1]

In a good mood, Abraham pushes the bottle into Tetra's hands.

"Th, thank you very much... umm... Your Excellency."

Tetra is making an extremely complicated face. She's shaking terribly.

Her eyes are swimming around, evading seeing Abraham's face. She then sends me and Julia glances from time to time as if asking for help.

This might be the first time I've seen Tetra this way.

She had always thought that the only family she had was her husband (and Julia). Then suddenly, her grandfather showed up. Furthermore, this grandfather is a tyrannical despot which, as generally viewed by the world, is a bad person.

Not only that, this grandfather of hers just handed her mead along with a dirty joke...

Yep, Things aren't making sense to her.

"If this truth becomes clear then my and your country will deepen relations all the more."

In other words, you intend to make this public, huh...

It's not a bad proposition for my and Abraham's relationship to turn familial.

From my point of view, as someone who had no choice but to have familial relationships with Julia's relatives, being able to strike a balance ((through Abraham)) is good.

However, a problem is sure to develop regarding whose child, Julia's or Tetra's, would be made to succeed.

In the first place, it was through marrying Julia that I was able to gain the right to the throne.

Therefore, it's only logical that Julia's child is to be made next king. At the very least, trouble isn't bound to happen.

However, if you're asking if it's impossible for Tetra's child to become the next king, then the answer is – not at all.

If you traced the Ars clan up to its very origin, you'd find that it is, like the DeBell clan, a branch clan of the Rosyth clan.

Therefore, Tetra's child would also have Rosyth clan blood. Therefore, the qualification is there.

If Julia first gives birth to a boy, then the problem would be peacefully settled. However, things don't necessarily always go well in the world.

Since the present power relationship is overwhelmingly in Julia's favor, her child will, without fail, become the next king regardless of whether he is born first or next to Tetra's child.

However, if Cretian influence, with Abraham at the center, starts backing Tetra then..... things will become troublesome.

At any rate, I'm thinking of aiming for Cretians as human resources for the bureaucracy and such.

From the point of view of a bureaucracy consisting of a huge percentage of Cretians, they'd probably be happier with the next king having Cretian blood.

I fear a war between the Rosyth Clan plus the great clansmen vs the Cretian bureaucracy plus foreign Cretian states might occur.

Ahh... my head hurts...

"Regarding the public proclamation... how about the next new year's?"

It's the sixth month now. In other words, the public proclamation would be seven months later.

The country should be in order domestically by that time.

"Well, I guess so. It's more convenient that way too. Then let's go with that."

For the meantime, I manage to buy some time.

Well, I won't blame you even if you say buying time doesn't necessarily does something.





As such the curtain closes on our honeymoon.

Because we were able to take home several souvenirs (people), the results weren't bad.

From hereon, the number of Cretian merchants will probably increase much more.

.....A troublesome reality had come into light, however.



After Almis had left, Abraham had called for his close-aides.

"Regarding the human resources you've sent to the Rosyth Kingdom... I've planted amongst them several mice. Order the sorcerers to cease operations. I fear they'd be found out."

Lezzad and Nemes, too, had probably sent spies.

Since it was a chance to send spies to the Rosyth Kingdom without easily arousing suspicion, any country is sure to pounce on it.

Their objective is the production method of paper and fire medicine.

That, however, should also be evident to the new king. Because he knows it, he probably judged that the returns outweigh the risks.

Perhaps he won't let the bureaucrats he had taken home handle important documents.

What they'd would probably know would be trivial information, fragmentary information that would be cryptic, and the like.

Besides, they should be concealing with all their might the means to producing paper and fire medicine.

Getting your hands on them would be extremely difficult. No, it's almost impossible.

However, It's not a hundred percent. There's enough merit in trying if there exists even one percent probability.

Besides, they would now be able to understand Rosythian domestic conditions even more than before.

Although Adernians have the same skin color as the Cretians, since they speak a different language they're easy to make out.

However, if they can send that much to the Rosyth Kingdom, then they should also be able to more easily gather information on other countries.

"Let's prepare for that and the present. I'll make my great-grandson the crown prince by all means."

Doing all these with just Gehenna is difficult.

However, doing this with just one country is unnecessary.

At the same time as the new year proclamation, they will begin contacts and maneuverings with three other states.

If they combine the power of the assets of Cretian merchants and the Cretian bureaucrats in the Rosyth Kingdom, then there's no difficulty that can't be overcome.

The problem, however, is the nobility...

"Let's take some time and let these great clansmen from the Rosyth Kingdom feel luxury."

"Understood. We shall send them a large amount of spices, metalware, and glassware – for friendship! – or under the guise of something like that. That new king, too, had bought up quite a lot of them, yes? If he flaunts them off, then the great clansmen are sure to want them too."

Negatively speaking, simply and sincerely, Adernian culture is something that reeks of destitution.

To the order that their meat, even for great clansmen, is only from hunted wild boar

whereas pork from fattened ((domesticated)) pigs and the like are only brought out in banquets and the new year.

Although there would be some that would buy splendid things such as metalware, it's not like all of the great clansmen would want them and do so.

However, the number of Cretian merchants going to the Rosyth Kingdom would increase.

If the number of goods would increase, then the number of great clansmen that would show interest would probably follow.

Money is necessary to buy such extravagant goods.

However, money isn't something harvested from the fields. It's obtained from commerce.

The fears regarding money are based on the change of their value.

It often happens that something you could buy with one gold coin would, in just a month later, then cost a gold coin plus five silver coins.

These are great clansmen that had just recently gotten known currency.

They would, without fail, err on the use of money.

They won't be able to gather and prepare money.

However, they want luxury.

Then what should be done? Borrow, of course.

There's also the option of suggesting investment. Let them take a huge loss and sink them into debt.

If that's done...

"They'd completely fall into our whims. At the least, I want to secure a quarter of them. If we have that much, we'd be able to forcibly drag them to our position."

There's also, of course, inciting the commoners.

In the Rosyth Kingdom, all the commoners are landed farmers and soldiers, at the same time.

Right now, they are under the impression that they need to obey the king and the great clansmen but...

What would happen if they come to know about the Cretian system of government?

If you want to the agitation to end, then make Tetra's son the crown prince...

Such pressuring is also one of the options.

Besides, all women want to become the best in their beloved's eyes and want to have their children as the foremost successors the more they love the man.

Even if they say that they aren't dissatisfied, is there really a person who can completely say there isn't discontent in their heart? No, there isn't.

There isn't anything strange in wanting to visit one's grandchild.

Abraham proceeds by himself and murmurs... [TLN1]

...Grandpa will do something.

"Haha, I'm a little sad that Helen died but... well, I've already thought from the very beginning that she had died. Leaving that aside, she had left me behind the best gift. What a good performance. I thought she lacked filial piety but... I need to take that back, huh. She's a filial daughter. Hahahahaha..."

# Chapter 89

## Spy Countermeasures

“Wew, the trip was quite fun, huh.”

“Yeah. Cretian art and the like were beautiful.”

“We also got lots of books.”

It seems like Julia and Tetra are satisfied. Good, good.

...Well, a troublesome matter did happen though.

“Next would be preparing the housing and the like for the human resources that would come later from Cretia, yes?”

“Yeah, the next important matter is the counterespionage measures.”

If I were a Cretian, I’d mix some spies among the large numbers of human resources.

What needs protection is paper and gunpowder technology. Especially important is gunpowder.

Paper is... well, it’s something that’s not that difficult so, I think it’d be copied even if it weren’t stolen.

I don’t have anything to worry about magic techniques. Those aren’t things you could steal just because you’d think of stealing them. Rather, if they’re that easy to steal then everyone won’t have hardships.

Those are techniques similar to putting together computer software.

It’s not something you learn by watching others.

“For the meantime, we need to consult with Raymond, huh.”

“Yeah... After that, I’d like to introduce a new system of anti-spells.”

“Hm?”

New?

Did you think up a new sorcery or something?

“Or perhaps I should say, it’s just stealing Cretian technology. It’s a defense system that borrowed the name of gods. If I were to explain it simply...”

Up until now, barriers are deployed using the sorcery powers of the sorcerers themselves.

In the system so far, each village would have their own anti-spell installations upon which third to second rate sorcerers would channel their powers to erect a barrier. Each village would have a sorcerer, even if they’re just third rate.

There are also anti-spell installations centered on an area comprising of around 30 to 50 villages which will receive power from second class sorcerers to put up a barrier.

The directly controlled royal territories as well as the great clansmen territory, too, would also have such installations, but they would be powered by first-class sorcerers (of the level that can soul-ride) to put up the barriers.

Lastly, an anti-spell installation which can unify and supervise all the other installations within the country, the palace itself, shall be powered by Julia and several other first-class sorcerers.

Through these, we are protecting the country from spells.

This system was made about ten years ago (around the time when Ron and the others were abandoned) with that famine at that time in mind.

By the way, the other countries surrounding the Rosyth Kingdom also has a similar system constructed.

It seems that with this system, you would be able to mostly repel away spells and curses.

At the very least, it's a plan that would be able to protect against a spell like the famine from ten years ago, or so they say.

The problem, it would seem, is that all the sorcerers end up getting assigned to defense.

"So, explain what's the system of God's? name."

"Simply put, it's to put up a barrier using pure sorcery power converted from the religious piety of people. With this, we won't run out of power forever, so the sorcerers' responsibilities would decrease."

"Can we really do such a thing?"

"I suppose. However, we can only use it for natural barriers. We can't convert them into magic or curses... Well, it's just a plan after all. It's fine if we just lightly transmit it. I'll put it together into a document or something another time, okay?"

Hmm... well, if that's possible, then we'd be able to fairly reduce our sorcerers' responsibilities.

It would seem that we'd then be able to convert sorcerers into magicians, after all.

"Tetra, do you have anything?"

"Nothing much. I want more power invested into the book reproduction and magician training."

"I think we'll have to leave that for later."

We still can't say that we have enough sorcerers for the meantime after all.

Not to mention that the theory of magic is too difficult and that it's like incomprehensible jibberish to most of the sorcerers.

Sorcery is an art where you "don't think, feel!" while magic, in contrast, is an art where you "don't feel, think!" after all.

However, the sorcerers starting work on fields like medicinal research just like Julia has gotten comparatively high elementary attainments.



“As such, Raymond, I’m thinking of strengthening counterintelligence.”

“I see. You are most correct... For the meantime, let us attach surveillance towards personnel involved in the manufacture of paper and gunpowder. Also, we should increase salaries to a reasonably high amount.”

People quite fear that they’d lose their jobs.

Naturally, if they leak secrets, everyone understands that, far from unemployment, they’d be tried. Not to mention that it’s easy to see that they’d suffer great misfortune if they divulge information but our competitors fell.

That said, there’s bound to be someone who will rattle it out. Why?

In a word, it’s because his salary is low.

Even in Japan, there are a lot who divulge technologies to foreign countries with such a nuance but the cause is tied to their salary being low.

In other words, if you give out a high salary and show them that..... the country values them very much then there won’t be any problems.

We’d still be able to profit considerably, after all, even if we raise the salary twice, even thrice, in the paper industry. Meanwhile, profit is not something you consider at all when it comes to gunpowder.

If we attach surveillance teams on top of giving out high salaries, then we’d probably be fine. With this, we’d just have to figure it out when the time comes that they do leak out.

Absolute security systems are impossible after all.

“Let’s have Yal in the surveillance. It seems to be his area of expertise after all.”

“I agree. That guy will do the job.”

For the meantime, there won’t be problems regarding technology leaks. However...



“As for me, rather than technology..... I would like to crack down on those who divulge information of domestic military movements.”

“There are people like that? People that would be capable of that would only be people around us, you know.”

In other words, there exists traitors amongst the nobility and our relatives?

“That’s... not true by all means... however, there’s enough possibility that they’d accidentally betray us.”

Accidentally?

In other words, they, themselves, might not think that they’re betraying us. However, from our point of view, they’re traitors.....

They would, in other words, be..... divulging information unconsciously, huh.

Is that... even possible?

“When do you think is the time a person is most defenseless against spells?”

“That’s... during sex, right? I know that much but...”

“Heads of great clans are men. And then, sorcerers are basically female. You understand, yes?”

“No way, that’s impossible. Even I am wearing light anti-spells. Although I’m confident that I’d certainly fall to Julia’s hypnotism if she seriously did it during sex but... there aren’t that much Julia-class sorcerers in the first place. Besides, escort sorcerers are able to smell the lingering smell of sorcery.”

In sorcery, offensive spells are far more difficult than defensive spells. This is a foundation of sorcery.

If you wear a anti-spell of a certain level, you should be able to defend yourself from an enemy of a certain level.

“What would you do if those escort sorcerers were spies?... Well, I guess it’s exaggerating it a bit if I say that they’d be directly targeting the nobles themselves.

Reasonably speaking, they'd be targeting subordinates, bureaucrats posted in the palace, and those kinds of people, yes? After all, there are few people decently studying sorcery around them plus they won't be that vigilant against poisons and the like."

Certainly, there's a possibility of success in hypnotizing targets like those with little vigilance, huh...

"Then there's also the possibility that I might get suddenly stabbed by a servant?"

"...As expected, I think It's overstretching it that they'd make such direct action. Well, it's a different story if a lord caught the animosity of the servant through tormenting him everyday but... Your Majesty is different in that you're very popular even amongst the slaves living in the imperial palace."

I guess that's true. Then it's impossible huh.

Even Julia said that "It's extremely difficult to make someone do something that they don't like."

"That said, it's a simple matter if it's just getting someone to talk. There are those people who talk all too easily particularly even without sorcery, yes?"

"Maybe... there are a lot of people who talk too much even without malice, after all."

Those types, however, often say "I won't tell anyone!"

"So, I suppose you didn't say that just as a conjecture?"

"Yes, I don't have concrete evidence, but I have sufficiently vigilant sources of information."

Raymond hands over a bundle of paper. "National Registry of Sorcerers" is written on it.

It's a document that had just been finished. In the first place, those written here are just those sorcerers that had named themselves, so It's safe to believe that there are actually still much more sorcerers within the country.

"I've also looked over these. Did you find anything strange among them?"

“Amongst the sorcerers employed by the great clansmen, twelve aren’t born in our country.”

“That’s not something particularly strange, yes? Aren’t there a lot of sorcerers who wander around various places in search of employment?”

Sorcerers are human resources that everyone wants. Therefore, they look for high salaries, move around places, and try to become military officers.

They’re irreplaceable human resources, so they can do these things.

“Did you read the interview documents?”

“.....I looked over them but...”

I’m a busy man. There’s no way I’d see anything and everything.

Do the bosses of large enterprises check all the exam records of new hires? They don’t right?

Certainly, I did properly check those of a class that could soul ride but... I didn’t bother for the others.

“Amongst the twelve, it seems there are eight with confirmed Gallian accents. In other words, they’d be born in the Rozel Kingdom... That country is long famed for the effectiveness of their ears, you know.”

“Then let’s tentatively classify those eight as spies from the Rozel Kingdom. However, it’s not like those people had just recently come here. There are those that have been in this country for more than ten years, yes? Not to mention, if your theory is correct, it wouldn’t be strange for other countries, too, aside from ours... especially our direct neighbor, the DeMorgal Kingdom, to have several number of spy sorcerers. Would they be deploying sorcerers to foreign countries for such a long amount of precious time?”

No way.

Certainly, information is important but... to begin with, would you use sorcerers as spies on the assumption that they’re disposable pawns?

The most valuable among the sorcerers are the first class which are capable of soul

riding but... it doesn't change that even those in the lower classes are important.

Aren't there only a little more than a hundred sorcerers of a level capable of reasonably high-grade sorcery called hypnotism?

"Your Highness. It is said the Rozel's population slightly surpasses 10,000,000. Around country only has roughly 250,000. Just their sorcerers should number around twelve more times than ours. Furthermore, there resides the world's oldest sorcerer, Merlin. That country is the world's leading advanced country in sorcery."

In other words, there's a wide difference with the amount of sorcerer resources with our country. It's twelve times so that should be around 1,200 sorcerers? If they have that much, then it wouldn't be difficult for them to mix several sorcerers into each countries, huh.

"Then shall we try and catch and interroaget one?"

"I've already done such."

...Hey hey, aren't you moving quite fast without my permission?

As expected, I can't just smile and let this pass you know.

"No, no, you got it wrong. It's a story from ten years ago. There's this sorcerer that I hired... A fourteen-year-old sorcerer that speaks with a Gallian accent. In the beginning, I wasn't specially concerned about her but... she began acting suspiciously little by little. When I had her watched, we discovered her sending off owls late at night."

"And then, what happened?"

Raymond shakes his head at my question.

"Really. No matter how much we interrogated her, she spoke not a thing. It couldn't be helped so I had her tortured but..."

...we're talking about a fourteen year old girl, yes? Did you ever consider even one bit that your accusations might have been false? Really, you.

"Please forgive me! I'll talk! I'm a... '..."

Before she even began, she just died. The cause of death was the rupture of the heart.”

“In other words, a curse, huh... It’s true that she was a spy then. However, we don’t have any evidence pointing to her being a spy of Rozel other than her Gallian accent.”

In reality, it’s not necessarily true that you’re born in the Rozel Kingdom just because you have a Gallian accent. After all, if you go in the northern parts of the DeMorgal Kingdom, you’d be able to find mix-blood Gallians there.

“For the meantime, let’s deploy certainly reliable sorcerers and have them investigate traces of sorcery. While it’s difficult to understand it’s traces so long as they’re not aware of it, once they are, they should be able to clearly recognize it.”

There’s no mistaking that there are spies.

If you doubt that and won’t to investigate, for sure, you will be able to pull in some hits. Although this is just a talk about whether there are actually spies.

“Shall we try such things in our country? For the meantime, around DeMorgal...”

“That’s great. It’ll also become a verification of whether that is truly possible. There’d be little danger with using it on the lower soldiers and the like.”

For the meantime, we’ll be focusing on countermeasures. If we get some leeway, then we’ll also gather foreign intelligence.

Alright, we’ve decided a policy on this area.

Ah, come to think of it, I haven’t talked about Julia’s proposal, huh.

“What do you think?”

“I think it’s fine. The problem would be which god to use, yes?... Even if you call it a god, there are more than ten gods that I could think off my mind. If you lightly investigated, you’d also be able to get more than a hundred gods, too. Well, for safety and security, that would be Zelvia yes... It’s the guardian deity of the Rosyth Clan. However, it’s not quite popular amongst the commoners...”<sup>[TLN1]</sup>

Raymond starts brooding with a grumble.

He then seems like he had a flash of inspiration.

“This... this would not only be helpful in anti-spell defence but also in governance, yes? Please give me some time. I’ll also think for a bit.”

“Yeah, I understand. Please think over it as you like.”

Umm, I’m sorry to say but I’m not that interestant in religious talks...

I completely don’t understand it. I don’t even know five or six gods, after all.



I finish the meeting with Raymond and return to the office.

Above my desk is a bundle of paper. All of them are documents regarding flood control.

Things about buying up the rights to the land, things about the utilization of water...

Generally speaking, these are some troublesome things.

I’m king, so it’s not that troublesome like in Japan. However, that said, it’s not like I could just forcibly decide.

If I did this poorly a civil war over water rights will develop.

Aside from hoes, Adernian farmers also have swords and spears after all...

“Ah... I also need to tidy this up huh...”

I probably put my hands on a little too many projects, huh...

Although the only one getting troubled is the me supervising all these.

# Chapter 90

## Pregnancy

It's the beginning of the seventh month, the start of harvest season.

I receive happy news that this year would be a bountiful harvest.

Furthermore, I receive another wonderful news.

“ “ We're pregnant. “ “

The two say at the same time.

The first thing I felt was relief.

I'm king so it's my responsibility to produce children.

The two getting pregnant means that my, Julia's, and Tetra's faculty in that department is normal.

It would have been quite dangerous if Julia were infertile while Tetra was normal.

If I had been seedless, it would have been solved if we were just to adopt a child with the blood of the Rosyth clan in him.

“Really?”

“Our periods didn't come.”

“We also checked through sorcery. Both are positives.”

I see.

Then for the meantime...

“Good job!!!”

I embrace the two.



“Hmm, but I don’t actually feel anything, huh.”

I look at a two for a second time.

Nothing changed. Their bellies aren’t swelling, but that goes without saying.

“I think it’ll be a little while until your bellies would start swelling. It’s the seventh month. I think it’s the fifth week of your pregnancies so birth would be around the beginning or the middle of the third month, right?”

It’ll still be around eight months until birth.

It’s still quite a long time, huh.

“That said, for the two of you to get pregnant at the same time...”

What am I supposed to do at night from now on?

It’s not good to have intercourse with pregnant partners, huh. It’ll be sad private power generation (\*wink wink\*) from now on, huh...

Julia laughs as if my thoughts had shown on my face.

“I think it’s fine so long as you don’t do it intensely, you know? The baby should be properly protected by the amnion and the fluid after all. Well, it’s NG if complications like bleeding arose though.”

“Isn’t it great, Almis. It’s normally not possible for two wives to get pregnant at the same time, you know?”

...It’s not like I particularly have such special inclinations.

“However, what a relief. With this, your dad can now rest peacefully and enter nirvana.”

“He still isn’t dead yet, you know. Don’t go treating him as if he’s dead.”



Okay, I'll stop talking about people as if they're ghosts. Well, the point still stands, however, since it won't be strange if he died anytime now.

He still wants to keep on living anyhow.

"That guy will probably come back to life saying, 'I still haven't seen my grandchild.'"

"I told you he isn't dead yet, so he won't be coming back to life!"

At the mention of the word grandchild, Abraham suddenly pops up at the back of my mind.

Come to think of it, my and Tetra's child would be a grandchild to that person.

Geez, even I want to live until I see my grandchildren.

"As expected, the first should be a boy yes?"

"Well... let's see. For the meantime, I can't rest easy until you two give birth safely."

At times like this, it's important for men to say that any gender's fine. Unfortunately, I'm the king of a country.

Therefore, at the very least, I need to have Julia give birth to a boy.

"At the very least, we need to have three boys. Conversely, more than that would be a bit problematic. As for girls, there won't be any problems having them."

Tetra says while looking fondly at her belly.

In these era, it won't be strange for children to die anytime.

Therefore, numbers are necessary. However, if you sire too much, a succession problem will come to the fore while the amount of grantable territory will also decrease.

Balance is necessary in that area.

"Come to think of it, do you know when Ron and the others' weddings are?"

Tetra changes the topic.

I quietly nod.

“Yeah, they told me they’d be holding them a month later. They’d be holding it in a series.

The first day would have Ron and Soyon’s, the next would have Roswald and Lia’s, and the last day would have Gram and Lulu’s.

Well, doing it that way would make it easier for them to prepare their wedding halls.

By the way, the reason they couldn’t get married up until now was they were busy.

They needed slaves in the maintenance of their newly obtained territories and manors.

Furthermore, I had brought them around as my guards as well as made them recruit in the establishment of the Sorcery Institute.

...It was mostly my fault, huh.

This month is harvesting period so we’re dead busy. Therefore, it’s become so that the wedding ceremonies would be held next month since things would calm down by then.

“By the way, Almis. Julia and I won’t be able to battle with paperwork this month. So, what should we do?”

“...First, we’ll hunt for sons of great clansmen and the like. They should be able to use Cretian language after all.”

In the end, we couldn’t put foreigners at the center of the country.

“Well, for the meantime, I plan to rely on the great clansmen for important posts.”

I don’t want to put the clansmen at the center.

That said, even if you say such selfish things, it’ll be impossible to manage the country ((without them)). Compromise is necessary.

Besides, if you candidly kept them at a distance, they'd accumulate dissatisfaction.

But then again, I don't intend to rely on the great clansmen forever. I plan on relying on them for, at the very least, twenty years more.

What I'm thinking of now is the appointment of slaves.

Honestly, appointing released Cretian slaves is correct. That way, the possibility of them holding sentiment towards other countries would be extremely slim.

I also plan to focus on appointing Adernians as much as possible.

Basically, if among the choices I had people of each blood with the same capabilities (i.e. pure Adernians, quarter Adernian-Cretian, halves, and pure Cretians) then I'd be appointing in order from the purest blood to the next.

I'll be slowly implementing this to make an organization with a focus on skills.

Well, I wonder if it'll be done by the time I die?



"Soyon... I'll definitely make you happy."

"Ron..... even now, I'm more than happy with you."

The two kiss each other without hesitation even before the public's gaze.

The guest's applause and jeering flutter about.

How do I say this...

"We... did quite the embarrassing things, huh."

I mutter while looking at the two who had just held their wedding ceremony which elevated their status from stupid couple (bakappuru) to stupid husband and wife (baka fuufu).

Julia and Tetra strongly nod at my muttering to show their agreement.

Is this what you call youthful indiscretion?...

That said, these two getting married was... within expectation.

The two constantly fought and it was one of my jobs to remonstrate them about it, huh.

What was most full of hardships was when Soyon saw Ron “sharpening his sword.”

It was a headache...

If I recall correctly, the two were both 14 at that time huh.

It was problematic that Soyon was an extremely rare type of girl who’s not very inclined to such things. [TLN1]

There’s nothing more difficult than persuading someone who doesn’t understand something.

Even I got the same treatment at that time, huh.

Well, in the end, it was resolved when Soyon finally assented when it became clear to all the other girls older than thirteen that those were impure.

That time, I realized how important sex education is.

“Congratulations, you two.”

“Congratulations”

“Congrats”

The three of us congratulate Ron and Soyon.

The two turned awkwardly bashful.

“Thanks... Leader.”

“Almis... the two of us getting together like this... is all thanks to you.”

The two deeply lower their heads.

Stop it you two, it's embarrassing.

"Well then, here – it's my congratulatory gift for you two. Sorry, I don't know what to get. I didn't know what's appropriate as wedding gifts..."

I readily give Ron a sword that's made from Dragon Damascus. It should be the same sharpness and feel as my sword.

"This is our gift"

"Here you go."

Tetra and Julia give Soyon a staff.

You can see from the size of the crystal attached on its tip that it's an extremely expensive staff.

""Thank you very much!!""

The two receive our gifts happily.

They'd be receiving gifts like slaves, horses, tableware, cosmetics, and the like from the great clansmen so we thought of giving them something practical as a gift. Choosing a sword and a staff as gifts could be strange though.

Well, give us a break since we'll also be giving the couple some gold coins as congratulations in addition the gifts.



"Roswald..."

"Lia..."

"Big sis!! Commander!!"

The two look at each other passionately as Virgar wails loudly.

Roswald is wearing Adernian-style garments while Lia is wearing Germanis-style garments.

The eyesights of the other great clansmen are spontaneously gathering on Lia, a foreign looking tall and beautiful girl.

But then again, perhaps there are also those among them that are frowning at her who's a "former slave."

In the Adernia peninsula, giving even slaves proper human rights... or something would be a mistake in this era. However, they are treated as people and there are frequent and incessant emancipation of slaves that occur.

That said, those who hold ill will against Lia, who's neither an intelligentsia, a brethren Adernian, nor a Cretian who are representative of civilization, are bound to exist no matter what you do.

Well, the two doesn't seem to let it get to them and don't mind it all anyway so it's all good.

"That said, that girl, Lia. It's been a long time since I've seen her, huh."

"Me too. I wonder what happened?"

"I heard she lived in Roswald's house all along. She continued waiting all alone even all throughout the war. Praiseworthy, yes?"

Lia...

If I recall correctly, you were a slave given to me by Ains as a bonus, huh.

Who could have anticipated these things?

I never thought that Roswald's feelings would continue up until this point.

Without a doubt, it's a setting where you fall in love with a slave and foreigner.

No, was it really like that in the beginning?

Like(koi) is a disease but love(ai) is true. Yep, what the hell am I saying, huh.

“Rosalind, here’s my gift.”

I give him a spear.

It’s not a spear used by hoplites. It’s a lance, a spear used while mounted on a horse.

Naturally, the edge is made from Dragon Damascus.

“This is from us, although it’s not much.”

Tetra and Julia gives Lia a box.

Lia opens it and finds a beautiful silk garment inside.

“WOW! Thank you very much!!”

Lia happily thanks the two.

We honestly didn’t know what Lia likes. Finally, after losing our minds thinking up something, we thought of something insensible thing like giving a horse and some equestrian equipment, but it’s good that we ended up with giving clothing.

“Eh, wha? This is...”

Lia turns deep red.

She notices Julia and Tetra’s prank.

They said they’d give up with the see-through underwear though.

I really didn’t know.

Well, it would be a good thing if the succeeding generations of my vassals would increase though. Make lot’s of them for me okay?



“Lulu!!”

“Gram-san!!”

Gram kisses Lulu while holding her up in his arms.

The difficulty of the extremely tall Gram kissing the extremely short Lulu was quite high.

Gram would need to lower his hips for quite a bit.

To resolve this, he had to hold Lulu up.

But really, Lulu is quite short, huh.

What an unbalanced couple, these two.

If I recall correctly, the two have a two-year age difference. If this were Japan, they'd have the difference in height between a grade schooler and an adult, huh.

I don't have any worry regarding these two.

They're getting by steadily one way or another.

Ron and Roswald, on the otherhand, are idiots, so I couldn't help but worry about them.

"It's slowly becoming a custom but, here's my congratulatory gift."

"This is?"

"It's supposedly called a dragon bow. It's a composite longbow made using raw materials from a dragon. It shoots several times stronger than a normal bow. I figured you'd be able to handle it."

This is something I ordered from Ains. It's said to be the bow used by the People of the Desert.

Using it would require an incredible amount of physical strength but it's no problem for Gram who, on top of his already large amount of physical strength, has the influence of my Divine Protection of the Great King.

"Here's the gift from us. A Staff, it's a matching set with me, Julia, and Soyon!"



“Thank you!!”

Lulu happily holds the staff.

This staff has several wooden disk, a hidden sword inside, and a huge crystal on the tip.

In other words, it’s quite heavy. However, contrary to her appearance, Lulu is quite a strong person.



As such, the wedding ceremonies of the six ended peacefully.

Their marriages show that my base has solidified.

In twenty years, their children will come of age and would probably work as my retainers.

I’m very happy.

Julia and Tetra, too, are pregnant. I’m very happy as a husband, as a father, and as a king.

Local governance is also advancing favorably.

Yes, local governance is...

# Chapter 91

## Legends

“Ugh... I feel sick...”

“Are you okay?...”

I rub Tetra’s back.

She’s entering her twelfth week so I had thought it’s around the time she’d stop getting morning sickness but...

She still keeps getting it.

By the way, Julia had been relatively normal, as if nothing had happened, since the early stages of her pregnancy. I wonder if it’s because of her body constitution.

“We have some grapes here but would you like to eat some? It heard it’s much less objectionable to have at least something in your stomach.”

“...Fine. Give me some ice...”

I call over a servant and order him to take some ice from the ice room.

There should still be some of the ice we’ve gathered in winter.

“.....Why is it that I’m suffering like this while that purple girl is so lively...”

“Who’s the purple girl.”

Julia quips while rolling her eyes.

She has a stone plate in her hand.

“Julia, what’s that?”

“It’s medicine for morning sickness. It’s something written from a book a bought from a Cretian merchant. I’ve already tested it on myself so it’s safe.”

She shows me the stone plate.

On it is a green colored syrupy object. This is definitely something bitter, huh.

“I don’t want it if it’s bitter.”

“I thought you’d say that, so I brought some sugar.”

Julia adds some white sugar she took from her breast pocket to the green object.

She then mixes the two using a pestle. It became more droopy thanks to the sugar.

“Here you go, say ah~”

“.....”

Julia feeds the medicine to Tetra’s mouth via a spoon. Tetra’s expression warps.

“Blegh... Bitter.....”

“Don’t you know that good medicines are bitter?”

To think that it’s still bitter even though she added that much sugar... What in the world were the ingredients...

“I think that the truly good medicine are sweet and effective medicines...”

“Yes, yes. There’s three more spoonfuls left so do your best.”

Julia indifferently brings the droopy green medicine to Tetra’s mouth. Tetra takes it with an adverse face.

After everything had been taken completely, Tetra mutters.

“Surprisingly... I’m getting a little better.”

“See. That’s thanks to me. Thank me.”

“But it’s painful that it was bitter.”

“You’re not very honest, huh.”

The two laugh together.

I’m really saved the these two get along so good. I don’t want to experience a suffering like that of Lord Equus after all.

For the meantime, Tetra won’t have any problems if Julia’s here.

Rather than me who is a guy, a companion who in real-time experiences the same sufferings as you would be a whole lot better.

“Well then, I’ll be going, okay?”

“Almis, aren’t you getting busy lately?”

“Hm? I guess. A little troublesome matter has... ah, don’t worry about it. It’s not something important. The two of you should just think about the children in your bellies.”

I leave the room.



“Raymond, what are the replies of each country?”

“...For the meantime, Lord Equus told us that he believes us. The Eville kingdom had sent a reply that they want to believe our country. King Belvedere is silent. King DeMorgal seems to be extremely angry.”

“I see... shit... who in the hell is responsible and where did he come from? To go and spreading that curse...”

I let out a curse word.

Everything started around two months ago. A curse targeting the produce that were nearing harvest had been cast.

The countries that suffered damage were the Belevedere Kingdom, the Eville Kingdom, the DeMorgal Kingdom... and also the Equus tribe.

Thankfully, each country had sufficiently built some spell countermeasures, so they didn't suffer that much damage.

Each country started their independent investigations and discovered that the curse' scope was extremely huge. Furthermore, they noticed that, for some reason, only the Rosyth Kingdom wasn't subjected to the curse.

Unfortunately, they couldn't manage to find a specific culprit. However,..... the Rosyth Kingdom was suspicious.

As such, each country had sent us letters of complaint.

Those from the Eville Kingdom, Belvedere Kingdom, and DeMorgal Kingdom had come at roughly the same time. For certain, these three countries had come together before hand.

The one from the Equus tribe had come independently so I don't think they had exchanged information with the other countries.

"It seems Lord Equus completely didn't mind this time's curse. In the first place, that country didn't have that much cultivated land, after all. Our relationship, as well as the alliance, will stay the same. Furthermore, they even went as far as to propose to conduct a joint investigation."

"I see... we're saved that they're giving us their complete trust, huh. I can't thank Lord Equus enough."

Well, in reality, our country and the Equus tribe can't find a reason to be antagonistic towards each other.

If you sensibly thought about it, they're thinking it's a plan to rip apart our country's relationships with other countries.

Then again, we're talking about a mutual relationship of deep friendship.

"Eville, Belvedere, DeMorgal – these three countries are completely distrusting us, huh."

“It couldn’t be helped. We aren’t that friendly in the first place, yes? Furthermore, we’ve been throwing spells at each other in fixed intervals since long ago, yes?”

There exists a previous conviction, huh.

“It’s good fortune that Julia-sama had gotten pregnant. Her power, after all, would be necessary if you wanted to seriously cast a curse after all. If she’s pregnant, then it means it’s impossible for her to participate. That should stop all suspicions as mere suspicions.”

“Well, it wouldn’t change the fact that they’d still doubt us, huh.”

I’m being thought of as a new king eager for territorial expansion by the other countries. It’s because I took some considerable amount of territory from the DeMorgal Kingdom after all.

Even if I said I won’t do such things, it’ll only arouse more unnecessary suspicion. It’s impossible to avert deterioration of relations.

“Well, it’s not something we need to worry about that much. This much has happened in the past after all. It’s something similar to territorial disputes. With this, the three countries probably won’t attack and invade us. What we should be vigilant against are retaliatory curses.”

“Julia is pregnant after all... Our country’s anti-curse abilities have remarkably decreased. With this, it won’t be a joke if we received an attack from all three countries at the same time.

I hurriedly released the proclamation of Julia’s pregnancy.

Well, they didn’t know about it, so things couldn’t be helped.

“However, Julia has habitually put up anti-spell barriers. Those should still have some strength remaining. If we make a general mobilization of the other sorcerers, then we should be able to bear with it... Well, even without Julia, we would need a system of constructing anti-curse barriers with enough security anyway.”

Now that I think about it, I now understood how much of an important existence Julia is for this country. Peacetime anti-curse can be secured.

“It’s probably necessary to construct anti-curse system utilizing gods immediately, huh.”

“If we used that, the sorcerers’ burdens would greatly decrease... but the problem is which god to settle on, huh.”

In this system, a legend is absolutely necessary. That’s only natural. There’s no point in praying a god that doesn’t exist.

Of course, there are legends in the Adernia Peninsula.

However, it’s not organized up to a high level similar to that of Cretian legends.

The Adernians don’t have a chief god.

Furthermore, instead of gods and the like, animistic beliefs such as in the spirits of the deceased and the faeries are going strong up until now.

Thus, this becomes a problem of which god should we deify and entrust this country to.

Should it be god A? God B? Or maybe even God C. Everyone should assent to the chosen one.

We’ve already received a draft system from Julia. She, however, seemed to have found it difficult to decide on a chief deity.

“Our country doesn’t have a qualified god after all, huh... what should we do with that... hey, what’s with you staring at my face?”

“Nothing, There’s a common saying... a proverb from Claris, see... that sometimes you can’t see the forest for the trees.”

What is it? Jeez. Staring at me like that.

Ah, is this about the story that I’m the son of the Griffon?

However, rather than being the target of worship, isn’t Griffon-sama more of a target of fear? Aren’t those two whole different things?

“You’re the son-in-law of the Griffon, yes? Something like your real father being Mares, the God of War and Agriculture.”<sup>[TLN1]</sup>

“Is that how it goes now?”

“Yes. It seems it’s being influenced by your crop rotation innovations and your victories in the previous wars. There have been several theories circulating since the beginning but Mares’ is the one that makes the most sense ((to the people)) right now.”

Although I don’t really know who my real father is...

I do know he’s definitely not a god.

That said, the rumors around me seem to be calming down huh.

Although there still are huge exaggerations and embellishments such as me growing wings enabling me to fly the skies as well as being able to run across the land with brawny legs.

They seem to be enjoying themselves, above all.

“Then should we make Mares our chief god?”

“Doesn’t Mares only have a few believers? For me, I think his mother, Hainaut, Hainaut’s husband’s sister, Zelvia, and Arne, who was born from Zelvia’s head, would be most suitable. These three gods are, after all, Mare’s relatives and their names often come up in rituals, so they are easily recognizable. Besides, Zelvia is very much the patron god of the Rosyth Clan, you know.”<sup>[TLN2]</sup>

Let’s explain things a bit!

Zelvia is the god of the sky so he’s quite the major male god in the Adernia peninsula. Besides, he could change his gender through shouting so he’s also a female god.

His wife’s sister is Hainaut. She’s the goddess of birth. Tetra and Julia offer prayers to this goddess everyday.

Arne is the one born from Zelvia’s head. Even I don’t know what the hell I’m talking about here. If I’m not mistaken, Zelvia just said “My head hurts” and out comes a subordinate god called Arne. I forgot why in the world Arne’s in Zelvia’s head. It’s



probably not for a satisfactory reason.

Also, my father (according to the setting) Mares is a god conceived and born from Hainaut all by herself.

Normally, if you think about it, to conceive, an egg and a sperm would be necessary but... well, I guess you don't need things like that for the gods and the like.

If they will it, there's a way, I guess.

...If I recall correctly, my father (according to the setting) was conceived when Hainaut breathed in pollen, or something...

"In otherwords, in the family register (?) , my father is Mares and my grandmother is Hainaut. My granduncle-slash-grandaunt would then be Zelvia while Arne would then be my aunt. <sup>[TLN3]</sup>

...I don't want to join such a non-sensical family.

"Hey, I didn't in anyway say myself that I'm the son of Mares. How did it become official all of a sudden?"

"Beats me. However, this country had been beset by internal troubles and foreign pressures for a long while ((until you came in the picture.)) The citizens, too, are feeling that atmosphere. They're expecting much ((from you.))"

Is... that so?

"Or rather, is this fine? To officially recognize that I'm the son of Mares? From the standpoint of the Rosyth clan?"

"We don't mind. As you might know, the founder of the Rosyth Clan, the first King Rosyth is born from the union of Zelvia and the daughter of a human. For Zelvia's son-in-law's son to be you... isn't that fine?"

Ah, is that so?

I guess it's fine if you're fine with it.

"With this, divine lineage would amass on our Rosyth clan... it will greatly increase the

centralization of power.”

Raymond happily posits.

I guess there’s that too, huh.

“It’s widely known that Zelvia is the Rosyth clan’s guardian deity but him being the sky god is generally not that well known to the commoners. Hainaut is generally popular among the commoners, but she doesn’t have that much followers among the warrior class especially amongst the males. Arne is the goddess of employment and also of sorcerers so she has a wide following amongst the sorcerers and the employed but she’s not that close to the farmers that form a huge part of the country’s citizens.”

“That’s where it makes sense in using Mares who is the god of both war and agriculture. This should arouse interest even amongst the relatives of your father in law, yes?”

Well, I guess it’s not bad. It’s a good idea to prepare three gods and not get tied down to one.

Besides...

“Zelvia, Hainaut, Arne correspond to the God of the Sky, the Queen of the Gods, and the Goddess of Wisdom respectively in Creatian legends. You can use as reference the Cretian methods on how to worship them.”

“That’s how it is.”

There’s an emerging Cretian population on the southern part of the Adernia peninsula. In the neighboring country in the south, the Belvedere Kingdom, a fifth of their population are either Cretians or mixed raced. Even our own Tetra is mixed raced.

That’s why as one would expect, it has become a mysterious matter where local Adernian gods have mixed and united with the Cretian gods.

“How long can it be done?”

“Let’s see... With such a large-scale curse, at the very least around for months of preparation would be necessary. The three gods are quite popular in our country so

each place should have a temple for them. If we hurry, maybe two years?”

“Is that so? Even if we won’t have her participate, let’s ask for Julia’s opinion. She’s the most reliable in this field. However, let’s hide the outline of this time’s turmoil from her.

I don’t want to put unnecessary anxiety on the two who’re pregnant.

I want the two to just focus on the childbirth as much as possible. That’s the only thing I can do for them.

“After that, we would need to ask for father-in-law’s permission, huh.”

In the Adernia peninsula, they have a way of thinking that the chief authority lies in the father of the house.

In a word, father is the most distinguished.

Politically speaking, I’m more distinguished than father-in-law. However, culturally speaking, father-in-law would be more distinguished than me.

Therefore, it’s necessary to give him face.



“Isn’t it fine?”

Father-and-law says while looking at the garden (hemp field).”

If you want to enjoy the scenery, wouldn’t another place than this be better?

“I won’t have any qualms about your plans. You’ve already earned the royal crown, after all.”

“Is that so?”

“Later, I’ll be leaving this palace.”

“Ha?”

What in the world is this guy saying.

“Aren’t I always being a bother by being here in the palace? There’s a good place with a great hot spring and nice scenery. I intend to retire there. In a week, an estate, while small, would be completed there after all.”

If you had just told me then I would have you made a large estate.

“That’s just unnecessary trouble. There’s no need to spend a huge amount of money for a person nearing his death. On that note, I want to see my grandchild soon.”

“Just wait for a little while more. Please hang on and do your best. Julia will surely give birth to a healthy child.”

It’s not good to rush such a thing. Premature birth is a difficult matter after all.

“I’ll have you visit at fixed intervals.”

“Yes, let’s go with that. I’m busy too after all.”

Father-in-law laughs with a grin.

Such a tanuki-like smile as usual, huh.

“Again, I’ll entrust to you my daughter and the kingdom. Please don’t let me regret this, okay?”

“I’ll show you a job well done you’d be proud of in the afterlife.”

# Chapter 92

## New Years II

First month.

It's the important day when we welcome the new year.

For me, it's the first new year since I've become king.

Since I've become one, it's become necessary for me to fulfill the role of the highest religious priest.

Well, it's not that difficult a thing. It would be fine if I just imitate Julia who had taken up the role as representative of her bed-ridden father, the old King Rosyth.

However, there are two particular problems.

First, the announcement of Tetra's lineage.

"...Everyone was surprised."

"That's only natural. Rather, even I was surprised."

Tetra, whose belly had swollen to a large size, mutters beside me.

Normally, new year's celebrations are celebrated only by the country's citizens.

However, for some reason, a distinguished foreigner by the name of Abraham had come to the country.

Although the great clansmen, as well as the commoners who had known had been gossiping...

As expected, no one could have ever imagined that Abraham was Tetra's real grandfather.

.....This will have extremely huge repercussions politically. Why? It's because Abraham's only direct descendants are Tetra and the child inside her.

All the others had died accidental or natural deaths, so their line is going extinct.

It wouldn't be an issue if Abraham was just a normal consul. However, he is a tyrant – a dictator.

He's... probably thinking of having the next children succeed his own bloodline.

If that happens, Tetra would stop getting treated as just a noble concubine.

Really, I haven't intended to have a political marriage of convenience, but it had naturally become one. How extremely troublesome.

That said, it's still not coming to a head so let's put it for later. It'll probably begin after the child gets born... damn, my stomach's hurting.

As for the next problem, it's that we have to deify the three gods we had recently decided to be our chief gods. At any rate, no one has ever done this up until now.

The great clansmen and the sorcerers all have to think together for the rules regarding the deification.

It won't just be a simple deification. We need to show to the whole country that those three gods will from now on be the guardian deities of the Rosyth Kingdom.

For the meantime, we made an impromptu altar and held a ceremony there.

If we mix the new anti-curse system as well as the usual methods, then I think that should be enough to somewhat counter spells.

After all, the number of sorcerers in our country are more than either of the three countries. Above all, we still have the barrier put up by Julia before her pregnancy.

There is a possibility that Julia might fall ill, and the barrier might not hold up the year after that. If that happens, we're out. Our country would then have to face spells directly. It's no good to just keep defending. We also need to retaliate.

Now, our country is running about hurriedly to construct this anti-spell system.

Although it would probably take around five years at the shortest before it's completed.

According to Julia, what's important in this system utilizing the gods is religious piety.

We would build temples in each area where people's piety would be gathered. We would then build a grand temple where such piety would then be gathered and combined.

The piety we collect in that grand temple would then be changed into sorcery power and channeled to the barrier.

That's how the new system would work.

We will build temples on each area. It's easy to say but such an undertaking would take money and time.

We should be able to put out enough money. Time, however, is a different matter.

We can only go on patiently.

"Construction is advancing quite well, huh."

"Yes. It'll probably finish earlier than planned. Well, with the construction of the new temple, such leeway would immediately disappear."

Ismere quips with a little sarcasm.

I had ordered her to construct the grand temple by all means.

Because of that, she had to revise her plans so she's angry.

That said, there's several political reasons for this.

I'll be troubled if she doesn't consent.

I had come to the planned site of the new capital city.

The rabble of the new year has ended which gave me leeway to visit. As I thought, I have to see it for myself, yes?

Water control is advancing favorably. I already had them construct some dikes in the rivers in the area of the site. With this the flooding from the thawing of snow and strong rains would more or less disappear.

That said, you can't say it's already flawless. Should a once-in-a-ten-year downpour fall then the dike would collapse.

Well, it hasn't been four months since the start of construction so things couldn't be helped.

According to Ismere, the real thing starts from here.

I heard they'd make tributaries and would further enlarge the dikes.

There are seven hills in the planned site of the new capital.

These hills won't get inundated with water even if the dikes were to collapse.

In other words, these are the safest places in the city.

The important establishments such as the royal palace as well as the grand temple would be constructed on top of these hills.

"Honestly speaking, the rivers aren't that much of a threat, the problems are the hills."

"The hills?"

"Yes, hills are things that are like small mountains after all. If there's a mountain stream, then there's water flowing underground. Things would be okay on clear weather but should rain fall, it'll be quite horrible. Therefore, drainage equipment, in other words, a sewage system is absolutely necessary."

Sewage, huh... Sewage installation comes even before water supply, huh.

Well, I guess there's no problem since there's a river nearby for drinking water.

"What are you going to do, specifically?"

"First, we'll bring water diverters into the city. Naturally, since we've furnished flood gates it won't flood even in the worse cases. We will let greywater and rainwater flow



into this river. The water from the wells should be enough for drinking. When it becomes insufficient, I think it's best we obtain water via aqueduct. That would be better than river water, yes?"

An aqueduct, huh...

It's something you see in Rome, huh. If we're to build something like that then it would definitely cost us an enormous amount of money.

Or rather, do we even have the technology to build one?

"It'll be tough with the current technology of the Adernia Peninsula. It's also a long shot even with Cretian technology. However, I think that by the time this capital city is finished, the craftsmen here would have reached a level that won't lose to that of the Cretians. I dare say they've already reached a level where they could stand side by side with them when it comes to roads, you know."

The Cretians are far ahead in construction technology. However, we don't have that much of a difference when it comes to public works.

Since Cretians are divided into smaller states, bridges and roads might be used by enemy armies.

Therefore, they don't make things like that so much.

Furthermore, they are a sea-faring nation.

"I might as well ask, when will I be able to live here?"

"In about four years. Although it'll be six years later until it could function into a fully functioning capital city. Well, if Your Highness would say that we should just focus on the capital then we should be able to shorten that much more..."

Roads and flood control, as well as the construction of the Grand Temple has been decided after all.

Since those projects would also take some people, it couldn't be helped that it would take time.

"My King, can't you mobilize some more personnel? If we have just a thousand more

then we should be able to hasten progress.”

“Stop joking, these projects are already putting pressure on our treasury. If you consider the possibility of the outbreak of war hereafter, then any more expenses should be unreasonable.”

Right now, around 3,000 people are working on these various projects. If you include the standing army, then the total would rise to 4,000... It's easy to see, right? This number is about 1.6% of the population. We're constantly mobilizing that many people for these projects.

A war would take just two weeks even on the long end. Meanwhile, we've already mobilized these 1.6% of our population for four months.

Well, it's not like it's just expenses that are rising; income is rising too.

Revenue has drastically increased compared to the previous administration thanks to the sales tax from the Cretian merchants as well as sales from the liquor, garnet, paper, salt, and the like.

“Road construction has... made around 20% progress. This is thanks to the fact that this country, in the first place, had lot's of simple roads made from soil that has been tread on. Furthermore, there are few to little troublesome obstacles such as mountain ranges and forests. The concrete that Your Majesty has invented had been very easy to handle as well. Things are advancing smoothly. For the meantime, the road to the DeMorgal Kingdom is pretty much complete. Within six months, the one to the Belvedere Kingdom would also be completed.

In the plan, a road connecting the current capital to the DeMorgal Kingdom would be constructed. The same goes for the Eville Kingdom and the Belvedere Kingdom. These three roads received maximum priority.

In the beginning, our country already had some so-so roads.

Everyone could easily see that these roads would help hasten the advance of the army as well as increase human activity.

The road leading to our arch-rival, the DeMorgal Kingdom, as well as the one leading to the Belvedere Kingdom were, to Adernian standards, especially fine.

This time, those roads were paved with broken stone and are furnished with drainage.

As such, construction time was short.

Well, in the first place, the Rosyth Kingdom has an area a size smaller than Iwate Prefecture. Since the road distance was short, the construction wasn't that much of a troublesome affair.

By the way, the construction of the roads that would stretch from the new capital haven't started yet.

It's only pointless to lay down roads in a place where there aren't people yet. Besides, the construction materials were being transported via water transport.

We'll be putting them off for the meantime.

"That said, it's like a dream... for me to be single-handedly undertaking the construction endeavors of a whole country."

"It's just a small country in the sticks, however."

"Nevertheless, it's star is in ascendance, yes? It's thanks to your rule. From now on, this country will become the most prominent country in the Adernia Peninsula. Perhaps, even unification is possible... how does that sound to you?"

Ismere says half-jokingly with a laugh.

I do personally want to make that a reality though.

"Come to think of it, how's it going with Qingming? You guys got together?"

"Wha, what are you saying! The... there's no way that's..."

She turns deeply red. It really helps that she's easy to read, huh.

"I want you to honestly tell me. It's actually because I had just received a marriage proposal for you. Well, it's not a bad one anyway. However, while I will be recommending such a marriage of political convenience, I won't be obligating you to it. I think it's desirable if you'd be able to freely marry someone you love."

“Uhm. I’ll pass on the marriage... I’ll be looking one by myself after all.”

“I see. If there’s anything I can help with, tell me immediately, okay?”

I bid my farewell to Ismere as I said that.



“Oh? Interesting.”

I had just finished reading the first volume of Qingming’s ‘Chronicles of Traversing the Continent.’

The subject of the first volume was the Scarlet Empire.

Mixed in with the episode regarding the impetus of Qingming’s parents to travel and their destination are the customs, culture, tradition, geography, and history of the Scarlet Empire.

And according to this book, dragons and kirins are apparently real.<sup>[TLN1]</sup>

I really want to go myself. But I guess it’s impossible, huh.

“Thank you very much. This product called paper is really easy to use... it really helped me a lot. Furthermore, to give it to me just like that...”

“Don’t dwell on it. It will be our pride to have such a great book come from our country.”

I had given Qingming paper free of charge.

Not only that, I had prepared servants and a manor for him and put in order an environment where he could write.

In Earth, works like ‘The Travels’ by Ibn Battuta, ‘Book of the Marvels of the World’ by Marco Polo, ‘Great Tang Records on the Western Regions’ by Xuanzang, ‘A Record of Buddhist Practices Sent Home from the Southern Sea’ by Yijing, and the like are popular.

This book written by Qingming rivals those works... no, without a doubt, his book is better than those works.

If I were to make a huge blunder, this country would definitely get destroyed.

Despite that, Qingming's book would go on and survive without a doubt.

If I were to support him, then I would also go on through his book.

My existence will survive into posterity.

"However... if I were to complain about one thing, it's that it's hard to read from it. The farther you get into reading the book the wider it gets that it's becoming a hindrance."

"...However, it couldn't be helped with the book's nature, yes?"

Yes, it couldn't be helped with books in scroll form.

In other words, what I'm saying is to stop it with the scroll style books.

"Why don't you try bound books?"

"Bound books?"

"Yes. You would cut paper at fixed intervals and bundle them together. You then open holes through them and bind them with string. After that you would attach cardboard or thickpaper as cover in order to protect the book. This way, it won't be a bother to read and you would also be able to use both sides of the paper."

For someone like me who's used to modern Japan's bound books, reading such hard to read scrolls are just too much.

Besides, keeping and organizing bound books would save space.

Bound books are several times more superior.

But I would have to admit that scrolls are quite cool.

"Certainly, that way would be much efficient, yes? Why haven't I thought of that... As expected from King Rosyth."

“Haha”

I’m plagiarizing my ancestors, you know.

“By the way, Qingming, what do you think about Ismere?”

“N? I think she’s a good person. What about it?”

“Nothing, don’t mind me.”

This reaction...

Ismere... you need to put in a lot more effort, you know.



“Nikolaus, how are things with you? Have you gotten used to life here?”

“Yes, since the food isn’t that much different from Cretia and the weather too is gentle... it’s not a bad life.”

Not bad, huh... it’s quite like him to not say flattery like ‘it’s the best’ or what not.”

“Above all, it’s nice not having eggs getting thrown at me when I go out.”

I don’t know which to grieve, the lowness of Cretian cultural standard or your annoyingness...

It’s probably the latter, huh.

“By the way, King Rosyth, which side are you on?”

“Which side of what?”

“Geocentric or Heliocentric... although it seems that Lady Tetra is on the Geocentric side.”

Oh really? She supports Geocentrism, huh.

Well, if you think about it spontaneously, it’s only natural to think that geocentrism is

correct.

If it's that girl, she's probably say something like, 'In the first place, how can you come to an abnormal conclusion that rather than the others are revolving around us, it's us that's revolving. It would just be fine if you just looked honestly.'

Hmm, I wonder which side I'm on...

This is another world so it won't be surprising even if the Geocentric model is correct. I guess in the end...

"I think I'll go with the heliocentric model?"

"Uoooooooo!! As expected of Lord Almis! From the very beginning I had thought that you had extensive knowledge for an uncivilized Adernian but as expected you're the greatest king!!"

The greatest king, huh. Thanks.

Also, sorry for being an uncivilized Adernian.

Nikolaus had just gained someone that understands him so he got very excited and didn't notice my wry smile.

I think I just understood a part of why this guy gets eggs thrown at him.

"I'm happy to know someone like you exists. This country, when compared to the Cretian states, are culturally inferior after all. By the way, I have something I'd like to ask, how do you think the Adernian alphabet could be made?"

"Adernian alphabet, huh. Well, certainly not having an original alphabet is inconvenient. If you tell me to make do with Persis alphabet if the Cretian alphabet did not exist, then I'd probably go mad. However, I'm not exactly knowledgeable in that area..."

As expected, he's weak when it comes to those things. This guy is a science guy anyway.

This world still doesn't have a distinction between science tract and cultural tract, so I had assumed he's probably knowledgeable there.

Do they have strong and weak subjects?"

"I'm very sorry I can't be of any help. However, personally speaking, I have something that I think is more important than making an alphabet."

"Something more important?"

"A calendar."

A calendar?

Is there something strange with the current one? Although I don't really get it...

"Although this country's people don't notice it much... there's a gap between the actual seasons. It's around 40 days."

"Hmm... if you think about it that might indeed be the case? But I'm really not knowledgeable in that area."

The current calendar is something made about five hundred years ago. A forty-day gap would mean there's an eight day gap every hundred years. Well, again, I don't really get it.

"Whenever I see this gap, I get very irritated and..."

"In other words, in your opinion, we should revise the calendar?"

I see... well it's not like the people of this country are experiencing unexpected inconveniences by living their lives in accordance with this calendar anyway.

The commoners plant their seeds according to the seasons they had learnt from experience rather than from the calendar after all.

"Revising the calendar would have a huge effect on the citizenry so... it's not something we could simply do. Well, anyway, I'll think about it."

"Understood, then I shall make my way to making it immediately."

This guy. He really doesn't listen, does he?





“Oi, Yal. I actually have two important thinks I want to talk about with you.”

I had summoned over Yal.

Yal’s expression tightens as he heard those words.

He seems to be nervous.

“The first thing... how about getting married?”

“Married!?”

Yal’s eyes widen.

“I, I’m sorry. I hold deep respect and admiration towards Lord Almis and I swear my loyalty to you. If you tell me to die then I am prepared to do so. However, I don’t have such kind of love towards milord... Besides, there’s already Lady Julia and Lady Tetra... I cannot possibly...”

“What the hell are saying.”

I’ll pass on that too.

Upon seeing my expression and realizing his misunderstanding, Yal’s face turns deep red.

“I, I humbly apologize. No, I had heard that the elite had a taste for that sort of love amongst men so I had...”

“I don’t have those kinds of hobbies.”

Even if I did have such tendencies, I won’t be choosing you. I’ll be choosing pretty boys, you know.

“So, did you say marriage?”

Yal asks again to which I nod.

“Yes. How old are you again?”

“I’ll be 28 years old this year.”

“As such, isn’t it bad that you aren’t married yet?”

A huge part of Adernians marry in their teens. It’s already late in their twenties.

Well, it’s common to see divorces amongst people married to arranged marriages so you also see marriages up until the mid-thirties.

Nevertheless, being unmarried is bad.

“A marriage proposal for you has arrived. It’s not like you have a woman you love right?”

“Unfortunately, this person has never experience that thing called love since birth...”

Isn’t that pitiful. Even I had two, and both had bore fruit.

“And so, who has sent the proposal?”

“No one specific had been decided yet. However, I’m thinking of having you marry a girl of the lot from the former DeBell Faction.”

“The former DeBell Faction?”

“Yes. The recent state of affairs are horrible, yes? There’s a need to put in order domestic affairs. I’m thinking of considerably forgiving them.”

In reality, a huge part of the nobility don’t really hold any sort of loyalty to me. What worries them is their own territory.

The former DeBell faction and the Ars faction don’t differ in that regard. As such, rather than getting too comfortable with the Ars faction, it would be better if I pardon the former DeBell faction.

“Well, it’s not like we’ll have it done immediately. I want you to consider and think about it for me. Also, the second matter, this one is rather important and urgent matter.”

“What is it?”

“I’ll have you go to the Zoldias Kingdom.”

The Zoldias Kingdom is a country located to the west of the Eville Kingdom.

A large part of their territory is mountainous so it’s quite an agriculturally barren country.

However, their soldiers are quite strong.

Furthermore, it seems they’ve been doing their best recently in opposing the Gillbed Kingdom’s push south.

“Is this a counter measure against the Eville Kingdom?”

“That’s correct. We’ll be applying pressure on the Eville Kingdom.”

Make friends with distant countries while conquering near countries. That is the foundation of diplomacy.

As for the reason why I can’t personally go...

The first one is that there are dim prospects of an alliance. Therefore, it’ll make the Eville Kingdom happy if I ((went personally) and returned without any results.

The second reason is that the Belvedere Kingdom and the Eville Kingdom are located between my country and the Zoldias Kingdom.

Even if I did manage to push for an alliance with King Zoldias, it’ll be pointless if I wouldn’t be able to go back.

“You’ll leave in maybe two months. It’ll take some preparations after all. I’ll have you stay there for a long period of time. The shortest would probably be a year. It’ll be quite the pressure after all just by having you stay there.”

“I understand. Then I shall prepare immediately while thinking about the marriage proposal. Although I have one request...”

Hmm?

Yal has a request? This is quite rare, huh.

“What is it?”

“I’m thinking that I want a clannamen. No, even now I do have one but it’s a name common among the commoners so...”

Basically, in the Adernia peninsula, names consist of three parts – a praenomen (personal name), a nomen (clan name), and a cognomen (family name).

For example, Tetra’s whole name is Tetra Ars. Tetra is her praenomen while Ars is her nomen. She doesn’t have a cognomen since her family is the most prominent amongst the Ars clan.

In the same way, Julia’s name is just Julia Rosyth. In other words, her family is the most prominent amongst the Rosyth clan so she also doesn’t have a cognomen.

By the way, in the great antiquity, it’s said that people only had nomen. However, in accordance with the increase of population, names grew longer little by little.

Just like in Japanese, the bad point of Adernian names is that you can’t make and combine names infinitely.

“Hmm, certainly, it’s not good to have such an overused nomen and cognomen in diplomacy, huh...”

I’ve already granted Ron, Roswald, and Gram nomen. Those three are landed clansmen, after all. Furthermore, there are those that despised their former nomen, the greatest example of which is Lulu.

I had given each of the three the nomen Aemilius, Fabius, and Calpurnius respectively.

Their origins are... you already know even if I don’t tell you, huh. The Adernia peninsula’s geography, culture, and even climate are similar to that country after all. Just not completely.

The reason why I hadn’t given Yal a nomen is that he doesn’t hold any territory. Personally, I think it would be good to give him a large territory but Yal himself refused. Well, for someone like Yal who’s working both as a diplomat and a domestic bureaucrat, territories and the like would only be a heavy burden.

“Then... how about Claudius? There’s an excellent person that held that name.”

“Claudius... what a fine name. Then from now on, I shall take the name Claudius.”

Yal happily smiles.

# Chapter 93

## Scheming I

No one can come close to sorcerers when it comes to specializing in scheming and plots.

Poisoning, hypnotism, memory manipulation, curse, quick information transmission through soul riding...

First class sorcerers are the best units no matter who you compare them to.

If there's no gap in the target's heart, then hypnotism and memory manipulation is not possible.

You can artificially create one by restraining, capturing, drugging and/or torturing the target.

However, it's not realistically possible to kidnap and do such things to an important person.

Therefore, from the very beginning, attacking the target with a ((hidden)) knife had been more efficient.

However, conversely, if such a gap in the heart exists, then such techniques are possible.

That said, complete manipulation... or anything of that high caliber is impossible no matter how skilled the sorcerer.

What a sorcerer can do, from the very beginning, is to the extent of giving a light push to make a person do what he wants to do... arouse feelings of insurrection, and lightly hypnotize a person to extract information from them.

Nevertheless, there are still dangers. That's because important people have escort sorcerers after all.

Basically, in sorcery, disenchantments and barriers often turn out better than curses while the same goes for reconnaissance over espionage.

To take down a target with escorts with an actual power of six, you'll need to use sorcerers with an actual power of 10.

As such, they'd basically be targeting great clansmen that don't have any major sorcerers as well as centurions or high commanding officers that don't have any at all.

It's become their jobs to extract information from these people.

Even so, the merit is big because they'd be able to obtain information reliably.

However, there's a huge defect in these types of schemes using sorcerers. That is the capital cost per head of a first-class sorcerer is high.

When you consider child-rearing cost and time, they're not suitable to be made into spies who are always at risk of dying.

Conversely, not only could you not expect anything great from expendable second-class sorcerers, they'd only get detected by first class sorcerers vigilant against enemy espionage.

It would bring down a typical small country to its knees just to be able to secure a counter-espionage sorcerer.

However, this talk about small countries is limited to a small country in the Adernian or Cretian peninsula with a population in the ten thousands.

This doesn't apply to countries like the Rozel Kingdom that has a population exceeding 3,000,000 and the Persis Empire which exceeds 20,000,000.

In huge countries like these, they'd be gathering suitable baby girls all around the country, thoroughly train them, while at the same time conducting ideological indoctrination so they wouldn't betray the country, and other such things using their national power.

By doing so, they'd be able to secure the quality, quantity, and loyalty of sorcerers.

They would then make them infiltrate the various countries all over the world as spies

and create completely advantageous situations with other small countries.



“Lord Ledus, if it’s you, then you should be able to do it, you know. Our country will support you.”

Mari smilingly makes talk to Ledus.

It’s been several months since Mari had been invited as the First Consort’s house guest.

The reason everything had went this smoothly was that one of the sorcerers being employed by the First Consort is her disciple.

A large number of a country’s sorcerers flock around the king. Therefore, it would be extremely difficult for retainers to secure one.

You could say that they tend to thoughtlessly employ great sorcerers looking for work even if they are foreigners.

The one that told her that Ledus is an easy target is also that sorcerer.

“But can I really do it?... The enemy has a force several times more than mine.”

“You can, you know? Listen here...”

Mari indifferently speaks of a seemingly winning strategy. And included in those words is a small quantity of magic powers.

Sweet words and important talk easily enter his head.

The curse on those words are the same.

There’s nothing better than coating poison with sugar.

Naturally, there are also spies from Mari and the Rozel Kingdom within the Equus tribe but the tribe hasn’t noticed that Ledus is slowly getting hypnotized.

Rather, they’re even thankful ((to Mari)) for making him proactive.



She's giving him small doses over time. That is an iron-clad rule in sorcery.

"Lord Ledus, it's time for your meal."

The servant opens the yurt's curtain and informs such to Ledus.

Ledus stands up.

"Lady Merlin. How about you join me?"

"I'm sorry... I have something I have to attend to. I would have to humbly pass on this one."

Mari makes an apologetic place as she excuses herself from that place.



"Ah... I really can't get used to the Equus tribe's kumis. It tastes too horrible. Can't we do something about it?"

"I understand what you feel. However, please don't come to my yurt many times over. We'll get suspected."

Lydia... a spy from the Rozel Kingdom... candidly gives advice to Mari who's drinking tea.

Mari, however, just returns a smile.

"I told you it's fine. Besides, you're an Adernian after all. Aren't you quite doted on by the First Consort? It won't be a problem. Wouldn't it be better for the setting to turn into us being personally intimate?"

The spy gives off a deep sigh.

Nothing's going through this superior of hers.

"That said, you, aren't you blending in quite well? I heard you did things like curing children's diseases for free or something. Honestly, I'm quite touched."

"The level of the Equus tribe's sorcerers are low after all..."

A bit embarrassed, Lydia scratches her cheeks.

While drinking tea, Mari answers.

“The Equus tribe is a nomadic tribe after all, although they’ve started to settle recently and even do agriculture. It’s the weather that decides whether or not agricultural people would live or die. Therefore, they habitually pray to the gods and the spirits. Consequently, it’s easy for a sorcerer of high caliber to be born among them.

Conversely, nomads aren’t that dependent on the weather as much as agricultural peoples are, and so when push comes to shove, they could just do things like move to places where the harvest was good or take away their territory. Therefore, they don’t pray habitually. They try to make do with their own abilities without relying on the gods and spirits..... it’s the problem in their disposition, yes?”

In the same way, there’s a strong tendency for Adernians to be more excellent sorcerers than Rozel and Gallian sorcerers. Gallians are part-agricultural, part-pastural, and part-hunting peoples after all.

“It’s been fifteen years since I got initiated into sorcery, and another five since I infiltrated the Equus tribe... the time has finally come for me to be of use.”

“It’ll still be after this, you know. Since you’ll become Prince Ledus’ head sorcerer. We’ll be relying on you when... the Rozel Kingdom takes down the DeMorgal Kingdom and begins the full blown invasion to the Rosyth Kingdom.””

A smile appears on Mari’s face.

Lydia also makes an evil-like smile.



Meanwhile, in the Rosyth Kingdom.

“Ah, geez... everything’s not going well at all...”

Annabella is troubled.

Her duty is to assist the planted sorcerer in the Rosyth Kingdom and create divisions within the kingdom.

Her targets are important people in the state such as great clansmen and the like.

If it's to the extent of setting curses on the common soldier and servant, then an average first class sorcerer, or even a skilled second-class sorcerer would be more than capable.

However, doing such to an important person that seemed to have received curse-defense training on top of being protected by several escorts is impossible except to an extremely first-class sorcerer.

It's not strange for there to be a layer in one part of the former DeBell Faction that embraces dissatisfaction to King Rosyth. Even if they couldn't fly the banner of revolt, they could still expect something along the lines of information smuggling.

If possible, it's better if they'd be able to perform, with scrupulous care, a hypnotism similar to that of Prince Ledus.

Annabella's style and figure are on the good side.

"Please!! I really want a job!! I'll do anything! I won't even mind letting you use my body!"

She'll urge someone with something like that while casting a curse on the bed.

She has done such method since forever. Men are easy creatures.

Nevertheless, this is completely going nowhere.

The reason is simple.

The former DeBell Faction completely doesn't have any dissatisfaction with the current king.

To make matters worse, the only sorcerer planted in the Rosyth Kingdom got killed.

The Rosyth Kingdom has a system of sorcery licensure that manages sorcerers.

Because of this system, if you do something suspicious, it'll immediately get found.

That sorcerer got impatient in her surveillance and made a mistake, so she got

detected and executed by a Rosythian sorcerer.

Since she's wearing a spell that would rupture her heart should she start spilling secrets, Annabella still hasn't been caught. However...

"The quality of the Rosyth Kingdom's sorcerers are higher than we've expected... Haa, we need to do something..."

Annabella wants to curse, at the very least, one person.

She wants to live up to Merlin's expectations.

\*knock\*\*knock\*\*knock\*

Someone is knocking on the door.

Annabella opens it while thinking about who could it be.

"Good day. I'm Lulu, a national sorcerer. Actually, you're under suspicion of using sorcery without a license. Please show your license."

Cold sweat runs down through Annabella's back.

To tell the truth, Annabella is an unlicensed sorcerer.

In order to get a license, it's necessary to go to the palace and receive tests and interviews from several sorcerers.

Naturally, if she did such a thing, then it's highly probable that she gets discovered as a spy.

Annabella is a sorcerer temporarily dispatched in order to direct and aid the one planted at the actual place.

She's someone who has to return to Gallia someday, so a license could only be a shackle.

That said, she made sure to not use sorcery before anyone.

In other words, the license or something like that is just a front.

(This girl, she noticed that I'm another country's spy!?)

Thinking back on it, she also probably got a little impatient and did some unreasonable actions.

"Your license, please."

"Yes, I understand. I'll take it out immediately."

Annabella takes out a smoke ball from her pocket and throws it on the ground.

Smoke covers the area.

"Kkuuhh!!"

"Like hell I'll get easily caught."

She nimbly retreats into the interior of the house.

She then takes out another smoke ball and throws it.

The house gets filled with smoke making it impossible to see.

"Surround the house!! Don't let her escape through the windows!! You guys come with me!!"

Lulu orders her squad to surround the house while taking some of the elite along to invade the house.

The target will escape after all should there be any secret passage.

And her choice had proved correct, inside the house is one.

However, Annabella takes out a crossbow, points at Lulu and her squad, and pulls the trigger.

An arrow flies close to Lulu's ear.

"It's a crossbow. I'll warn you – I'm using sorcery to understand your whereabouts! Don't move if you don't want to die."

As such, Lulu could only resign to staying put.

Since they couldn't move, Annabella used this opportunity to escape through the secret passage dug underground.

"Ah, geeze! This is no good! They're knowledge of counterespionage is too high!"

The troubled Annabella writes a letter to Mari stationed in the Equus tribe.



To Lady Merlin

Are you well? I, on the other hand, am not. The reason is that the former DeBell faction seem to hold no discontent against the present king. Although they do embrace sentiments of fear and awe towards him, they completely have no spirit to go against him.

Normally, those in the King's faction would ride on his coattails from the beginning and attack people in the opposition.

However, the present king has seemed to remonstrate those who got in on themselves and impartially judged them in trial. Then what about those from the Kings faction from the start, you ask? That's what I also thought but it seems a lot of them are receiving increasing favors so even they are completely unexploitable.

Since they don't have gaps in the heart, nothing can be done.

Furthermore, the enemy's counterintelligence capabilities are higher than we previously thought that our planted sorcerer had been captured.

Even I had almost got captured.

What should I do?

Yours truly,

Annabella.



To Annabella

Are you well? I, on the otherhand, am very well. However, I'm just so sick of Kumis. Ledus had been completely hypnotized, so he's motivated enough.

Now then, regarding my advice...

Please retreat.

There's nothing that can be done if there's no gap in the heart. If you, who is my best pupil, couldn't do anything, then there's nothing I could do.

This time will be our loss.

King Rosyth seems to have quite the considerable sense of balance, yes?

I think it's not impossible to torture him or even drug him with a strong drug.

However, I can't say that realistically. It would be extremely dangerous, so we should just stop trying it.

It's a much less objectionable fate to moving poorly and getting discovered by the enemy, after all.

Besides, I'll be sad if my adorable number one pupil were to die.

I'm more hurt seeing my beloved people die even more than the thought of me dying.

For the meantime, put a light hypnotism on a servant or whatnot and wait for orders in the Rozel Kingdom.

I also plan to return soon. I want to eat some pork buns.

P.S.

That said, why do we get all polite when exchanging letters? It's strange.

From Lady Merlin,

The Greatest, Most Beautiful, and Forever Virgin Witch.



# Chapter 94

## Scheming II

DeMorgal Kingdom.

Presently, the kingdom is engulfed in a huge conflict.

Pax DeMorgal, the Second Prince, and Aldo DeMorgal, the Third Prince are confronting each other. Since the First Prince Carlo who had held the first right to succeed has lost his standing, the conflict had started to intensify.

However, since King DeMorgal is still young, it's still not coming to a head.

Now then, the biggest victims of this conflict are those in the Prince Carlo Faction. They had severely lost influence. The cause is the fall of the Blouse Clan, the one which held the biggest power within the DeMorgal Kingdom as well as the fall from grace of the great commander Tonino.

The great clansmen from the two factions had attacked the Prince Carlo faction as if to say it's their chance to do so. They'd do things like take territories from skirmishes, taking away their standing in the palace, and the like... it never rains but it pours.

They're the ones holding the greatest dissatisfaction in the DeMorgal kingdom.

The reason great clansmen are attached to a country is to protect their own territory and social standing.

Conversely speaking, if they couldn't protect such things, then there would be no point in being there.

King DeMorgal has drowned himself in women and is in a daze despite the powers of the two factions expanding.

((For him)), there's no point in seeking their patronage.

There's a man seeking to use that sentiment.

It's Almis Ars Rosyth.



"Lord Bartolo, I'm honestly happy about the proposal but... I want you to allow me to refuse."

It was Lethys Blouse who answered Bartolo.

He's the current head of the Blouse Clan.

Almis has begun dismantling the former Carlo Faction with a focus on the Blouse clan through Bartolo whom he stationed on the border with the De Morgal Kingdom.

As soon as the cease-fire agreement lapses, it's easy to see that the DeMorgal Kingdom will come invading.

And because of the deterioration of relations with both the Eville and Belvedere Kingdoms due to last time's curse affair, they, too, would certainly come attacking.

This is a countermeasure for when such a thing happens.

The members of the Carlo faction were extremely many. Even now, more than a fourth of the DeMorgal Kingdom is still of the Carlo faction. If they were to revolt right now, even the DeMorgal Kingdom would be all but forced to concede.

It's that kind of plan but..... negotiations have ground to a halt.

"Even us hold discontent towards King DeMorgal. However... if we were ever to revolt, then Prince Carlo would surely get executed."

Although it was beyond expectation, the only penalty that has befallen Prince Carlo is the revocation of his social status as he was unexpectedly extremely popular.

It might have been a different story if Prince Carlo had been incarcerated or even executed.

However, he lives on, with even his right to succession intact.

And as usual, King DeMorgal is showing favor to Prince Carlo's mother.

Should it happen..... THAT might happen.

Therefore, the Carlo faction is vetoing betraying the country.

“Well then, how about the Rosyth Kingdom be giving you our aid? To Prince Carlo’s right to succeed?”

Lethys shakes his head.

“That won’t be necessary. Just our forces alone are enough.”

They’re not stupid as to carelessly allow another country’s army to enter their own.

That’s what he’s saying.

Bartolo gives of a deep sigh within the depths of his heart.

“Is that so? Well then, should you change your mind, please don’t hesitate to contact me immediately.”

The day’s secret meeting has ended.

“Husband, how did it go?”

“It completely went nowhere. It’s not going to work. It’s completely not going to work. If Prince Carlo had died, everything might have gone smoothly...”

While drinking the sake his wife had poured, Bartolo started airing his complaints.

“Oh boy, in the first place, there’s no way negotiations would succeed right? It’s a miss in personnel selection.”

“They don’t have any other person to whom they could entrust this right? Yal is going to the Zoldias Kingdom after all.”

While the Rosyth Kingdom is abundant in the quality of human resources, the quantity of their human resources is lacking.

Besides, Almis had become King almost impossibly fast.

Since he still doesn't that much grasp the personalities of the great clansmen as well as a lot of other things, in the end, he could only rely on the seemingly most reliable Bartolo.

"The King trusts you to that extent, isn't that great?"

"Haa... I guess you could look at it that way."

Bartolo gives off a sigh.

In reality, it won't be a stretch even if you call Bartolo as the most favored amongst the great clansmen.

Even the territory he received, even though he had to exchange it with his former one, is the biggest amongst the great clansmen.

"That said, even if you say that right of succession is something that follows a monarchical system of governance... can't we do something about it? Although our country had overcome it, several tens of years later, it'll come to a head again. How unpleasant, yes?"

"Is that so? Isn't it still too early to tell? Lady Julia and Lady Tetra get along well after all. Won't it depend on the education of the children?"

"Haa... get along well, huh... For now, yes. For mothers, their children are their most precious. Isn't it safe to say that what happens in the future is still up in the air? What's fortunate for us is that our king is not a henpecked husband. It won't be funny if our political situation were to move according to the whims of women."

Bartolo shrugs his shoulders.

There won't be any trouble to the extent of spawning a rebellion because of the rights of succession. Although it'd be nice if it's possible to be able to take them down in one sweep and in a short time just like in the previous civil war.

"And because of that, the enemy will come attacking yes?"

"In all probability. According to the information gathered by our planted sorcerers through hypnotism, they seem to intend to begin in six months. The supreme commander would be Pax, it seems. Well, their aim seems to be to safely give the

second son some achievements and make him succeed.”

Bartolo stirs his alcohol.

Regardless of who the enemy is, he’d destroy enemies of the Rosyth Royal Clan. That is Bartolo’s duty.

“For me, I think it’s better to attack before we get attacked. The king looks half-hearted.”

“It’s only natural. He won the last time but nevertheless there’s still a gap in the national power of our country and the DeMorgal Kingdom.”

The population of the Rosyth Kingdom is approximately 250,000. The present population of the DeMorgal Kingdom is currently unknown but it’s said to be around 300,000 more or less.

Furthermore, you should add the coalition of the Eville Kingdom and Belvedere Kingdom.

In this situation, it’s overdoing it if you went aggressively.

“Well, if I were the commander then I’d win without fail, anyway.”

“Husband... for you to say that...”



“Welcome home, Annabella. How was the Rosyth Kingdom?”

Mari welcomes Annabella as if she was welcoming a family member that had gone sight seeing.

Annabella makes a displeased face.

“It was the worst. I was discovered by sorcerers at my house and was made to escape through a hole while being covered in mud, you know. After that, I was chased by soldiers, hawks, dogs, and I even fell into a cesspool! It’s a cesspool! For an unmarried woman in her twenties to fall into a cesspool, it’s the absolute worst!!”

Actually, it's thanks to that episode that she managed to run away from the dogs' pursuit, but she has no way of knowing that.

"Now, now, isn't it all good that you managed to escape?"

"That's true but..... I'm sorry. I wasn't able to ensnare even a single person....."

Annabella deeply lowers her head to Mari.

She seems to be extremely down.

Mari gives of a gentle voice.

"Now, now. Even I had failed several times so this time's nothing. Although it went well with Prince Ledus, but he had the weakness of failing in his love, so I managed to succeed. Even I won't be able to make a person who doesn't hold any dissatisfaction betray his master."

Mari taps Annabella's shoulders in anticipation.

Annabella embraces Mari while crying. She smells quite horrible.

"By the way, isn't it about time you teach me the outline of the operation?"

"Sure, I'll teach you. That said, it's not that big of a deal, really."

Mari answers with a grinning laugh.

First, the DeMorgal Kingdom will invade the Rosyth Kingdom.

This is something that's attached in the secret intelligence that was gathered so any other support is unnecessary.

Next would be to make Ledus move.

They'll have Ledus break off the alliance with the Rosyth Kingdom, and depending on his composure, have him invade.

That way, both the Eville Kingdom and the Belvedere Kingdom will, without fail, also invade.

That's thanks to the distrust they hold against the Rosyth Kingdom born from last time's curse (false accusation).

With this, the coalition is complete.

Certainly, a single country would be helpless if it were the target of a coalition of four countries.

After the Rosyth Kingdom gets weakened, at their discretion they'll give a proposal.

"We'll propose 'if you give us territory, we'll come help you.'"

"We'll come help them?"

"Yes. If the Rosyth Kingdom falls, wouldn't the DeMorgal Kingdom's national power increase? We'll come and attack the DeMorgal Kingdom from behind and destroy them. And as thanks for helping them out, we'll have the Rosyth Kingdom give us a lot of territory. That's pretty much it."

After that, they'll let time pass and then they'll make the Rosyth Kingdom yield.

Mari has completely no intention of killing the man called Almis. She doesn't have the knowledge that he has, especially that of bomb-making.

Mari would like to, by all means, take possession of those.

"But with that plan, the gains you made and you'll make in the future from Prince Ledus' fall and distrust curse would be for naught, yes?"

"I guess so. Or rather, that's the only choice left right? They aren't directly bordering us after all. Although I might still be able to make it work if I have three more of myself. You can't make sorcery called mass after-image after all."

Mari shrugs her shoulders as if saying it couldn't be helped.

"Well, in my place, it would be you. Although barely, you're worth that much. Or rather, it's unbearable that you managed to catch up to my abilities that I cultivated for 500 years, you know."

Mari laughs.

To say the least, Annabella would be the greater when it comes to talent.

“For the meantime, we’ve done what we needed to do. After that, we should just keep careful watch over the developments. Ah, would you like some tea?”

“Yes, I would love some.”

An elegant tea (matcha) party begins.



“Your Highness, King DeMorgal. The revocation of His Highness, Crown Prince Carlo’s social status had been decided but... what would you do now?”

“...I’ll again appoint Carlo as the supreme commander in the next war... or is that no good?”

“That would be difficult.”

King DeMorgal gives off a huge sigh.

He’s currently 45 years old. It’s just his dawn as a statesman.

That said, until the next king had been decided, the political situation won’t stabilize.

King DeMorgal opens his mouth as his stomach that had ballooned jolts.

“If choosing Carlo would be overstretching it, then..... how about Pax? He’s the second prince after all. Her mother’s social status also isn’t that bad.”

“Personally, Your Highness, I would be happy if you choose Prince Aaldo. He’s much more intelligent after all. Plus, he has an abundance of charisma... If I were to pick just a little shortcoming, it would be that he’s naïve but if we appoint him an excellent aide then he should be able to safely govern.”

At present, the DeMorgal Kingdom is being forced to a dilemma.

In the south lies the Rosyth Kingdom commanded by its young king brimming with ambition.



In the north is the huge Rozel Kingdom

Both are troublesome opponents.

What this country needs now is not to high-speed player but a king that would be able to securely pass on the baton to the next generation.

With that in mind, Carlo should have been the most suitable but... he failed in the country's push south.

He settled the matter with Carlo just losing his position as crown prince but he's still hoping with the right to succeed still up in the air.

"Just like the Rosyth Kingdom, I wonder if we might as well just take in a son-in-law?"

"It would be good if there would be another son of the Griffon, huh."

The close-aide makes a wry smile.

Such a convenient existence is a needle in a haystack.

"The three should... ughh."

King DeMorgal grasps his chest area.

A pain slowly creeping up from his stomach area attacks him as he breaks out in a cold sweat.

"M-my King!! Are you alright!?"

"...I'm fine. It's settling down. But it's starting to happen frequently."

King DeMorgal leans his back on the throne and gazes at the ceiling.

"Recently, I've started to become easily tired. I run out of breath even when just walking up the stairs. My stiff shoulders have also been severe. I wonder if this is because of age?"

"Isn't it because of that stomach? Please hold back on the food and liquor. Also, how about a little exercise?"

The close aide points at the huge stomach bulging out from the king.

The king like this now, but a long time ago, he was a warrior who could even ride horses and kill a deer with just one blow of the lance.

“If I exercised then my heart would collapse. It’s just the age. It can’t be helped.”

King DeMorgal heartily laughs.

...A few months later, the DeMorgal Kingdom’s state of affairs took an abrupt turn.

It’ll develop into something that King DeMorgal, King Rosyth, King Rozel, and even Mari couldn’t anticipate.

# Chapter 95

## Childbirth

In a certain night with a full moon.

The two went into labor at the same time.



AA, Why both of you at the same time!!”

“Even if you say that...”

“My King, you’re being a bother so please get out.”

Because I was faffing around the two due to my worries, I got chased out by the sorcerers and midwives.

What a rude bunch. Although it’s true that there’s nothing I could really do...”

“Ah, what should I do!!”

“Please calm down, my king. Even if you cause mayhem, it won’t make the childbirth any faster.”

How annoying, Raymond. Even I know that, you know?

“Well, well. Just calm down. For the meantime, here, have a drink.”

“Ye, yeah. Thanks... Or rather, why are you here, Bartolo?”

You’re supposed to be stationed at the border with the DeMorgal Kingdom, you know?

“I heard that it’s about time the two would give birth so I’m here on standby. Absolutely, among the great clansmen, I’m the first among who want to see their faces.”

“Is that so... You, when your daughter was born, what did you do?”

While stirring around the liquor, Bartolo answers my question with a troubled face.

“Even if you ask me that... there’s really nothing a man can do when that time comes. As one would expect, we can only imagine the hardships of childbirth and hear them through hear-say. It’s not something you can do in the place of your wife, right? So, I just drank liquor.”

“Ah, is that so...”

I guess that’s that, huh... There’s nothing I can really do, huh...

Just in case, I taught them using boiling water sterilization as a countermeasure for puerperal fever as well as alcohol sterilization. I also taught them the pain-relieving Lamaze technique but...

There’s the possibility of having difficulties.

Ah, why didn’t I study medicine in Japan!?

Even though if I had become a gynecologist or an obstetrician then I might have been able to do something even just a little.

No, I guess there’s nothing to be done even if I regret it now.

“Bartolo... give me a strong liquor.”

“Now you’re talking.”

I gulp down the liquor Bartolo handed over.

.....It’s bland, huh.

“It’s no use even if I drink away my worries, huh.”

I stop drinking liquor.

I really can’t get my mind off it. I guess Bartolo’s suggestion didn’t help, huh.

“Oi, Talk to me so I could get my mind distracted. Otherwise, you’re fired. It’s a royal order.”

“What an unusual royal order, huh.”

Raymond and Bartolo look at me with amazed faces.

Shut up, hurry up and talk with me.

“Then I’ll be asking you, how did you manage to get the two to give birth at the same time? Did you do both at once?”

“...I did both of them together about once every three times, huh...”

“They’re quite forgiving, huh.”

Raymond raises his voice in surprised.

No, not really. As expected, even I think it’s probably overdoing it. I just tried saying it on a whim while thinking that.

And when I did, unexpectedly, the two were also up for it or something...

“I’m so jealous! My wife would already snap at me if I talked to another woman!”

“That’s quite horrible, huh.”

I’m quite blessed, huh.

Lady Julia, Lady Tetra, How gracious of you, huh.

While doing such idiotic chatter, we heard a cry.

It’s a child’s, no, a baby’s cry.

This... this means...

“My king!! Lady Tetra has given birth!!”

My body moved faster than I could think.

I went straight to Tetra's room.

"Almis..."

Tetra is smiling.

Her face was full of sweat and her hair is a mess, with some clinging on her cheeks.

And in her arms is a beautiful baby wrapped in linen.

"It's a healthy boy. Here, hold him."

"...Aa."

I held up the baby... my very own baby in my arms.

He's quite heavy, huh... I feel the weight of life.

"He inherited my hair huh. His face looks like yours. Especially that cheeky part."

"How rude."

When I stretched out my finger into the baby's small hands, he grasped it tightly.

Aah... How cute... so cute I could just eat him up.

"A name... give him a name."

"Ah... this guy will be called Ancus – Ancus Ars."

"I see. It's a good name. Ancus... The fruit of my and Almis' love..."

Tetra smiles with a grin.

For the meantime, she looks fine, huh.

When I got relieved for the meantime, we heard another cry from the neighboring room.

This would mean...

“Go on.”

“Ah, I know.”

I hand over Ancus to Tetra and hurriedly head for Julia’s room.

I wonder if she’s okay...”

“Julia!!”

“Ah, Almis...”

Julia faces me and shows me a smile.

Looking like she didn’t have a difficult childbirth as Tetra, she gives off an impression that she’s not that tired out.

However, her expression shows a little anxiety. It’s like happiness and anxiety are being mixed together...

“Here you go. A healthy... girl.”

Julia hands her over to me. Her hands are shaking a little.

Geez, this girl.

I kiss Julia in the lips.

“You did well. Thank you so much. I’m very happy, you know.”

When I said such and smiled, Julia’s expression turns cheerful as if her anxiety had cleared a little.

“What should we do with her name... is it fine if I give it to her?”

“It’s fine. It’s your right as the father after all.”

Is that so. Then...

“Fiona. Fiona Rosyth. That will be her name.”

“Fiona, huh. Yes... I think it’s a good name.”

Julia happily smiles.

I look at Fiona.

Her hair is lavender colored. She also takes her face from Julia.

When she grows up, she looks like she’ll become a gorgeous woman.

I’m so happy. Although I’m a little sad that she didn’t take that much from me.

Ah, so cute, huh.

What do I do now? I don’t know what I’d do if somebody told me ‘Please give me your daughter in marriage.’ I’m troubled.

“There’s no way I’ll let her marry.”

“...What are you saying even though she’s just born?”

Julia quips and smiles.

It’s good that you’ve gotten better... Julia.



Around the time when things calmed down and Tetra and Julia fell asleep.

I look at the moon alone from a balcony in the palace. What a beautiful full moon.

I gulp down liquor by myself.

“Leader...”

“Ron, is it? It’s quite late.”

“I was a little busy. So I got late. First, let me say my congratulations.”

Ron quietly comes along beside me.



“Sorry. I only have one cup.”

“No, I don’t mind. And so... you have a little difficult expression on your face, yes?”

“You know?”

“Yes... It’s about Julia, yes?”

Is it foresight?

Well, it’s something in everyone’s minds so I guess it’s only natural.

The next king would be Julia’s son.

That’s the unspoken agreement. This is something everyone in this country understands.

And while it’s only natural, if I tried to give Tetra’s son the crown, then the country would completely split into two.

Especially the Rosyth Clan. It’s easy to see that they’ll cry out ‘That’s not what you promised’ and would oppose me earnestly.

Even I know that so I didn’t give Ancus the name Rosyth so as to show that he doesn’t have any right to the succession.

Julia gave birth to a girl. And Tetra gave birth to a boy.

It’s a little troublesome situation.

Well, this much wont shake Julia’s social status.

However, if this went on for several times more, then it will become a problem.

That is... a pattern where Julia keeps giving birth to girls and not be blessed with a son.

It’s not like I don’t have the alternative where... I won’t do Tetra until Julia gives birth to a sun but... there’s no way I can do that.

I don’t want Tetra to hold herself back that much after all, plus it’ll be expected that

Abraham... that damned old man wont stop it with the complaints.

If only that stupid geezer didn't exist then this situation wouldn't be that troublesome.

If I remember correctly, I heard that it's the sperm which determines the gender of the child. In other words, the one at fault would be me.

But I also heard that the girl's constitution also plays a part.

So, both are at fault... No, fault is not a good word for it. Should I say it's the cause?

"Well, I'm honestly happy see. Boy, girl, I wanted both after all. In the first place, the probability is 50%, right? There's no way she'd keep on giving birth to only girls."

"Yes, that's what I also think. Julia and Tetra are... both important so, I don't want to see the two of them fighting.

"Ah, there's no way I'd let that happen. I definitely wont."

I glare at the full moon.

As if ignoring me, it continues to shine brightly.



The peaceful days pass by and it has become the sixth month.

I strengthened vigilance against the DeMorgal kingdom's invasion which we've known from intelligence as well as the probably accompanying coalition.

And so, as feared, the peace had ended.

What we didn't expect was...

The one which ended the peace was not the DeMorgal Army's invasion, but rather a civil war in the DeMorgal Kingdom.

# Chapter 95.5

## Making an Appearance

“How cute... it’s grandpappy you know!”

“...”

Fiona curiously looks at father-in-law’s face.

Fiona, who had just been born, still doesn’t have that much of a developed eyesight. That said, father-in-law is very happy since it’s as if he’s looking at his own image.

“Yep, she completely takes after Julia. She was also like this when she was small, huh... To think that such a child would give birth to this one...”

Father-in-law suddenly sheds a tear. It’s as if a strange switch had been flipped.

“By the way, how is Tetra Ars?”

“Tetra? She’s with Ancus in the other room.”

‘I’ll probably only be a bother if I were there...’

While saying that, Tetra went to the other room.

It’s not like Julia and I are minding it but, it seems Tetra herself is feeling awkward. Well, there’s no particular reason to make her come either.

“That’s not good huh. Call her over.”

As per father-in-law’s request, a slave calls over Tetra who immediately comes. You can clearly see the nervousness on her face.

In her arms is Ancus sleeping soundly.

I call her over and make her sit beside me. I’ll always cover for her...

Father-in-law laughs with a smile and says:

“Please let me hold that child.”

“Eh!?”

Tetra gives off a surprised expression. Even I am probably making such an expression. It's only natural but, Tetra and Father-in-law are not related by blood.

I thought surely he'd say a warning or two.

“Julia's husband is my son. And that son's wife is my daughter. Doesn't it make that child my grandchild?”

Father-in-law heartfully laughs.

Tetra makes a bewildered expression but she immediately stands up and carries Ancus towards father-in-law.

“Please...”

“Yeah.”

Father-in-law holds Ancus as if handling a fragile article.

While looking at Ancus' face, father in law

“Yep, he's a good child. He's your son. I'm sure he'll grow up into a wise man.”

“.....Thank you very much.”

Tetra blushes a little while giving her thanks.

After father-in-law returned Ancus to Tetra, we make them take their leave.

And so, we're left alone.

After a while, silence envelops the place.

The first to speak was father-in-law.

“Listen here, regardless of whether or not the person himself has the intention, a conflict would arise. People that would willfully fan its flames are sure to appear.”

“I understand.”

No matter what happens, I’ll be protecting them. As a husband, as a father, and as king.

“I’ve seen my grandchildren. However, I still can’t rest easy until I see the face of the crown prince.”

“.....I’ll do my best.”

The next King would be Julia’s son. That’s absolute. Otherwise, the country will be divided. The original meaning of my existence is to sire a son that would continue the blood of the Rosyth clan after all.

“At the worst, we may end up making Ancus marry Fiona. If possible, I don’t want that to happen.”

“I understand. Haa...”

In the worst case, it’ll become incest.

I don’t know whether to lament or to be happy with the fact that that last option exists.

# Chapter 96

## Coup

The sixth month. The cease-fire agreement expired so it's certainly about time to invade the Rosyth Kingdom.

Then it happened.

"Ggguwahhh"

"My King!, My King!!"

King DeMorgal grasps his chests and falls.

The sorcerers immediately gather around him and begin treating him.

However, their efforts have been fruitless and the king has stopped breathing.

All these without having named the next king...



In the DeMorgal Capital, in Aldo DeMorgal's estate.

Inside is a 15-year-old boy as well as a woman in her early twenties.

The boy is wearing extravagant clothes, so you can see that he has quite the high social status. It's only natural. He's the lord of this room after all, Aldo de Morgal, himself.

On the other hand, the woman is wearing extremely crude clothing. From her beautiful blond hair, you can see that she's a Germanis.

Furthermore, her chest area is quite stocked with fat.

If Almis were to see her he'd definitely give judgement along the lines of 'this one's a heavy cruiser... no, this one's battleship class. Not a dreadnaught class but... around a

Mikasa-class, huh... ’

However, what ruins all that is her face.

Her face is by no means ugly. Rather, it’s even fine for you to say that her appearance is in order.

However, her birthmark stands out.

Furthermore, above all, what’s pathetic are the shackles on her feet and the choker on her neck.

A chain that stretches from that choker is in Aldo’s hands.

Aldo shouts.

“AA!! Dad has died!! How happ... that’s not it. How dreadful!! Now then, what should we do from now.”

“...Even if you ask me, I don’t understand.”

“Shut up!! How impertinent!! Even though you’re just a spider!!”

Aldo kicks his slave.

He kicks her repeatedly in the stomach, rides her, then smacks her in the face.

While getting hit, the slave..... Alice thought:

“I wonder if I need to stand this for five minutes.”

Exactly after five minutes have passed, Aldo separates from Alice after he grew tired of hitting.

“Oi, Alice, Come and kill Pax.”

“That again... it’s quite novel yes?”

It’s quite like Aldo to suddenly order the assassination of a very important person but, it’s also quite like Alice to not veto such an order.

It's as if assassinating is the same as going to a picnic.

"...However, won't that make you suspect? If Prince Pax got killed under these circumstances, no matter what you think, won't the culprit be you?"

"Under these circumstances, the next king would be Pax. The most indisputable point is his length of service after all plus the fact of the matter is it was he who was to become the supreme commander of the invasion of the Rosyth Kingdom that was supposed to happen. Furthermore, I want to become king. Rather than spend several days waging a civil war and then killing Pax, It's better for the sake of the country to kill him now, right?"

As expected, Alice's eyes widened at Aldo's expression.

Aldo, on the other hand, laughs heartily.

"Then after that?"

"I'll kill everyone with hostility in the royal capital. I'll use my private army. If I were to succeed to perform a surprise attack, then we should be able to do such. I'll have you kill those great clansmen that have their own huge private armies. If it loses their head, an army should suffer command paralysis."

"...Is that so?"

Alice gives off a sigh.

In the end, the one who will bear the full brunt of the danger would be her.

"By the way, what about Prince Carlo?"

"That guy's secluded in a mountain far away from here. There's no way we can kill him and Pax at the same time. We'll send separate soldiers to kill him. Even I won't give such impossible orders. I'm a good lord after all."

Well, a good lord won't be hitting a slave to a pulp.

Although Alice thought that "Aren't you always giving me close to impossible tasks?", she just kept silent.



Although she's gotten used to it, it's much much better if she doesn't get hit.

"What do we do with what would remain of the Pax Faction and Carlo Faction? Although I don't think they'd honestly obey."

"If they obey, then I'll forgive them. If they don't then it's capital punishment for them. Great clansmen mostly obey if they manage to secure recognition and guarantee of their possessions."

If you heard their side at the very least, then it's something that would probably go well.

Although the key to the operation lies in Alice assassinating Pax and the many influential greatclansmen that possess their private armies... Aldo trusts that she would be able to achieve such.

If she did it in the dead of the night, then she'd be able to do it with certainty.

However, what should they do after that? Instead of a just cause, only a bad reputation will remain with Aldo.

It's not hard to think that you'd succeed with the assassination.

The problem is it's easy to guess who's the culprit by thinking about who gets to profit in the person's death.

Your reputation will increase if you destroyed them in battle fair and square, but it'll only be a scandal if you settle the matter through cowardly means.

It would only be a huge stain on your honor.

Therefore, assassination is only a last resort used when there are no other options available.

Although King DeMorgal only has Carlo, Pax, and Aldo as his sons, there still are a lot of other people that share their blood.

Rather than the kinslayer Aldo, there's enough possibility that they'd pull a fast one with another member of the royal family.

As Aldo himself said with confidence, what nobility desires from a king is the recognition and guarantee of their hereditary estates.

As expected, how many great clansmen can rest easy thinking about when will the sword, of a man who had killed even his own brother, befall them.

It'd be fine if he's a slow and gullible person.

Aldo, however, imprudently makes his wits work so he'd be difficult to manipulate.

(Well, that doesn't concern me...)

In any case, Aldo is not one to listen.

If he couldn't even lend his ear to his father's advice, then there's no way he'll lend them to Alice.

She'll only get told off with 'Don't get ahead of yourself spider woman' and get hit as a result.

"Understand? We'll carry out the plan a week later. Prepare yourself until then. I'll also complete preparations on my end."

"...Yes."

Alice quietly nods.



Midnight a week later.

Alice is on top of a roof of a house near Prince Pax's manor.

You can see the manor about 20 meters away.

"Now then, shall we do it..."

She stretches her arms before her making it clear that her aim is the roof of Prince Pax's manor.

\*Bishuu\*

While making such a stupid sound, a thread comes forth from Alice's finger and hits the prince's roof.

Its thickness is around a centimeter.

She then rubs the thread at her feet to fix it and make a 1cm bridge.

She then calmly jumps on top of it and walks through it while skillfully maintaining her balance.

Just like that, she managed to cross over to the prince's roof.

"Now then... if I recall correctly, Prince Pax's room is the third room from the right on the second floor, right?..."

The prince's manor is three storeys high so it's necessary to go down another floor.

Alice places her hand on the roof. With those hands, she makes a sticky thread and used that in order to slowly lower herself.

And just like that, she arrives at Prince Aldo's balcony.

Although this goes without saying, the door is locked. This is a measure against insolent people like Alice.

There's no key hole ((on the outside)). Even if it's assumed that people will come to the balcony, the same doesn't go with coming from the balcony.

A locksmith should be able to open it anyway, so it wasn't furnished.

It's an ironwall protection. Except to people like Alice, at least.

"How annoying."

Alice twined some thread around her finger and made a drill-like object after a durable steel like thread had accumulated.

"Torya"

\*Thud\*

While making a slightly loud noise, Alice's finger penetrates the wooden door.

It was quite a loud sound, so it woke up the sleeping Prince Pax.

"Hmm? Wha? What In the... GGGhhHH!!!"

A thread from Alice's finger wraps around Pax's neck.

She pulls on this which tightens the hold on Pax.

For a while, Pax struggles through pulling and scratching on to the thread. Nevertheless, a while later he stops moving.

"Now then, I need to come back. It'll become troublesome if I get discovered after all... Well, I'm not in the mood for getting caught even if they do discover me."

If she gets home, she'll get hit.

She doesn't like pain.

With Alice's true power, it'll be a walk in the park to kill Aldo and escape, but it's imprinted on her to not be able to go against Aldo.

Then Alice hears a great noise. When she looks at the source of the noise, she sees a blaze rising.

Aldo seems to have started mobilizing.

Unless she gets there quickly to reinforce him, she'd get accused of playing truant and get hit again.

Alice heads for the direction of the noise with great haste.



Thanks to the appeal for reconsideration in the previous war, Carlo was exiled with close supervision from the capital to a slightly distant mountain.

But then again, such a life was quite a comfortable one.

In any case, he was placed under house arrest in a villa maintained by a great clansman of the Carlo faction, so the experience is very comfortable.

There, Carlo did nothing but read books and flirt with women slaves, go hunting then flirt with female slaves, read poetry and go flirting with women slaves, and the like.

By the way, Carlo has a fiancée and their relationship is favorable.

In that fateful day, Carlo went to the town at the bottom of the mountain.

Even if you call it a town, it's to the extent not that different from a village.

Carlo got teased into going by the slaves because they wanted to go and play outside once in a while.

Even he had grown tired of the greenery, so he hid himself, went to the town to play, and stayed there for the night.

What woke him up from his wonderful travels in the dreamworld was a worried soldier that had followed them secretly.

"It's terrible Prince Carlo! A coup has occurred in the royal capital! Prince Aldo has murdered Prince Pax! Even the villa in the mountain is already receiving an attack from Prince Pax's soldiers. The soldiers are fighting as we speak! Although they don't know that Your Highness is here... please hurry and escape! I've prepared a carriage!!"

"Eeh!! Why... no, I'll hear the details later. Let's escape immediately!!"

Carlo hurriedly wakes the female slaves and leaves the town.

And thus, Carlo unexpectedly manages to escape from Aldo's hands.

# Chapter 97

## Forward Charge I

It's the sixth month.

It's about the time the cease-fire agreement between the Rosyth Kingdom and the DeMorgal Kingdom has lapsed.

A huge change has occurred in the DeMorgal Kingdom.

King DeMorgal has died. Cause of death is heart failure. He was forty-five years old.

He had died without naming the next king.

And the first one to make a move was Aldo DeMorgal.

He had Prince Pax and the opposition assassinated at the same time and occupied the capital.

At the same time, the great clansmen of the Aldo Faction began military movements against the Pax and Carlo factions.

That much should have been good.

However, Prince Aldo made one mistake.

He allowed Prince Carlo to escape.

Prince Carlo's faction secured him and crowned him as the rightful king.

Aldo retaliated by also taking the title by himself.

Half of the Pax faction had joined the Aldo faction which had seized the capital.

The other half joined the Carlo faction to get revenge for their lord.

Thus, the birth of two kings in the country and its division into two is ascertained.

In the superior position is the Aldo faction which had seized the capital and the directly controlled territories of the Royal house.

Thus, in order to resist the Aldo faction, the Carlo faction sought reinforcements from the Rosyth Kingdom with which they had already made contact...



“Henceforth begins the meeting of the Great Clansmen!”

I declared so from the great clansmen I had gathered together from all over the country.

Although a lot of them still haven’t arrived, time is pressing, so I want them to forgive me.

“Now then, I think everyone here already knows the subject of this meeting. A civil war has occurred in the DeMorgal Kingdom. And Prince Carlo has come to us seeking reinforcements. I want to hear your opinions on the matter. Should we accept his request? Should we wait and watch the developments?”

The first to raise his hand was Raymond.

“My King, this time I think we should wait it out and observe. If our country were to mobilize our army, the surrounding countries might get stimulated. Even under normal circumstances, these countries are already looking at us with hostility. Furthermore, we are currently in a situation where we are undertaking numerous works such as flood control and the construction of the new capital. If we consider our current national power, the number of people we can mobilize is limited to 15,000 men. Furthermore, 3000 of those men are tied up in construction works so the real number we can mobilize is 12,000 men. Then 1000 of those would be the standing army for the protection of the royal palace. Therefore, that brings the number of men we can send to the foreign expedition to 11,000. If we exercise vigilance against both the Belvedere and Eville Kingdoms, then that would bring the number further down to around 8,000 yes? Taking on the large DeMorgal Kingdom with that would be a little unreliable.”

Concrete numbers have appeared.

It's quite easy to understand. Certainly, in line with my policies up until now, that would be correct. Since it'll all be over if we were targeted by a coalition.

However...

"My King, I, on the otherhand, think this is our chance."

The one that declared such was Bartolo. He's the lord which would probably take the whole brunt of this war.

"At present, Aldo DeMorgal's army is 20,000 strong. Carlo DeMorgal's is 10,000 strong. If our country were to add 8,000 men to that then the difference would be no more than 2,000."

No more than, huh... Such splendid way of talking huh Bartolo...

"Are you confident in your assessment, Bartolo? We can't say that we'd be able to cooperate with our friendlies, right?"

"Won't that be the same for the enemy? My King, this civil war in the DeMorgal Kingdom will break out in each and every one of their territories. In otherwords, it would be fine if we just crush each and every one of them. Besides, the only one who has an army in order is our country, yes?"

Even I know that Bartolo's military abilities are beyond excellent.

This person has said that we can do this war. Therefore, we can. Nevertheless...

"As expected, won't the presence of the Eville and Belvedere Kingdoms be dangerous?"

"My King, please give us the chance to regain our honor!"

Those who shouted were the great clansmen from the former DeBell Faction.

I can also see that the other nobles too are full of enthusiasm. It would appear that the only people unmotivated are me and Raymond.

"Above all, it won't only be us who would be going. The Equus tribe would also come



with us. With their mobility and the power of our hoplites, victory is ripe for the picking.

Bartolo declares so.

There's nothing else better than that if the DeMorgal Kingdom if were to collapse.

One way to achieve that is military action while holding themselves back from excess so they won't get isolated, but another is to act defiantly and crush the coalition even before it forms.

Although there is a sufficiently high chance of failure should we lack a suitable force for such strategies...

In the one year I've been enthroned as king, the country had become several times stronger.

We've also managed to change almost all of our equipments into iron.

Isn't riding the momentum also one way to go about it?

Besides, if I let this pass, I'll be branded as a timid king which will be a cancer politically.

Son of the God of War – Mares... I'm selling myself as that so it's necessary that I attack with resolution.

I can't let my image get ruined.

"There's something that worries me. It's the Rozel Kingdom. Won't that country also invade? If we were to butt heads with that huge country, then without fail, we'd be the ones who'll lose. Besides, won't it be bad if we were to get a direct border with them?"

"I heard that the Rozel Kingdom is currently out to subjugate other Gallic tribes. As for the border, we can just establish a kingdom under Carlo DeMorgal as a buffer state."

Come to think of it, there was indeed information like that, huh.

Right now, the Rozel Kingdom has already mobilized a force 30,000 strong.

If I'm correct, they've sent the greatest Gallic general – Curio – to the north in order to unify Gaul, or something like that. <sup>[TLN1]</sup>

It's quite terrifying of them to be able to send out 30,000 men just like that, but then again, the other Gallic tribes they couldn't conquer even after sending such a force are also quite a terrifying people.

The continent is scary, huh. Jeez.

"Alright, I'm in agreement with those in favor. Now then, let's hurry and come to a decision. Those also in favor of this campaign, raise your hand."

Everyone raised their hand.



"King Rosyth, it has been a while. I'm the present lord of the Blouse Clan, Lethys Blouse."

"It's been a while, Lord Lethys, since the peace talks."

Half of the reason this guy's parents got killed is my fault so... I wonder if he blames me for their deaths.

I'll just be troubled if I got hated even if it were the outcome of war.

As if feeling such thoughts from me, Lethys begins to speak.

"The reason my father died is the result of taking responsibility for last year's failure but... that was father's intention. General Tonino and Prince Carlo are important existences for our country. They are irreplaceable people. Therefore, my father, of his own volition, carried the sin of the war's failure, and got executed. Thanks to him, lots of lives were spared. Although I am indeed saddened, I hold no grudge whatsoever."

I see... Such a thing happened to the head of the Blouse clan. Furthermore, General Tonino lives.

If I recall correctly, he was an able general that also seemed to have hated the idea of attacking our fort.

The reason we won after all was the Romano forest.

That said, General Tonino... you just won't go down and even went to the Blouse Clan's Territory, huh.

"Now then, Lord Lethys. Let us hear your proposals."

It's not like I've already forgotten them.

It's just that if we started in high spirits, then we won't be able to secure favorable terms.

It's necessary to conduct negotiations in a manner where we will feign consideration depending on conditions while bringing about a little disinterested atmosphere

As such, this kind of introduction is necessary.

"It's as what was written in our King's (Carlo) handwritten letter. We wish for your assistance in suppressing a rebellious element in the country."

"Rebellious element... Really? Who is this rebellious element you speak of? We couldn't quite figure it out from our standpoint."

"It's Prince Aldo. He has willfully taken up the title of king which allowed the division of our country.

"Prince Aldo is a rebellious element? I heard he's the one in control of the capital and is sitting in the royal throne, however?"

Just in case, we've considered both as still just princes.

Therefore, by no means would we call anyone king.

"The reason Aldo is in possession of the throne and the royal capital is through usurpation by cowardly means such as assassinations and nocturnal assaults. The rightful king is King Carlo."

"I see. I understand the reasoning behind why Prince Aldo is not the rightful King. Now then, what evidence is there that Prince Carlos is the rightful King?"

When I asked so, Lethys first corrected me with “It’s not Prince but rather King Carlo” before answering.

“King Carlo is the eldest son. Since the previous king has not designated a successor, it’s only natural that the eldest son becomes king.”

“Oh? Is that really so? Isn’t actual power also an important consideration? Under these circumstances, I don’t think it’s not that difficult to answer who has more power between the one who holds the capital and the throne and the one who is asking other countries for help.”

I make Lethys speechless from my mean-spirited words.

In this kind of exchanges, the first person to talk the other person down wins. This is not the area of reason.

In order to make use of my victory, I press Lethys further on.

“If we were to help someone, it’d be better if it’s the one with the higher actual power. It’ll lessen the damage on our country after all. Furthermore, the great clansmen of Prince Aldo’s faction are gathered and hold territory in the northern part of the country while Prince Carlo’s faction are gathered and hold territory in the south. Geographically speaking, it’s much more easier if we were to conduct a pincer movement from the north and the south on a target, huh.”

I told nothing but the truth. By no means did I tell them that an appeal for assistance had come from Prince Aldo.

I’m just reaffirming the natural truth that “that way” is much easier.

...Well, we’re probably being deceived anyway. Prince Aldo has superior power. Asking help from other countries is unnecessary.

Or rather, asking other countries for help during a civil war is the worst plan possible. It’s a strategy the should only be done when one has exhausted all other options.

In other words, the Carlo faction has been driven to a considerably ugly situation.

It’ll only leave them prone to being taken advantage of.

“There are high risks in taking the side of Prince Carlo. Furthermore, would you be suggesting a merit that would just counterbalance such a thing? Please tell me Prince Carlo’s sincere thoughts for me.”

Lethys’ face warps at my words.

He answers with a tone as if chewing up a hundred bitter bugs.

“.....How about the territory south of Harrison River (a fourth of the DeMorgal Kingdom)?”

Oh?... Such a splendid feast, huh. I had thought they’d be giving up only a fifth of their territory.

I wonder if the clansmen of that territory are any good?

Are they perhaps overoptimistically calculating the territory they’d seize from the clansmen of the Prince Aldo faction?

“Territory south of the Romus River (a third of the De Morgal Kingdom). If you give us that, then we’ll give you our support.”

“Wha!! There’s no way we could accept such conditions!!”

Right? Even the first offer of the territories south of the Harrison river is quite overdoing it after all.”

“Then let’s do this. Our country would gain the territories south of the Harrison river from your country. Also, your country and our country would enter an alliance and together fight other races (Gauls). When a proper coronation ceremony happens, the one which would put the crown on Prince Carlo’s head would be me, King Rosyth. Furthermore, Prince Carlo’s eldest son would come to our country to study.”

I don’t want to have a border with the Rozel Kingdom. Gauls are scary.

I want to use the DeMorgal Kingdom as a buffer state.

In order to achieve that, it’ll be troublesome to make the DeMorgal Kingdom too weak. A third is already so much.

“.....Are you asking our country to become your country’s vassal?”

“Vassal? No. You’re wrong. I’m proposing that we become friendly and allied countries. If we’ll be fighting together, wouldn’t it be natural that we become friendly?”

Now then, what will be your terms? As for me, I won’t mind taking territory below a third of theirs. What’s important is we become allied with the DeMorgal Kingdom. It’ll diffuse worries of a coalition after all.

Lethys silently pondered the offer for a while. It looks like he’s quite troubled.

“...Personally speaking, we’ve already made several concessions to your country. Essentially speaking, territories south of the Romus river is suitable. Thus, if you are still unable to accept this offer...”

“I understand. However, I cannot decide with just my authority. I want you to please let me contact my king once.”

“That’s fine. We’ll wait for your response within 7 days. In the first place, I think it’s wise for you to hurry up with the response before the situation deteriorates, yes?”

Whether he heard my warning, or whether the situation is really strained...

We found out in three days when the reply arrived.

Amongst the provisions is a provision which states that “King Rosyth will demonstrate domestically and internationally recognition and treatment of Carlo DeMorgal as King of the DeMorgal Kingdom. After that is a provision which accepts the conditions I had presented as is.

For now, it seems like a diplomatic victory so this much is enough.

Since a part of the nobility thought we should have been able to gain a little more territory so I might have fomented some discontent but... winning too bigly on diplomacy should be avoided.

If we were to win here too much, it’ll be bad.

“Now then, for the assignments... Bartolo. I appoint you absolute command authority (imperium) and an army of 8,000.”

“Ha!... I’ll definitely bring our country and King DeMorgal victory!”

By the way, imperium is a carte-blanche or blank check in times of war.

In other words, it’s fine to do anything you deem necessary in order to achieve victory. It’s authority to do as you wish.”

This authority also involves power on the peace and post-war proceedings.

Since I need to be on the look out for the Eville and Belvedere Kingdoms, I can’t go to the battlefield.

Although I need to dispatch someone... this time is not your usual war but a different civil war...

I don’t know what and how things would come rolling our way. Because of that, it’s illogical for the army to purposely ask instruction from me.

Therefore, I gave Bartolo complete authority.

“I’ll be counting on you.”

“I’ll be sure to meet your expectations... Please prepare liquor in advance as you wait for me, our King!”

Bartolo grinningly laughs as he leaves with his red mantle fluttering.



A handwritten letter from King Rosyth arrives in the Equus tribe.

The contents are simple. They again want to employ their cavalry.

“I see... This time wont be a defensive war but... well, isn’t this fine?”

The Equus tribe are not a people that seeks just cause in war.

It’s the loser’s fault if he loses. It’s just that.

This time, the Rosyth Kingdom wants a hundred more cavalry from the previous year’s

war for a total of 400 cavalry men. And as for the compensation, they'd give three times the wheat they had given in the last war.

It's good business

"Now then, who should we dispatch?..... Muzio would be an excellent commander but....."

The supreme commander this time is just nobility.

It's not good for one's country's prince to be a subordinate to another's nobility. The Rosyth Kingdom and the Equus tribe are in an equivalent alliance after all.

Furthermore, Muzio had just gotten married. It's quite pitiful for the couple to get torn from each other even though they still hadn't gotten a child.

After much consideration, Lord Equus sent one of his generals.

He's middle aged so he's at the prime age of a general. He'd be more than enough.

Just like this, an 8400-strong combined army of an 8000-strong Rosyth army and a 400-strong Equus army was dispatched to the DeMorgal Kingdom.

Thus, as if ridiculing the previous year's peace, the flames of war are ignited.

This war is the first war where Emperor Almis... who at that time was just King Almis, had dispatched his army with the intention of invading another country.

As such, all the wars that had occurred after this war in the Adernia (Romano) Peninsula had taken the name "the Adernia (Romano) Peninsula Unification Wars."



# Chapter 98

## Forward Charge II

Ten days since the vote, the United Rosythian and Equus Army headed by Bartolo arrived at the DeMorgal Kingdom.

In the border between the Rosyth Kingdom and the DeMorgal Kingdom lies the Blouse Territory.

Although this territory had now been reduced in size significantly, it is still nevertheless extremely vast.

Immediately after arriving, Bartolo asks Lethys:

“What’s the war situation?”

“There’s not much difference from the situation from yesterday. We still have a force of 8,000. The enemy forces number around 22,000. Our largest force, headed by General Tonino, numbers 6,000. The enemy’s largest force, headed by Prince Aldo, number 15,000. The others are dispersed among each of the territories.”

“I see.....”

It’s become so that General Tonino’s 6,000 would have to take on Prince Aldo’s 15,000.

The problem is...”

“How long would General Tonino be able to wait?”

“While General Tonino is using the geography, ambush, and scorched-earth tactics, the line is slowly decreasing, I fear, it’s a week at most.”

The strategy General Tonino adopted is quite close to what you would call Guerilla Tactics.

Groups of few soldiers would hide in the forests and rocks and sporadically attack.

They would burn down the villages on the path of the enemy's march and poison the wells or fill them with dust.

The militarily inexperienced Aldo is experiencing quite the difficulties.

"Then let us make haste to reinforce General Tonino."

"Eh!? But in the east lies the territories of the great clansmen of the Aldo faction! Would that be fine? I suggest we pay due caution to our rear and..."

"That won't be a problem."

Bartolo interrupts Lethys' words. He then explains with a smile on his face.

That area is of the former Pax Faction. Depending on the tide of war, they'll change sides to us, you know."

"Is... is that so?"

"Yes. For the meantime, the war potential held by the Blouse clan shall head to the east... We can't, after all, say that we're working together, yes?"

Bartolo just implicitly said they're being a hindrance and holding them back.

Lethys makes a complicated face.

Although it's fine and good that his own soldiers won't get diminished, completely not getting in on any military exploits is quite dissatisfactory in itself.

However, without the support of the Rosyth Army, it's easy to see that the Carlo Faction will fail.

"I understand... Please bring along my brother Rene with you. He has memorized the geography of the area after all."

Rene Blouse is under house arrest in a remote area due to the sin of bloodlessly capitulating their capital. However, since the one who ordered that, King DeMorgal, has died, he has returned. Or rather, now is not the time to be silently staying in house arrest.

“Thank you very much. In anycase, I’m very much unfamiliar with the geography of this country. You’ll save us much trouble.”

Bartolo gives his thanks.

Getting knowledge of the geography is an extremely important matter in war.

It’ll also have a great influence in the speed of the army’s advance.

“Now then, I say we strike while the iron is hot. Let’s make haste.”

Bartolo hurriedly leaves the place...

...together with 8,800 soldiers.

“Tonino!! Rejoice. Reinforcements are coming! 8,800 soldiers strong. It looks like they’ll arrive by tomorrow!!”

“.....Well, for good news, it’s quite good, yes. Haa... Our country will become a vassal state of the Rosyth Kingdom, huh.....”

Tonino drops his shoulder.

Carlo slaps that back.

“Well, think of the bright side, that’s much better than dying right?”

“I think you should be a bit down too.”

Tonino and Carlo’s army is positioned at a distant location from the royal controlled territories about 10 km away.

The number of troops that the two directly control is around 3,000.

The remaining 3,000 are dispersed in their respective areas while continuously conducting sporadic attacks.

Although dispersed military power is not that of a celebrated strategy... 6,000 troops, more so 3,000 troops, aren’t that much different against an enemy 15,000 strong.

Therefore, there are times where one's forces being dispersed is better.

"That Aldo must be fuming right now, huh. That guy has a temper after all."

"Haha, it's easy to imagine, right? He must be taking it out on his retainers, huh."

The two laugh in good spirit.

The fact that reinforcements are coming must have lightened their hearts.

"A report from Third Regiment!! The surprise attack is successful and the enemy and we managed to inflict damage on the enemy's transportation corps. We destroyed three pack carriages!! Our damage is slight, 70 casualties!!!"

"Good work. Report to all the regiments. As such, this long and protracted war is no more. The units are to recombine."

The messenger who had received Tonino's words has once again mounts his horse and rides away.

Tonino looks at that figure seeing him off until he disappears into the distance.



"Aa!! Stop screwing with me!! What the hell is that!!"

"For the meantime, unless you don't tell me what you are fuming about, then I won't be able to answer.

Also, it hurts!"

After seemingly calming down through hitting Alice's face for a while, Aldo separates from her body.

He then sits on a chair and shouts while raising his eyes.

"Those bastards!! Again and again, damn it!! Always aiming for my transportation corps!!"

"Then wouldn't it be wise to advance while protecting the transportation corps?"

Alice doesn't understand the art of war. Or rather, she couldn't even read much less that.

However, if the transportation corps is being targeted, then doesn't it follow that they should continue their march while protecting it?

"If I were to do that, then the speed of the advance would unnecessarily get even slower!! Listen, okay? Soldiers are better the sooner they come!"

"Haa... Yes, I'll keep that in mind."

For the time being, Alice gives off nods of agreement although she doesn't really know whether what Aldo says is right or wrong.

"Really, such cowards..."

"..."

Really? Out of all people, you'd say that?

Alice holds back with her two hands such words that had nearly thoughtlessly slipped out of her mouth.

If she had let it slip, then the beatings won't come to an end.

Well, the real culprit was Alice anyway so she's also really not in a position to say that.

"King Aldo!! The Rosyth Kingdom seems to have raised an army!! They're en route to converge with the enemy army tomorrow morning!!"

"What did you say!? Those bastards... What the hell were they thinking involving another country's army in a civil war!? AAAAA!! It's because you lot were advancing slowly!!"

"My, my apologies!!"

Aldo gets angry at the messenger who had done nothing wrong.

Although it goes without saying, the messenger's job is to give information to Aldo. It's not like he's the one commanding the troops.

The reason the advance is slow is that Aldo's commands are clumsy and hopeless after all.

90% of the fault lies with Aldo while the remaining 10% lies with the great clansmen who completely can't go against him.

"Isn't it fine to let the enemy converge? Although it's troublesome, if we were to hit them, it'll be your victory. We'll be able to change this unsettled war situation in one go."

The messenger is quite pitiful, so Alice gives a timely assist.

Crisis is the time of opportunity, or something like that.

"I'll decide this battle even before they could converge!!"

Aldo's kick comes flying towards Alice.

Alice receives it head on.

She takes up an ukemi to lessen the damage in a manner that Aldo won't found out.<sup>[TLN1]</sup>

If she were to do so in the open, Aldo would only get angry.

She'll show that she'd take it head on but in reality she won't get that much damage...

It's one of Alice's special techniques.

"Oi!"

"Ye, yes!!"

The messenger gets startled and his body starts shaking.

While Aldo is stepping on Alice's face, he asks the messenger:

"The number of the Rosyth army's troops?"

"...it seems they number around 7,000 to 9,000."

“So, they’ll become about the same number as our army huh...”

The army headed by the enemy general Tonino currently numbers around 6,000.

If this army were to combine with the Rosyth Army, they’ll become a force not much different with his army.

If it were to become a fight on equal numbers, then it’ll become a battle of pure soldier strength and the commander’s true prowess.

“Alright, we’ve won, huh.”

“ ... ”

Isn’t it the other way around?

Alice hurriedly blocked and gulped away her true thoughts that had almost flown out from her mouth.

As one would expect, she’d get killed if she had said that.



“Lord Bartolo!! You did well for coming here!”

“It’s only natural since our country’s friend, King DeMorgal is in danger after all. Let us together crush the enemy!”

Bartolo greets King DeMorgal (Carlo).

Carlo reciprocates and politely ushers in Bartolo. If Bartolo’s navel would bounce back after getting displaced, Carlo’s neck seems as if it’d fly away. <sup>[TLN2]</sup>

Bartolo faces Tonino who’s standing still on Carlo’s right side.

“It’s been a long time. General Tonino. It’s been a year, yes?”

“Yes... It’s been a long time... I never thought our first meeting would be like this...”

While making a bitter smile, Tonino tightly grasps Bartolo’s hands.

The two exchange a passionate handshake.

“Now then, let’s hurry and start the war council. Where is the enemy?”

“They’ve made camp around three hours away from here. They number around 15,000, approximately the same number as us.”

“The same, huh... then everything will be decided on the field, yes?”

The two smile with a grin.

Both have true strength befitting of the title great general. It’s unthinkable they’d lose to a fifteen-year-old greenhorn in an equal battle.

Therefore, the talk has shifted not to talk of how to win but with how to win while minimizing the number of victims.

“It seems Prince Aldo is quite annoyed at my pestering. With his personality, we’d certainly be able to bait him to field battle.

“That’s convenient. Inviting a snail is hard work after all.”

If in this situation Aldo were a coward like Carlo, then he’d stay holed up in camp and not come out.

If that were to happen, they’d surely be at a loss as to what to do with him.

The Military Rule of 3:1. The defending force would have the advantage according to that.

“It’s fine to have Prince Carlo as the (official) supreme commander but... what do we do for the chain of command? Should we consolidate in your side?”

“I suggest we go with Lord Bartolo’s suggestion. Their side has more soldiers after all.”

The talks proceed without dissent.

It’s only natural that the Rosyth Army that had come to their rescue would be more effective.



The war council recommends Bartolo for the main leadership.

Carlo is being treated as irrelevant. He ends up playuign with pebbles maybe because he ended up getting sad.

“This is quite a changed formation, huh. Can you make use of it?”

I don't have experience trying a war of 10,000 soldiers. Or rather, it's the first time our country has engaged in 10,000-men wars... although trying it out small scale yields results. Help me out.”

Before anyone noticed, the two aren't using polite speech between themselves anymore. Their war council is advancing enjoyably. Again, Carlo is being ignored.

“The problem is the 400 cavalry men held by Prince Aldo. I dare say they'd be positioned in the flanks just like the textbooks but... you intend to place your 600 cavalry into the left flank, yes? (400 is from the Equus tribe, the remaining 200 is from the Carlo army.) What would you do to protect the right flank?”

“Let me place you into the right flank and directly lead them there. Let's also concentrate the bulk of the DeMorgal soldiers there. Your command structure is fairly different from our army after all so I think it's much better that we have two separate ones instead of clumsily combining them. We'll also place all the bomb spear wielding light infantry there.”

The bomb spear is the best anti-cavalry weapon that exists. Even if the projectile misses, the sound of the explosion would still startle the horses.

Cavalry's strength is assault with speed reinforced by their run-up.

With the bomb spear, that attack would for a moment be stopped. Cavalry that has been put to a stop are not enemies.

.....Since bomb spears would also have an influence against one's own cavalry, it's been considered that no cavalry can be deployed and used in the right flank.

“Isn't it fine if you just hand over the bomb spears?”

“No, using it is difficult. With our specialist soldiers, you won't have to worry about anything.

If it got stolen and copied, it'd be a huge problem.

Then again, it's close to impossible to manufacture gunpowder and, of course, deciphering Tetra's magic ignition device.

"Now then, let's certainly win in tomorrow's battle."

"Yeah, let's drink the night away after it ends."

Bartolo and Tonino exchange a fiery handshake and embraced each other.

Carlo's ignored again.

# Chapter 99

## Forward Charge III

Beautiful wheat fields extend from all sides.

All of the wheat has now been harvested while the field is currently being trampled upon by ten thousand soldiers.

The United Rosyth, Equus, and Carlo Army and the Aldo Army had set up positions around two kilometers away from each other.

The first to make a move is Aldo.

After giving his troops the least amount of rest possible, he quickly made them take battle formation and ordered them to come closer to the United Army.

The United Army obliges and sets out for the front.

Both armies are beating huge drums. Little by little, they come into battle formation.

Both are armies exceeding 10,000 soldiers so taking up formation took some time.

“What’s up with that formation?”

Aldo leans his head while looking at the enemy’s battle formation channeled to him via sorcery.

The shields being held by the hoplites are concealing the left half side of their bodies. In order to protect each other with their shields, hoplites boast unrivaled strength so that the formation won’t break.

However, such a hoplite corps has a weak point just like Siegfried’s back.

It’s their right side.

Although this should go without saying, there’s no shield that would protect the right

side of the right most soldier.

Consequently, it's common knowledge that veterans are placed in the right flank to avoid having the formation broken.

Aldo has also learned that.

However, the enemy is taking up an exactly opposite formation. The enemy has amassed forces on the left flank to the extent that you could say it's excessive. Even the tiger cub cavalry are all in the left flank. [TLN1]

".....Is that to destroy my right side and lodge a flank attack?"

Aldo's soldiers are also hoplites. Both armies' weakness is the right side.

In order to thrust against that weakness, they dared to amass their war potential on the left side..... it's easy to imagine such a strategy.

"But such a right side for that strategy looks frail."

Therefor it'll become a battle of which one's right side fails first.

"What shall we do, my King."

"Let's go as is. Our formation is mostly completed, right? We can't change it this late... You lot should fly falcons constantly and monitor the enemy's movements from the sky. Don't get taken in even if you receive commandeering from enemy sorcerers. Also, contact the cavalymen positioned on the left side... This war hangs on the gentlemen's great efforts!"

It's outbreak of the battle to decide the status of the DeMorgal kingship.



Wars in the Adernia Peninsula, in the beginning, starts with attacks from light infantry and cavalry.

The first to move was the United Army's cavalry men on their left side.

The United Army's cavalry number 600 while Aldo's cavalry number 200.

Furthermore, 400 of the United Army's 600 cavalrymen are natural born cavalrymen of the Equus Tribe.

After a while, the 600 cavalrymen push into Aldo's cavalry.

However, Aldo has some room for maneuver.

"While the cavalry on the right side receives the enemy's left cavalry, the cavalry on our left side will maneuver into the enemy's right side. They didn't place cavalry there. Our flank attack will be settled faster."



"General Tonino! The enemy cavalry draws near!!"

"They took longer than we anticipated, huh. As expected, the right side coming slower than the whole has bore fruit, huh. This battle hangs on whether or not we can take on these cavalrymen... call the light infantry. Begin throwing the spears!!"

When Bartolo gave his command, the sound of drums immediately resonate on the battlefield.

Then at the same time, explosions started rocking the battle.

"What is it? What the hell is happening!!"

"Shit! The horses are struggling... Uwaaa!!"

The horses start thrashing from getting startled by the sudden explosions, flames, and smoke.

Aldo's cavalrymen have completely stopped.

Amongst the horses are people who have forsaken their lords and are escaping the battlefield although there are also those who are dragging along their lords while fleeing at full speed.

The reasons cavalry is so effective are their mobility and assault capabilities.

Cavalry stopped dead isn't worthy of being feared.

"Kill them all!!"

The light infantry as well as the hoplites headed by Tonino swoop in on the cavalry.

One by one, the cavalrymen get surrounded by several people and killed.

"Really, how wonderful, this weapon called bomb spear... There's no way we can steal at least one huh."

Tonino sighs as he looks at the light infantry of the Rosyth Kingdom.



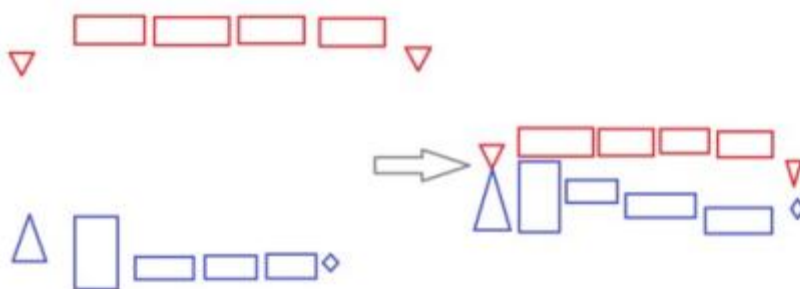
Just around the time Tonino repelled Aldo's cavalrymen, the United Army's cavalry also crushed the cavalrymen they faced.

They attacked Aldo's right flank with the vigor of having just crushed Aldo's cavalry.

The Aldo army's right flank has been caught in a pincer by the United Army's cavalry and hoplites.

Naturally, veterans are placed in the right flank. However, whether they are veterans or not is immaterial since they've been pincered from the right and rear.

Aldo's right flank is routed.



Legend:

Blue – United Army

Red – Aldo Army

Square – Hoplite

Triangle – Cavalry

Diamond – Light Infantry

“Hey! Don’t flee!! Fight until the end!!”

Aldo raises his voice.

However, the hoplites, whose formation had been destroyed from being flanked, don’t stop fleeing.

“Milord!! Please escape the field!! The formation here has already broken!! We will hold them back for you so please make haste!!”

“Ku... I understand. Shit!!!”

Aldo strikes the horse’s abdomen and tries to withdraw from the battlefield.

The Aldo army has been completely routed. There’s no formation nor command left.

A retreat is possible if they had a commander with quite the experience with this but... to ask that of a young Aldo is quite harsh.

The only thing he could do is just to survive.

“You’re Prince Aldo, huh? We’ll be taking your life.”

“Na! Why the hell are cavalry here!!”

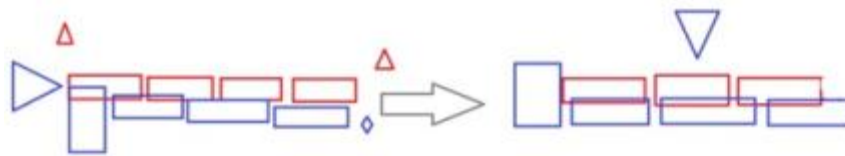
Aldo looks around his surroundings.

The soldiers that had been escaping towards north have suddenly begun escaping

south.

There's an explanation for this. They've been surrounded and flanked by cavalry.

In other words, the Aldo army is being pincerred by hoplites in the front and right while they are being pincerred by cavalry from the rear.



“Shit, shit, shit!! Why the hell, why the hell is this happening!!”

Aldo desperately kicks the horse in the stomach to try and escape.

Spears, stones, and arrows swoop down on him.

“Jeez... what do I do with you.”

At the next moment, all the projectiles heading for Aldo have been caught with a net and fall into the surface.

Alice saves him.

“Lord Aldo. For the meantime, please escape to the east. That place is still safe. If you don't hurry, the east side will also get overrun by hoplites and we'll get completely surrounded.”

“A, Alice... Good job!! When we get back, I'll increase the amount of your feed!!”

Aldo heads towards the east at full speed.

The cavalry of the United Army tried chasing fater Aldo but the next moment, a horse magnificently falls over.



It's been struck by Alice's thread.

They won't be able to chase after Aldo unless they kill Alice.

The cavalrymen realize this, so they surround Alice.

All of a sudden, all that's left in the area are Alice and the cavalrymen.

"You're quite the devoted slave, aren't you? Perhaps you were loved and cherished?"

"By no means. Prince Aldo would never embrace such a dirty spider like me. Yes... why in the world did I help him?"

The answer is simple. Aldo is scary.

This is not a problem of logic. It's a problem of emotion.

So long as Aldo lives, and so long as a choker is attached on Alice's neck, Alice needs to protect Aldo.

If she doesn't do that, she'll get hit. To not get hit, she needs to hear Aldo's orders.

She's succumbed to such a strong unreasonable but compulsive idea.

"Well, fine. You're a bother so die!!"

The cavalrymen simultaneously swoop down on Alice. Spears, swords, arrows, all of them rain down on Alice.

However, Alice defends herself from all those attacks while making metallic sounds.

In both her hands, Alice holds small knives.

"Shit! You're quite good, huh!!"

The cavalrymen aim for Alice and simultaneously launch spears against her.

However, the spears fall not on Alice's body but silently on the ground.

"From above, huh!?"

The moment the spear should've pierced Alice, she had jumped high into the sky.

However, this was a bad move. Jumping into the air would temporarily save you but you'd immediately come falling due to gravity. She'd get killed by the spears that lay waiting at the spot she'll land.

Yes... normally, that is.

Alice heads towards the soldiers waiting for her fall and throws her knives at them.

As expected, the cavalymen, without being able to react against knives that came flying at great speed, fall from their horses.

Alice lands on the ground, stands, and immediately rides the horse that his lord lost.

She forcibly makes the horse head east and strongly kicks it on the stomach.

She doesn't have experience riding horses. She just learned from watching others and is relying on the horse.

"I've probably bought enough time, right? It couldn't be helped... if we're to die here."

Alice blurts out while clinging on the horse.



In this war, 7,000 Aldo soldiers were captured. Their dead reached more than 7,000. Among them, around 2,000 are thought to have died by being trampled to death by their own allies.

The only remaining soldiers had escaped and became scattered so the number of soldiers that remained at Aldo's disposal had been reduced to 100.

The dead in the United Army numbered 53 people. The injured numbered 80.

It's a good result that can even be called a huge victory.

As such, the winds of the civil war had, in one stroke, turned into Carlo's favor.

# Chapter 100

## Piercing Demon Curio

That day, a festival was being celebrated in the Rosyth Kingdom.

The first of the good news was three days ago.

It seems Bartolo, who had been granted Imperium, had destroyed the enemy army – all with a damage to their side below 200.

After this news was first sent to King Rosyth, it was immediately made known to the great clansmen after which it was made public to the commoners.

Since the Rosyth Kingdom had been on the defensive in wars for several tens of years, this news was music to the ears of the people and brought them great joy.

If they had won the war, then it would mean that they'd been able to plunder considerably and that large numbers of slaves would enter the country.

Even the commoners stand to gain much profit from this victory.

The next good news came the following day.

The United Army successfully captured the DeMorgal Kingdom's capital bloodlessly. It seems Prince Aldo has abandoned the defense of the capital and fled.

As such, today, King Rosyth is receiving information that most of the great clansmen of the Aldo faction is now, one by one, defecting to the Carlo faction.



"It seems 70% of the great clansmen have defected on our side. Just a week more is what it should all take before we complete the subjugation of the enemy."

As I said so while surveying the great clansmen, they give off large cheers.

I also want to join these men in their cheers.

As expected of Bartolo. It's a great victory much more than what I had imagined.

It seems it was a great decision to appoint him Imperator.

If this keeps up, the civil war is sure to end soon.

Not only did I get more territory and a vassal, I managed to get them with pretty much no damage. It's the best outcome.

The war costs money for the meantime..... however, if it's just for a short period, then it wouldn't be that much of a huge cost.

Basically, it's fine to recognize that the war is beyond what we can handle if it stretches on for more than three months.

A month still hasn't even passed since this war began so we still have financial leeway.

"Raymond, how is it with the Belvedere and Eville Kingdoms?"

"Both kingdoms show no sign of movement... In any case, right now, it's easy to see that they'd get the tables turned on them once General Bartolo returns after all."

In otherwords, vigilance against both countries is needless anxiety, huh.

For the present, once this war ends, protection against the north would be flawless since, in any case, the DeMorgal Kingdom, once our greatest enemy, has been bound in an alliance with us.

Next is to take down the Belvedere Kingdom, and after that the Eville Kingdom... I wonder if such an order is good?

Obtaining an official alliance with Lezzad might go smoothly after all if we attack the Belvedere Kingdom.

If we manage to take down these two countries, then countries that would be able to oppose us would cease to exist.

After that, we'd advance south and if we manage to absorb the small to medium

kingdoms there..... then it's easy to see the unification of the Adernia Peninsula.

"For the meantime, shall we bring the news to the people? That should probably quell any dissatisfaction after all."

Having few people dead is an achievement.

No matter how much you win and advance, if the dead numbered high, then dissatisfaction would swell.

"Are the preparations for the Triumph advancing? As promised, prepare liquor."

But before that, I need to think about the territory I need to give Bartolo as reward, huh...

Right now, we've been blinded by the thought of victory that we completely neglected the problem that Prince Aldo has yet to be caught.

This would later call forth a great catastrophe...



"Ugaaaaaaaaa!!!"

Just about the same time, Mari is tearing her head out in frustration.

According to Mari's plan:

To give Prince Pax achievements, the DeMorgal Kingdom would attack the Rosyth Kingdom.

↓

They would choose at their discretion the moment when the Equus tribe provides reinforcements and install Ledus as head of the tribe.

↓

If everything went as planned, then they would certainly have both Eville and Belvedere Kingdoms participate in the war.

↓

The moment the Rosyth Kingdom is weakened, the Rozel Kingdom will attack the DeMorgal Kingdom from behind. After that, as payment for the help, the Rosyth Kingdom shall become their vassal.

That's how things were supposed to go.

From the very beginning, this plan got destroyed.

By a strange twist of fate, King DeMorgal died and a civil war broke out. There, the Rosyth Kingdom intervened and secured a huge victory...

"Ummm... Lady Merlin..... It couldn't be helped, yes? There's no way anyone could've expected that King DeMorgal would've died that..."

"No... I was careless. Even though just by looking at that belly, it wouldn't be strange for him to get one or two illnesses from his habits... I didn't even try to check it."

That said, as expected, it would be difficult to plant a Rozel sorcerer into the directly supervised King DeMorgal's doctors.

Therefore, it really couldn't be helped. Perhaps, it was mischief of the heavens...

"His Majesty has said that you shouldn't mind it, you know?"

"...Well, of course, he'd say that. There's no person in this country capable of giving me punishment, you know."

Basically, in the Rozel Kingdom, the upper stratum of the Rozel Kingdom's society consists of the capable people Mari herself had chosen. Mari also holds the important right to decide who the next King Rozel would be.

Mari had saved the first King Rozel even before he had founded the Rozel Kingdom.

No person holds any doubt in Mari's authority.

It couldn't be helped if that Lady Merlin had failed... such an atmosphere permeated the kingdom.

Besides, it's not like you'd lose the interests you hold now just because you lost the interests you should've been able to take now.

Therefore, instead of criticizing her, King Rozel had instead encouraged Mari. However.....

That gentleness was painful.

"So, what did you come here for?"

"General Curio has returned from his campaign."

"Curio, huh. Didn't he say that, according to schedule, it would take around two weeks?"

General Curio.

He's the greatest amongst the great generals – a pride of the Rozel Kingdom. Just a little more than a year ago, he was in a campaign for the unification of Gaul's northern regions.

Skillfully using two divine protections, he'll certainly bring in victory.

His forte is assault tactics, giving him the name "Piercing Demon."

No Gallian does not know the name "Piercing Demon Curio."

"It seems he had heard that Lady Merlin had failed so had returned with ten thousand of his elites via forced march. According to him, it was still too early to give up."

".....Ah, I see."

A plan to break the deadlock pops up on the back of Mari's mind.

It's quite a difficult strategy so much so that it's a bet of sorts but... it's a strategy that would be able to raise the gains much more than what was first estimated.

"Haa... I understand. I'll go now."

Mari heads for General Curio's whereabouts while dragging her heavy feet.



“For the present, Congratulations, Curio. Thanks to you, the unification of Gaul advances a step.”

Mari gives Curio words of congratulations.

Curio broadly smiles in a good mood.

“Wahahahahahahaha, this is what happens when you rely on me. Now then, Lady Mariruri, what else do you have to say to me?”

Mari raised her eyes. That said, it's true that Mari is not in a position right now where she can take the high ground.

“It's not Mariruri, It's Merlin... I made a mistake in the strategy. With how things are going, the Rosyth Kingdom will get greatly strengthened. I want your help in protecting against that.”

“In other words, we'll march towards the DeMorgal Kingdom while hoisting Prince Aldo's position.”

“Yes.”

The fortunate thing is Prince Aldo is yet to be captured.

He's running from place to place while continuing his resistance.

Getting captured is only a matter of time but... they should still be able to make it.

Mari has a means of high speed travel called Elly. Using Elly, securing Prince Aldo would be a walk in the park.

“The goods we'd be able to bring out would be... the 10,000 I brought home plus the 5,000 battle slaves for a total of 15,000, huh. It's about the same number as the enemy. Well, victory is certain under my leadership, right?... However, I'm tired. Up until recently, I've been in the cold north of Gaul, after all... What to do, I wonder...”

Curio looks at Mari while grinning.



Mari looks as if she had swallowed a thousand bitter bugs.

“.....Please. I’m asking you so please cover up for my mistake.”

“Alright, I understand! It’s Lady Mariru’s request. I’ll happily take it up!!”

Curio smiles with a grin.

Mari glares at Curio.

“It’s Merlin, not Mariru!! Otherwise, just Mari!! Jeez... even though you were just a bed-wetting brat just a little while ago...”

“I’m already 40, you know? To consider 40 years as just “a little while ago”... for an old woman, it’s amazing, huh.”

“Aren’t you considered as middle aged this year? You’re the stereotypical old geezer you know. Besides, I look 17 years old. Furthermore, my hymen would immediately restore thanks to my divine protection so I’m an eternal virgin. I’m a beautiful girl that would make unicorns cry with joy, you know.” [TLN1]

Mari, who had gotten back to her usual rhythm, laughs through her nose.

Curio shrugs.

For what it’s worth, these two had known each other for a long time so they get along well. Although the two themselves would certainly deny it.

“Now then, let’s strike while the iron is hot. After the proposal to His Majesty the King, let us depart immediately. Even Krillin should want some company. Just you flying up should have enough of an effect.”

“...That one should be Ruril, not Krillin, right?...”[TLN2]

While making a bitter smile, Mari heads for the palace with Curio.



“Shit!! Why, why!!”

“.....

Ten minutes have passed since Aldo began hitting Alice.

It's about time it'll become really painful and difficult.

Alice is quite different from an ordinary person so she's quite alright but painful things are painful.

“.....Uhm, could you please let me off now?”

“Shut up!! Why the fuck, why the fuck!!”

Even if you keep asking that, there's nothing Alice could answer. Alice is completely clueless regarding politics and military matters after all.

“For the meantime, we should think about what to do from now on. Like for example... defecting to the Rozel Kingdom or the like.”

Currently, that's the best realistic answer. Even if they surrendered, it's easy to see that they'd just get killed.

If they escaped to the Rozel Kingdom, there's a possibility that they'd be able to borrow Rozel soldiers after all, and at the worst, they'd at least save their lives.

“By what means can you even say that!! We're already surrounded, you know? Right now, the only card I have is you!!”

Aldo's popularity has completely disappeared thanks to his flight and abandonment of the capital.

His escorts have also fled one by one and they even began selling information to the enemy to settle.

In short, after they had thought that they had finally arrived at an ally great clansman's territory, they'd get served poisoned food, assaulted in their sleep... etc, etc.

Aldo's at a point where, in his viewpoint, he only has his slave Alice left.

In otherwords, Aldo's life is in Alice's hands but he keeps on hitting Alice without

noticing that.

All you can say is that it's very much like Aldo.

Furthermore, it's very much like Alice to not have even an atom of thought about selling Aldo out.

But then again, Alice is protecting Aldo not out of good will nor loyalty but out of pure fear and misplaced preconception that she couldn't go against him.

"AA!! Why the hell is this happening!!"

Aldo shouts while hitting Alice's face, his eyes are tearing.

The one who wants to cry is me, Alice thought.

Well, the last time Alice cried was more than ten years ago, however...

Right now, the two are at the manor of an Aldo faction great clansman.

At the very least, this place has offered them meals and bath as if they were Aldo's allies.

However, Alice thought that time is a problem.

The winds of favor are totally on Rosyth's side. Nobles choose stronger people as allies.

Besides, Aldo has the sin of murdering his brother and his father (although the latter is a false charge). Betraying him is pretty much a just cause.

"Lord Aldo, if you don't stop soon then I won't be able to answer."

"I don't need the advice of a spider woman!!"

Aldo hits Alice's face with all his might.

Then don't ask! Alice thought. Naturally, she didn't say it out loud.

"Aa, Shit... what should I do to break the deadlock..."

Aldo separates from Alice and starts walking back and forth around the room.

His face is completely deep blue.

It's easy to see that his freshly severed head would be displayed to the public even if he did an earnest apology this late. It's as if the only thing he could do is die.

The word death keeps flashing on the back of Aldo's mind.

"Oi, Alice!! Can't you kill Carlo?"

"...Won't they just get another person for the job if First Prince Carlo gets killed?"

There's lots of royalty out there. It's possible enough that they'd also resort to set up a great clansman with high enough influence as the next king. Actually, there's a great number of people in the Adernia Peninsula that had become kings by dominating their seniors and superiors.

If things meant that Aldo would have to become king, then an immature child that popped up from somewhere that became king after being divinated as chosen by god would've been a much less objectionable choice.

"Uu... what to do, what to do..."

While Aldo was worrying over what to do, a loud knocking sound emanates from the door.

The great clansman protecting Aldo opens the door with great vigor.

"Oi! What is it! Opening the door without my permission..."

"Lord Aldo, I bring great news!!! King Rozel has, King Rozel has!!!!!!!"

Aldo also opens his eyes wide.

He claps his hands with the great clansman and the two celebrate.

Aldo DeMorgal. He seems to have extreme bad luck.

"Haa..."

Alice takes a deep sigh.

# Chapter 101

## Demon Vs Snake I

“Strange, huh... According to the information, wasn’t General Curio supposed to be in the northern regions of Gaul? By our estimates, he shouldn’t still be back until two or three weeks later.”

“Even if you say that, him coming is already fact.”

Bartolo and Tonino give off a sigh.

The two had just received that report this morning.

The Rozel Kingdom is guaranteeing Prince Aldo and has crossed the border.

Their troops number around 15,000. Amongst them are 1,000 cavalry.

The United Army now has more than 20,000 soldiers.

The Carlo faction and the former Aldo faction’s great clansmen have combined so the numbers have swelled. The number of cavalry has even exceeded 1,200.

Since the Rozel Kingdom has a large cavalry force, the DeMorgal Kingdom had begun raising cavalymen since long ago in order to resist them.

Thanks to that, they now have this much cavalry.

The United Army is superior in numbers. The problem is quality.

Since the United Army is, according to it’s name, a united army, it’s difficult to speak about whether they could coordinate.

The Rozel Army, on the otherhand, are elites.

In the first place, Gallians are 10-20 cm taller than Adernians.

Gallians have more power over Adernians when it comes to hand-to-hand combat.

“Honestly speaking, I’m not worried at all about losing when it comes to general’s abilities. However, I’m bothered about the difference in quality.

“There’s no way we could say we could coordinate that much after all... Although we could disregard difference in quality if this were to be a siege battle...”

It’ll become a political disadvantage if this were to become defensive. It is best tactically speaking but it’s a poor move strategically speaking.

“It hurts that we’ve used up all the bomb spears...”

“If you teach us how to make them, we’ll make them here, you know?”

Tonino frivolously says to Bartolo who’s racking his brains out worrying.

Even if, for example, they were taught how to make the spears, without the magicians to make them, teaching the method would be pointless.

The materials for bombspear are gunpowder and ignition magic formula as a substitute for detonators.

Since they are in the process of instituting a system of mass producing gunpowder, there is enough supply of it to be had. However, the production of ignition devices can’t catch up.

The training of magicians capable of handling the new field called magic still not ending plays a big part in this. Tetra getting pregnant was also a huge blow.

Furthermore, bomb spears are quite heavy. It’s only natural since, in addition to the conventional throwing spears, bombs are attached on the tips.

You can’t bring a lot of them in the battlefield.

“There’s nothing to do but meet them in the field and destroy them, right? We have the advantage in numbers anyways. If we manage to pit them in an encirclement, then we’ll win.”

It’s only natural that Bartolo also knows that General Curio is a brave general that likes

center assaults.

Therefore, they should just surround the enemy before their center could get penetrated.

Since they have the numerical advantage, they should be able to put that into good use.

“Lord Carlo, what do you think?”

“I don’t understand anything at all. Do as you please.”

Bartolo and Tonino exchange glances.

As such, the clash of the two armies have been decided.



“Oioi, Lady Mario. The enemy number much more than the info told us you know?”

“It’s Merlin. Perhaps, the surrounding clansmen’s soldiers have been merged with their army. This much is within expectation, right?”

When Mari asked, Curio complacently smiles.

“Of course.”

It’s not always a bad thing when the enemy increases their numbers. There are advantages to that such as the enemy’s movements getting loose.

Furthermore, the enemy is a united army. The Rozel Army has the upperhand when it comes to cohesion and cooperation.

War is about covering your ally’s weak points, destroying your enemy’s strong points, and piercing your enemy’s weak points.

It’s not necessary to completely win on all points to win.

The enemy general Bartolo is a famous general known for his specialty encirclement and flank assaults.



Therefore, they should just go through the enemy before they get encircled or flanked.

Since it's necessary to position a lot of soldiers on both sides in order to perform an encirclement and flanking attack, the center would certainly become a sweet spot for penetration.

That's where they will pierce the enemy.

They have two trump cards in this battle. One of them is a first for Adernians.

As expected, even a famous general shouldn't be able to immediately create a countermeasure.

"Alright, proceed as always... Lady Marurun, I'll entrust control of the slaves to you."

"Understood. Leave it to me. Also, it's Merlin."



In order to take full advantage of their manpower, the United Army took up an extended military formation on both sides.

Furthermore, in order to stop an assault on the center, they've positioned a lot of veterans there.

Cavalry are positioned on both sides, four hundred Equus cavalry on the right side and eight hundred DeMorgal Cavalry on the left side.

At first glance, the martial power seems to be biased but, if you considered the qualities of both cavalries then the right side would have more power... or something to that extent.

It's been judged that this is a much less objectionable arrangement than clumsily mixing two different armies with different command structures.

This formation did not make use of an oblique line since Bartolo judged that it would be dangerous to use such formation under a situation where they can't coordinate fully.

In the first place, such a formation had up until now succeeded only twice.

Furthermore, the commander's huge inexperience in the last battle was a huge factor.

This battle's enemy is a famous general.

Rather than poorly using a clever scheme, Bartolo opted for the easy strategy of making full use of their numbers.

"Gentlemen! This is a battle of righteousness!! By the right and nature, the royal throne is mine!! The enemy, Aldo, is a patricidal and fratricidal coward!! He is absolutely unforgivable. God's hammer will surely smite evil. God is with us!!"

Carlo faces the whole army and makes a speech (written by Tonino and Bartolo).



On the otherside, the Rozel Army also took up an almost perfectly faithful stereotypical formation.

...At least in appearances.

Cavalry is placed on both flanks. 600 in the right flank and 400 in the left flank. This much is fine.

The first to stand out is the 5000 strong battle slave corps in the vanguard.

Their equipment is extremely poor. They only have shields and breastplates as defensive equipments. Their weapons are iron spears.

Furthermore, what's most intimidating about them are their bloodshot eyes.

They're wildly breathing through their noses as if to say they'd go rushing into an attack anytime now.

They are Adernians, Gallians, and Germanis peoples that had lost in war against the Rozel Kingdom and had fallen to slavery.

Although their nationalities are a scattered mix, what all of them have in common is that their families are held hostage. Furthermore, they were made to take large amounts of narcotics and they had been casted on with a light curse.

The curse is contagious and has a property that causes sympathy amongst themselves.

While the curse that affected them one by one was small, it will be a different story once infects more than 5,000 people.

The battle slaves are sending the United Army looks as if they were the enemies of their parents.

Furthermore, behind these battle slaves are 50 'things' covered with fur.

At the very least, these are quadrupedal beings that don't live in the Adernia peninsula.

Their particular characteristic is their size. Their height exceeds four meters while their body length exceeds eight meters. Particularly amazing is their pair of giant tusks.

Waiting behind these monsters are Curio and his 10,000 elite subordinates.

Curio is mounted not on a horse but on a dragon, a type of earth dragon called kuryuu (dog dragon) that's as big as a horse.

Since horses hate the smell of those monsters, cavalrymen cannot ride them to battle.

On that point, since kuryuu are carnivorous animals, they don't hate the smell of the monsters.

Also, compared to the monsters, the kuryuu aren't that much different, so the monsters also don't hate them.

You can say that they're a perfect combination.

"Gentlemen! Who am I?"

"The Piercing Demon, General Curio!!" Someone shouts.

All the soldiers shout the same in agreement.

"That's right! Has this General Curio ever lose up until now?"

"Never!!"

“Good!! So long as I am here, we will surely win! Come forth, men, and believe in me! I will surely give you victory!!”

“Long live General Curio! Long live General Curio!! Long Live General Curio!!!”

Cheers that shake the atmosphere. The troops’ morale heightened in one stroke made them united.

All the troops are sending Curio hot gazes. There is no hesitation in their eyes.

“A, amazing... somehow, I also want to join the shouting.”

Annabella subduedly mutters.

Since the sorcerers are engaged in the operation of the curses cast on the battle slaves, they aren’t participating in the speech.

And since all of them are females, they also have the added pure reason of hating the stink of men.

But then again, several sorcerers have been completely sucked in by the atmosphere, abandoned their duties, and joined in on the cheers.

“Shouting is all fine and dandy but please do your job properly, okay?

...Your ‘Divine Protection of Charm’ is amazing as usual, huh.”

“Divine protection... Was that the effect of the “Divine Protection of Charm?”

“Pretty much. However, it because of Curio’s command that’s why it had that much of an effect.

All the Divine Protection of Charm can do at most, after all, is to turn attention towards the holder and improve first impressions of them.

However, it’s a different story if you mix it with a speech.

So long as you don’t do an extremely poor speech then it’s pretty much guaranteed to succeed. Furthermore, if you do a great speech then it’d work wonders.

Also, that divine protection has a sympathy effect that depends on luck.

Curio's feelings, just like that, are transmitted to the whole army while the whole army's emotions are also transmitted to him.

If you mix this with another one of the divine protections Curio holds then you'd be able to raise an unrivaled army unafraid of death.

"Curio is, as far as I know, a capable commander comparable up there with Etzel. He'll surely win."

By the way, that's the biggest praise one can get from Mari.

The battle first started with both cavalry assaulting each other.

The United Army's right flank's 400 strong Equus Cavalry vs the Rozel Army's left flank's 400 strong Gallic cavalry.

The United Army's left flank's 800 strong DeMorgal Cavalry vs the Rozel Army's right flank's 600 strong Gallic cavalry.

The United Army's cavalry that excels in both quality and quantity, gradually push into the Rozel Army's cavalry.

"Have the cavalry fall back."

At the same time as the tune of retreat resonates from Curio's flute into the battlefield, the Rozel Army's cavalry turn their backs on the United Army's cavalry.

The United Army's cavalymen, certain of victory against the enemy, goes into pursuit.

Just like that, the United Army's Cavalry has temporarily broken away from the battlefield all according to Curio's aims.

"Tch, it's our miss."

Bartolo clicks his tongue.

"Although you might say it's just temporarily, their cavalry had been lured into uselessness.

The quality of the Equus cavalry and the number of DeMorgal cavalry outmatched that of Gallic cavalry but unless they fought all of that is for naught.

“Our cavalry outclassing the enemy’s cavalry is indisputable truth. As expected, it really was just buying time, huh.”

Getting rendered useless is, to the end, just temporary.

The difference in strength is evident.

If they win the cavalry engagement, then all that’s left is the encirclement.

“All that’s left is how much we can withstand the enemy’s assault, huh.”

However, our infantry is also superior against our enemy’s infantry.

Bartolo has confidence in winning.

“Now then, shall we immediately begin the infantry battle? Our first trump card – Battle Slaves, begin the assault!!”

Together with Curio’s order, the battle slaves, as if beasts set free from their chains, begin their assault against the United Army.

“What’s up with these bunch. They’re pretty much naked!”

“Their number is also few, kill them all!!”

The United Army and the battle slaves clash.

The slaves had come with no armor except their shields and chestplates. They only have loin cloths on their lower bodies

They thought that victory would be decided in a moment. However...

“Gaaaaaaa!!”

“What the hell, these guys are coming to bite!!”

“Gugigigigigigigigigigigi!!”

“Hii, why the hell are they still coming even though we’ve stabbed them!!”

The battle slaves don’t feel any pain thanks to the narcotics.

The only things on the backs of their minds are their families being held hostage and the enemies before them.

The United Army falter unconsciously against the strength of the nemy.

However, it’s something that’s also just a temporary thing.

Since it still hasn’t changed that the enemy’s equipment is poor, it wont change the fact that he’d die if you’ve pierced his heart. He’s still a living person after all.

While the United Army still fought a hard fight, they are slowly pressing against their 5,000 enemies.

They are superior in numbers.

The battle slaves sink into a sea of blood while making strange noises.

Their assault has failed.

However, they helped in tiring out the United Army.

“I guess we’ve put the disposable slaves to enough good use. Now then... the second trump card.”

Curio points his sword towards the battle slaves’ and the United Army’s struggle to the death unfolding before hime and gives his command.

“War Elephant Corps!! Begin Assault!!”

The fur-covered monsters... the elephants, while growling, set their sights on the battle slaves and the United Army and begin their assault

# Chapter 102

## Demon Vs Snake II

「■■■■■■■■ ! ! !」

The elephants let out cries as they begin their charge against the United Army.

In the blink of an eye, the distance shortens between the two groups.

And as that distance shortens, one can see how gigantic the beasts are.

“Amazing, so huge...”

“Can, can we even kill those things?...”

The Adernians who have never seen such beasts before are being overwhelmed.

The beasts are completely controlling the atmosphere of the battlefield.

“Don’t get flustered, these are, after all, just beasts! Our spears are enough to kill them!!”

“You’re right, captain!!”

“As expected of captain!!”

The captain raises his spear over his head and charges at the elephants.

However, let’s just say that’s a little reckless.

The beasts can run at a speed of 40km per hour while having a body weight of up to around 15 tons.

A human can’t protect himself from an assault from this beast.

Bakibakibakibakibaki



While making such a sound, the officer gets stepped on.

What's left after is a pool of red.

“Wha, what in the world! Monsters!!”

“Hiii, save me!!”

“Mamaa!!”

In an instant, the soldiers in the front lines fall into panic.

“Dieee”

“Hahahahahahaha!!”

The battle slaves which were being pushed back just a few moments ago, as if given new life, are now the ones on the assault.

The front lines, which had lapsed into disorder by the elephants' attack, had no means of stopping the assault.



“This is bad, huh. If this keeps up, the formation will collapse.”

Bartolo looks at the raging monsters... the elephants from a distance.

Naturally, even Bartolo hasn't seen nor heard of one.

And it follows that he doesn't know of any countermeasures against them. However...

“Contact General Tonino. Tell him I'll leave overall command to him. I'll go and support the front lines!!”

Bartolo immediately kicks the horse's abdomen and heads for the elephants as soon as he said his message.

He then shouts loudly:

“Calm down men!! Don’t challenge them head on. Attack from the sides and the rear! Bowmen! Shoot down those guys riding on top of the beasts!!”

Thanks to his presense, the front lines begins to slowly reform.

His men begin to do as he says, piercing the beasts with their spears not from the front, but from the sides and rear.

「■■■■■ ! ! !」

A bunch of elephants go into a frenzy.

Then, to escape from the rain of spears, they try to turn back towards the direction they came from.

However, their handlers won’t let them do just that.

“This is the right time, huh. Let them.

The elephant handlers strike nails prodded against the vitals of the elephants strongly with hammers.

The nails deeply pierce the beasts’ vitals causing them to die.

Seeing several beasts fall, the United Army once again gets filled with morale and begin assaulting the other beasts one by one.

Once more, the tide of the battle leans on the United Army’s favor.

“Now, Gentlemen! It’s finally our turn. All units, begin attack!!”

Curio kicks the stomach of the Kuryuu with great force. The Kuryuu then heads for the center of the United Army at full speed.

His subordinate Gallians follow him.

“Die!! Ahahahahahahahah!!!”

He swings around a huge sword as long as the length of his body and begins cutting down the United Army’s soldiers sending them flying.

The Gallian soldiers behind him follow suit mowing down the United Army's soldiers.

If the United Army were in perfect condition, then this assault would probably have failed.

However, they were bogged down by the 5,000 battle slaves and their formation had been destroyed by the elephants.

Even a huge and firm wall will easily collapse if you hit it with a wooden hammer everyday.

The Rozel Army under Curio's command pushes into the United Army gradually piercing through.

.....However, Bartolo is not one to take that standing by.

"Second Formation! It's your turn! Hold back the Rozel Army!!"

At the same time as General Tonino's order, the Elite Regiment that had been held in reserve enter the battlefield.

It's a regiment comprising only of elite soldiers from both the Rosyth and DeMorgal Armies.

It's their trump card against Curio.

"Oh? Aren't we lively today. This will be one hell of a fight!!"

A huge happy smile floats on Curio's face as he swings around his huge sword. Each stroke sends soldiers flying causing a rain of blood.

Curio is dripping wet with blood. Naturally, it's the blood of his victims.

That said, Curio is the only one pushing through.

Even if the other 10,000 are called elites, they are still just humans. It's only Curio who holds martial prowess beyond that of humans.

Even if they're facing an enemy whose formation has collapsed, pushing through the enemy this far would still exhaust one's body.

This is where they faced the United Army's elite who had saved up their energy up until now.

The Rozel Army's advance, even if for just a while, had stopped.

Just this is enough.

"The enemy has bought it! Push from both sides!!"

While recovering the collapsed formation, Bartolo orders a pincer against the Rozel Army.

In order to cover a stab wound, one must gradually fill in the hole with the surrounding flesh...

And thus, this becomes good news for the United Army and bad news for the Rozel Army.

"I've been separated quite far from the battlefield, huh... If I return... I'll be in a huge pinch huh."

The United Army's cavalry returned to the battlefield.

Even without waiting for orders, the United Army's cavalry assaulted the Rozel Army from the rear.

Thus, the Rozel Army became surrounded in all directions.

However...

"Fufu, I guess we'll have to bring it out huh. Alright! Time to get really serious! Listen, men! We'll give each man as much land and women as the number of Adernians he kills!! All the plunder one takes will also be his!! The one who manages to kill the enemy general Karon (*TLN: he likes mispronouncing names; It's Carlo btw, the nominal general.*) will be made a prince! But then again, I'm also aiming for that reward so you better do it quick!!! Haha!"

Curio shouts will swinging around his sword.

Kill, kill, kill.

Blood, Blood, Blood.

Death, Death, Death.

Curio slowly becomes intoxicated with the smell of blood he had made himself.

His “Divine Protection of Berserk” begins to bare it’s fangs.

“Hahahahahahaha!!! Die die die!!!”

While laughing crazily, Curio slaughters the United Army’s soldiers one by one but all that with a composed eye.

Gradually, the United Army’s elites are beginning to get pushed back.

And then, the madness spreads to the Rozel Army through the Divine Protection of Charm.

“Die die die!!”

“Hyahahahahahahahaha!!”

“The enemy general’s head!!”

“Is mine!!!!”

The Rozel Army is influenced by the madness and their vigor has increased in one fell swoop.

They aren’t stopping. No, they can’t be stopped. Such madness won’t stop.

That madness rejuvenates their physical strength and, in addition, their physical abilities, even if just temporarily, are also increased.

It’s truly just a small increase but... if you multiply that with the ten thousand present here, then “small” will turn to “big.”

Just like that, the Rozel Army pushes back the United Army’s elite.

And in one fell swoop, they draw near Carlo’s main encampment.

Tonino sees this and...

“We’ve lost, huh.”

He calmly judges so.

However, you can clearly see in his hands the disturbance in his hands.

His fists are closed with fury.

His nails are biting down his flesh, causing blood to drip down.

“An urgent message from General Bartolo. He advises immediate retreat.”

“Is that so? I guess this time, I’m the superior, huh. Alright. We shall retreat immediately. Commence retreat!!”

As such, the United Army retreats.

The battle ends in a Rozel victory.

The United Army’s casualties number 3,000 dead, 4,000 wounded, and 3,000 deserters. The cavalymen suffered 200 casualties.

The Rozel Army suffered 4,000 infantry dead. However, a huge part of that are battle slaves.

The prized main army suffered 400 dead with 500 wounded. One of the effects of the Divine Protection of Berserk was that the number of wounded was proportionally small compared to the number of dead.

While around 400 cavalry were lost, 600 were in good health.

Amongst the 50 war elephants, 20 were lost.

In other words, the United Army still has 10,000 infantry and a thousand cavalry for a total of 11,000 men.

On the other hand, the Rozel Army still has 9,100 infantry, 1,000 battle slaves and 600 cavalry for a total of 10,700 men and 30 war elephants.

Combined, both sides lost 14,600 men – dead, wounded, and deserted.

The numbers speak of the intensity of the battle.



“You’re so amazing, General Curio!!”

Anabella looks at General Curio with eyes of respect and admiration.

Curio replies while laughing heartily.

“It’s only natural! Who do you think I am? I’m the world’s greatest general, Curio!!”

“Well, this guy has moments of loss too you know. He had just spouted a huge lie in his speech...”

Mari says while shrugging her shoulders.

There’s no such thing as invincible and undefeated generals. Normally, great generals are made by a slow cycle of winning and losing over and over again.

Naturally, the same goes for Curio.

“By the way, can I ask you one thing? Was the slave regiment really necessary? Wasn’t it better to have unleashed the war elephants from the very beginning?”

“Fufu, that’s a good question, Ms. Jinglebells!”

“...It’s Annabella. Or rather, only the ‘bell’ part jived, you know...”

“Elephants have a weak point. Their legs are weak. They also can’t change directions easily. They can only advance on a straight line. They are weapons with a huge number of weaknesses. There’s a danger of failure if they directly charge a systematic army. Unfortunately, proxies also aren’t effective. That’s why we first softened the enemy’s formation with the battle slaves... The enemy’s general is much more excellent than we had anticipated. If we had hit them with the elephants first then there’s a possibility we’d get the tables turned on us.”

In reality, they had lost 20 elephants. Next time might be even worse.

“But still, the enemies getting stepped on by the elephants was quite the sight, huh. When we first encountered them in Gaul, our nerves were quite shaken by them but...”

The original Rozel Kingdom didn't have war elephants. They are a military unit used by a Gallic tribe in the northern areas of Gaul.

They had taken control of that tribe's territory and subjugated them.

At present, in exchange for high levels of self-governance, the tribe supplies them with elephants and supplies for elephant handlers.

“Now then, Lady Barloom, I've set the stage. It's your turn next, yes?”

“It's Merlin. Roger. Well, it's not like I have to do something specifically, you know.”

While sayings so, Mari hurriedly rides Elly and flies away into the sky.



“What do we do? Shall we engage in one more decisive battle?”

“...I think that's pushing it. The soldiers are completely overwhelmed. For the meantime, we have no choice but to do siege battle. We'll wait for reinforcements. Haa... after all that talk, we land on this mess.”

Bartolo lets out a sigh.

He then takes a swig of his liquor. In both times of merry and sorrow, liquor is his friend. Liquor is Bartolo's life blood.

“We've miscalculated the intensity of Curio's assault. Also the timing of the cavalry's separation... if only they had arrived sooner then...”

“Also, not having bomb spears probably hit us hard, huh. If only we had those spears then killing those fuzzies wouldn't be that troublesome an affair.”

Bartolo and Tonino begin their reflection meeting.

Humans are beings that learn through failure.



This time couldn't be helped. In order to achieve certain victory next time, they are reflecting now.

"Or rather, what are those beasts? They're cheating you know."

".....Of all people, you'd say that. I dare say your bomb spears are much more of a cheat."

They know all is fair in war but nevertheless one can't help but speak out when they get hit with unconventional weapons.

In anycase, they will request countermeasures and reinforcements.

"For the meantime... why don't we drink some liquor to raise the morale?"

".....just admit that you just want to drink."

Tonino quips back.



"Alright, we won!! We did it!! Thank you very much, Lady Merlin, Sir Curio!"

Aldo shakes the hands of Mari and Curio with great joy.

It's as if him worrying about his life just a little while ago was a lie.

Right now, just a bit more and he'd be able to once again get back the crown he had let escape.

Aldo is in high spirits.

"Isn't it great, Lord Aldo."

Alice also congratulates Aldo.

Thanks to Aldo being in a good mood, he won't be hitting Alice. Therefore, for Alice, it's also a happy thing.

However, contrary to her expectation, Aldo suddenly makes a sour expression. He

determinedly walks towards Alice and hits her in the cheek.

She splendidly falls down, her ukemi barely making it in time.

“It’s King DeMorgal, right?”

“Yes, I’m very sorry, Your Majesty, King DeMorgal.”

When Alice corrected herself, Aldo returns to his jovial mood.

“Now then, Lady Merlin, Sir Curio, if you would excuse me.”

Aldo says his greetings and takes his leave.

Alice follows him but...

“Wait”

Mari calls her over and stops her.

“Why are you still serving him despite all these?”

“Hmm? I’m a slave. Isn’t it only natural that I follow my master?”

“But aren’t you always getting hit?”

“That’s because of my incompetence. As long as I do my job, I won’t get hit.”

Alice answers with a straight face. Mari makes a bewildered expression.

This time, Curio asks a question.

“If you’re interested... won’t you come to Rozel? We’ll make you into a Centurion. With your birth, your true abilities as a commander will be questioned but... at the very least it’s much less objectionable than serving that man.”

“If I did that, then I’d get hit. I don’t like pain. I won’t defy him.”

Alice clearly refuses.

Even though they told her that she won't get hit if she goes to Rozel, Alice still replies that she can't because it's scary getting hit...

It's totally a mess.

What's more terrible is that the person herself doesn't seem to notice her inconsistencies.

"Is that so? I'm sorry for asking a weird question, okay?"

"Our bad. If you ever change your mind, don't hesitate to ask us."

Mari and Curio unanimously tells her.

Alice quietly gives a greeting and leaves.

After a little while, Aldo's hysterical voice reverberates in the area.

This time, he's angry that Alice is late.

"What do you think?"

"Even if you ask me... even though she's that strong, to think she's that broken is... we'll I guess It depends on the person huh."

Mari and Curio exchange glances and both give off a deep sigh.

# Chapter 103

## A Turn For the Worse

The bad news, surprisingly, got handed down the general population first even before King Rosyth.

When the King began searching for the source and veracity of the rumors, Bartolo Marius' letter arrives.

- The enemy general is the Great Gallic General Curio.
- The enemy have 9,000 men left. However, possibility of reinforcements from the Rozel Kingdom are high.
- Our remaining forces are 11,000 strong.
- Since the decline of morale was harsh, we are now pursuing siege warfare.
- At the very least, we can hold out for 1 month. However, any more than that is unknown.
- Urgently requesting reinforcements.
- Since the enemy is using hairy beasts, large numbers of bomb spears are necessary.

Such are the contents of Bartolo's letter.



"Now then, I now open Congress. I think everyone now knows... what the topic for today is. Just how much reinforcement should we send."

I say as I look around the great clansmen.

Peace negotiations are out of the question. There's no option like that. Since the enemy

number 9,000, our forces on-site still outnumber them.

If we immediately send reinforcements, then we should be able to win reliably.

The first to speak was a great clansman from the former DeBell Faction.

“The enemy is about 9,000 strong. Our current soldiers on site number 10,000. If so, sending several thousands of soldiers and additional supplies and bomb spears won’t be a problem, yes?”

“Let’s also request reinforcements from the Equus tribe... If our cavalry force gets strengthened then victory is sure to be ours!!”

It’s a strong proposal.

I also agree with such an opinion.

“Let’s see. I think 2,000 men..... should be enough as reinforcements. If I directly lead them then morale should also probably increase considerably after all.”

While saying so, I survey and confirm the expressions on the noble’s faces. There seems to be no opposition.

Alright, it’s a speedy decision, huh.

“Now then, those in favor...”

Just as I was about to say that.

Sounds of hurried footsteps reverberate from outside.

Then, the door opens forcibly and a soldier shouts with a loud voice:

“Excuse me, Your Excellencies!! I have an Urgent Report!! The Belvedere Army is marching towards our border!! They are 5,000 men strong!”

My heart felt like it would jump off me.

Let’s calm down... everything’s alright.

The most our country can mobilize at present is barely around 15,000. 3,000 of them are currently assigned to construction works while the remaining 8,000 are mobilized in the DeMorgal Kingdom.

Therefore, if you do the math, we should be able to mobilize around 4,000.

Although Bartolo's reinforcements would have to be put off, it's not like we won't make it in time even if we mobilize after attacking Belvedere.

Sufficient measures should be possible.

Yes, that was what I thought. However, the sound of hurried footsteps again reverberates from outside. Then, just like before, a soldier, drenched in sweat, shouts loudly.

"Excuse me, Your Excellencies!! Urgent Report!! The Eville Kingdom is marching towards our border!! They are 5,000 men strong!!"

Shit... The enemy grew to 10,000 soldiers, huh.

However, relying on the Equus tribe should solve our problems. Although we might get taken advantage of by them... it's a much less objectionable fate than getting the country destroyed.

"My King!"

"I understand. Immediately send envoys to the Equus tribe! Someone get me some paper!!"

As I shouted, the sound of hurried footsteps again haunt or congress.

I don't know who you are but you've got good ears.

The soldier throws open the door even without asking permission. He has in his hands a letter... which had already been opened.

"Excuse me, Your Excellencies!! I have an urgent report!!! A civil war has broke out in the Equus tribe!! Prince Ledus has raised soldiers in rebellion! King Equus and Prince Methys have already died in action! Prince Muzio is requesting asylum from our country for himself and some 200 of his followers!!"

My vision literally turned to black.



I personally welcome Muzio and the others at the gates of the capital.

His clothes are all tattered, his body covered with wounds. You can see the exhaustion in his eyes.

The messenger told us there were 200 but... there's 400 here, huh. Two-thirds of that were women and children.

Muzio steps forward.

He's wearing an extremely down expression, something you can't imagine from the usually happy Muzio.

He advances before me and smiles self-deprecatingly.

"Hey, please laugh at me. My friend... I'm a pitiful man who had his father, brother, retainers, and friends killed and got his wife and country stolen from him..."

.....

I lightly pat Muzio on the shoulder.

"We will grant you asylum in our country. For the meantime... have a bath, eat, and take a rest."



"Have you rested, Muzio?"

"...Yeah, I feel much better after a little rest."

After letting Muzio take a nap for two hours, I called out Muzio into the noble council. Although I truly want him to rest more just like the others from the Equus tribe... we really don't have much time.

"First, regarding what happened..."

“We’re up to speed on that. We heard from the others.”

While we were letting Muzio rest, we heard the story from a relatively energetic influential Equus clansman.

It seems they had received a surprise attack from Ledus in the middle of the night.

Ledus’ men numbered a hundred while the Lord Equus and Prince Methyl’s forces numbered a thousand.

However, for some reason, 40 percent of the horses on Lord Equus’ side were in horrible condition. Furthermore, several commanders had repeatedly fallen ill at the same time.

As such, Ledus managed to kille Lord Equus and Prince Methyl to seize the chieftdom.

Muzio only barely managed to escape with his life.

However, if you think about it, all these occurences are not natural.

After our country had just lost to the Rozel Kingdom, two country declared war on us at the same time. The speed of the spread of information is too fast. In addition to that, an allied country changes government. It’s stretching it to say that these are mere coincidences.”

In other words, Rozel had been scheming behind the scenes.

It’s natural to think so.

“Hey, Muzio. Is there any sorcerer in your country with a Gallic accent?”

“Gallic accent? In other words, a native gaul? I think there was quite a few of them. Our country is lacking sorcerers in both caliber and number. That’s why it’s pretty common to have foreigners appointed as one. So that’s... No... wait... it can’t be...”

He couldn’t deny it anymore.

Sorcerers are also doctors. It’s suitable to say that doctors can do medical examinations of horses so it’s not that difficult for them to perform some tricks on horses the other day.



The disease too... with sufficient and constant preparation, it's possible to poison and curse people to death too.

"However, those bunch had entered service for Lord Equus and the Crown Prince pretty much ten years ago? To be able to plan something like this from up to ten years ago..."

"That country's goal is to subjugate the Adernia peninsula under its control. Therefore... it's not particularly strange for them to make advance preparations and the like."

The Rozel Kingdom has a lot of cavalymen. In other words, it's a country that understands the importance of cavalry. Therefore, it isn't strange for them to spend a long time on an operation to include the Equus tribe under their suzerainty.

Furthermore, that country has a person that has lived for more than 500 years.

They should be able to handle these kinds of patient and drawn out operations.



As Muzio and I were talking, the door suddenly opens.

"Please excuse me Your Excellencies!! I have an urgent report! We have a handwritten letter from Prince Ledus himself who had taken up the title Lord Equus.

I read the letter I took from the soldier.

- First, I revoke the alliance between my country and the Rosyth Kingdom.
- I demand the extradition of Muzio and the fugitives with him.
- If you don't give in to our demands, my country will declare war on your country.
- The deadline is in three days.

I also let Muzio read the letter after I had finished.

After Muzio had perused its contents, he crumples it and tears it into pieces.

“Don’t fuck with me!! Don’t speak as if the chiefdom you seized with cowardly means the whole of the Equus tribe!!”

Muzio then looks at me and says:

“King Rosyth. I wish that you’ll lend me soldiers. I will take back the chiefdom of my tribe.”

I look around the assembled clansmen.

Raymond raises his hand.

“Your Majesty. I’m against this. Right now, our country is in a dangerous position. There’s no way we can increase our enemies under these circumstances.”

That is a sound argument. Even though two countries is already enough of a problem, there’s no way we can add another one to that.

However...

“Our country has pledged to Lord Equus and is duty bound to give them aid. In accordance with our alliance, not helping with their retaliation would be an infringement of our alliance.”

“However, the current Lord Equus is Ledus. And he has proclaimed the dissolution of our alliance.”

Exactly. That theory also has ground.

In other words, it’s become a problem of which choice would be more convenient for our country, Ledus or Muzio as chief of the Equus Tribe.

And according to the present information we have, recognizing Muzio as king carries huge demerits.

However, what’s necessary are the merits Muzio can offer us.

“If I become chief, I will preserve the alliance between our nations. I will expand trade between our nations even further than before. In addition, if Ledus becomes chief, the Equus tribe will become a puppet of the Rozel Kingdom. Wouldn’t that be a huge

security problem for your country?”

“The problem would then come down to whether or not we could win if we battle Ledus. Two countries had just declared war upon us, you know?”

If this were a purely Equus tribe issue then I would have made Muzio chief no questions asked.

“Things won’t be over with Ledus seizing the capital. The Equus tribe is scattered amongst their respective areas. With Methyl dead, the next chief would be the strongest person. There are still a lot of Equus tribesmen weighing which one is so. Therefore, the most Ledus can mobilize is around 3,000.”

“Isn’t 3,000 cavalry something not to be taken lightly? Besides, infantry can’t win against cavalry.

“As long as I’m still alive, that guy won’t be able to unite the Equus tribe. If I show myself on the battlefield, then that guy is sure to give up. If I manage to draw in the Rosyth Kingdom, even with their cavalry, there won’t be any place to escape.”

In other words, my country’s participation in the battlefield is necessary, is it?

Honestly, with the bomb spears, victory should be easy to come by, plus I think it’s good to support this guy.

However...

“Your Majesty! I am unable to support running our country down to the ground for the defence of another!”

Raymond shouts his objection. As for those of the same opinion... a lot of the clansmen bordering the Equus tribe’s territory are nodding.

“Muzio. One push is still necessary. Once you become king we will take all the cavalry you have except the bare minimum necessary for your country’s defense. For free. And after that, whenever our country mobilizes forces, we’ll also have your country, without fail, mobilize yours. Furthermore, the one who would put the crown on your head would be me.”

“In other words, we’ll become a vassal state?”

“We’ll merely become friends.”

When I answered such, Muzio smiled with a grin.

“That’s fine with me. It’s not like tribute is necessary, right?”

“Friends don’t take tribute.”

When I answered so, Muzio puts his hand on his heart.

“I understand. I, Muzio Equus Sulpicius, and the Equus tribe, vow to forever be friends with the Rosyth Kingdom.”

Alright.

I look around the great clansmen.

Judging from their expressions about 30% agree, 50% oppose, and around 20% are neutral.

“Gentlemen, it is true that it might be strange for our country to shed blood for the sake of Prince Muzio. However, Ledus has killed his father, the chief of the tribe, and his brother, the successor of such tribe, through cowardly means. Will you stand idly by and permit such atrocity?”

In the Adernia Peninsula, patriarchal rights are strong. Adernians are a people that hold family in high esteem.

There is no greater sin than patricide and fratricide.

“Handing over Prince Muzio to Ledus would mean we would be folding our knees to a coward! Would you be fine with that, gentlemen? Would you disdain bloodshed to the point that you’d bow your heads to a coward?”

First, we’ll stimulate the pride of the nobles, of the Adernians.

On top of that...

“If we help the Equus tribe now, they will help us in return. I think everyone knows the strength of those cavalrymen. With a thousand of these cavalrymen, we will be

able to repulse both the Belvedere and Eville Kingdoms with ease.”

The risks are high. But the returns are also high.

A huge gamble is necessary to destroy this coalition.

“Listen, this is the Rozel Kingdom’s evil design. They had resorted to these means in order to pull apart the friendship between our country and the Equus tribe. The Rozel Kingdom is afraid of the cooperation our country maintains with the Equus tribe. Abandoning Prince Muzio here would mean we’d just be meeting Rozel’s expectations. I think that Muzio, and the Equus tribe’s power is indispensable in order to overcome this crisis.”

I concisely but firmly make my point.

Now then, will anyone else still say something?”

“Now then, I think it’s time we make the decision. I’ll be saying this beforehand, but I intend to respect the decision of this council no matter what it would be.”

And the result is...

70% Support, 30% Objection.

As such, the outbreak of war with the Equus tribe had been decided.

“The problem would be how to stop the Eville and Belvedere Kingdoms while we’re fighting with the Equus tribe.”

The Equus tribe is 3,000 strong. We’ll be meeting this force with infantry so at the minimum we need the same number of men.

The number of soldiers we would be able to immediately mobilize is 4,000. Assuming we’ll use the 3,000 against the Equus tribe that would mean we’ll have a thousand left for the two kingdoms.

Using a thousand men to stop ten thousand would be stretching it.

That’s why...

“We’ll call off construction works. We’ll make the 3,000 men take up arms. With this, the number of men we’d send to face the Eville and Belvedere Kingdoms would reach 4,000.”

With 4,000 men, holding back the ten-thousand strong enemy army will now be not that difficult.

We should be able to make it happen if we mix scorched earth strategy with fortification tactics.

In addition to that...

“Contact Yal. Tell him to negotiate with King Zoldias. However it’s not like it has to be King Zoldias’ army. However, while we’re negotiating with them, the Eville Kingdom would be scared for their rear and won’t be able to move freely. Next is the Belvedere Kingdom but... we’d be requesting Lezzad for reinforcements.”

This’ll be quite expensive, however.

Sigh...

“My King. Aside from Lezzad, shouldn’t we also be requesting reinforcements from Gehenna? Isn’t the despot there the grandfather of Lady Tetra?”

“.....You’re right, huh. Let’s also ask reinforcements from Sir Abraham.”

Although I don’t like letting that old man intervene, huh.

I can’t have that old man grumbling about everything.

“Now then, send out envoys immediately! Bring me paper!”

After writing handwritten letters requesting reinforcements from both Lezzad and Gehenna as well as requesting neutrality from Nemes, I ordered that the soldiers be gathered.

If we don’t move swiftly, the Equus tribe, Eville Kingdom, and Belvedere Kingdom will get here first.

“Your Majesty, it’s horrible!!”

The noble I had ordered to gather the soldiers shouts with teary eyes.

What now...

“The men engaged in construction works are refusing to take up arms!!”

“Haaaa!?”

# Chapter 104

## Strike

This time, the people that got assigned to military service insist the following:

“In war, isn’t it only the King and the noblemen who gain territory and slaves no matter how hard you work? Isn’t it strange? Aren’t us the one’s working the hardest? No way, I hate this! There’s no way I’d go to war!”

I see... they have a reason, huh.

“What are you saying!! This is a serious matter!”

Oi, Raymond. Don’t shout.

I’m the King, you know.

“They probably grew a feeling of solidarity thanks to working together in construction for a long time, huh. On top of that, we have this war. Right now, the country is in danger. They probably thought they are absolutely necessary resources. That’s why they’re probably thinking that... they’d certainly be able to get what they usually wouldn’t be able to during normal times. It’s actually well thought out.”

In other words, it’s not like they don’t want to go to war. They just want to profit from it.

“What shall we do Your Majesty?”

“There’s not much we can do. It’s not like we can send a suppression force after all. All we can do is compromise.”

In other words, we can only give them land and slaves as well as a suitable salary.

That said, if we recognize something like this once, then we would have to keep recognizing something like this forever.



Land... the word contains so many meanings but even they shouldn't want wastelands.

It's restricted to agricultural land.

In addition to that, they also have land that each of them personally owns.

If they combine the two lands together, they won't be able to manage the land farther away.

Therefore, I can't give them land. Since money and slaves are limited by the land, it's also impossible.

They should be able to understand this much.

In other words...

"It's about tax reduction, huh."

An irked expression floats on Raymonds face,

Under these circumstances, income loss shouldn't be the problem.

What those three thousand men recognizes are the same as what the farmers all around the Rosyth Kingdom recognizes which is also the same as what the farmers living in the territories of the clansmen recognizes.

In other words, irrespective of territory, whether royal or clansman, it's necessary that all taxes be lowered.

This doesn't end on the level of irksome.

This is because the great clansmen allegiance depends on whether a state would recognize and guarantee his possessions.

The clansmen are extremely hateful of any participation of the state in the affairs of their own territories.

Right now, amongst the 74 important clansmen in this country, 57 are at my disposal. If I immediately get their approval then the matter would be settled. However...

“What do you think?”

For the meantime, I tried asking them.

A clansman begins speaking.

“...I’m in favor of tax reduction.”

This is unexpected... to have a favorable vote come first.

“Our territory has brought out more than fifty laborers. People who remember that they had once defied government will for a second time easily rouse another defiance. When these 50 agitators return to our territory, it would become so that we would have no choice but to give more concessions in the future. That’s why it’s better that we destroy the seeds of such arguments now.”

However, lots of clansmen immediately air their objections.

“I, I’m also opposed to this!! My territories finances right now are already in dire straights! If we lower taxes even more then...”

“That’s right! Furthermore, for the decision of this council to extend to all the clansmen’s territories... it’s interference in local affairs!”

“But what do we do? If this keeps up, the country will perish.”

The great clansmen begin noisily arguing.

Occasionally, angry roars fly about.

This is bad, huh... If someone among them begin thinking that defecting to the Eville and Belvedere Kingdoms where they could expect recognition and guarantee of their lands then.....

However, there’s no other way to resolve this crisis than reducing taxes.

Alright, if it all comes down to this then...

“I’ve thought of a way without having to reduce taxes!”

I raise my voice. The clansmen focus their sights on me.

“If, for example, we suppose that we resolved this crisis without recognizing such demands... wouldn't it still occur a second time?”

This is the same as what the other clansman pointed out.

A person who remembers that they had defied once will find it easier than the first time to raise up in revolt the second time.”

“This time is still fine. Since they're only around 3,000 strong, their demands are still relatively light. Unless we end this now, it'll become a greater problem later on. Listen, the ones defying us are soldiers, you know?”

In this country, farmers = soldiers.

In other words, should those guys feel like rising up in revolt, they'd find it easy killing us. If you consider this, then it's easy to understand that this incident is somewhat a frightening but at the same time fortunate matter.

“This is not a life or death matter for the Rosyth Kingdom. It is a problem that shakes my, and your social positions..... It seems, a long time ago, just like us, the Cretian states had a monarchical system of governance. However, they had risen up in revolt against exploitative kings and nobles, killed them, and committed themselves, as a matter of course, in governance.”

I threatened the great clansmen with actual history. If for example, my country perishes and you guys survived, it'll be nothing more than a temporary measure to prolonging their lives.

.....However, in reality this history differs slightly.

Honestly speaking, it was the commoners and the nobles who incited the revolt who killed the king that had employed tyrannical rule. The great clansmen then became the aristocracy and began an aristocratic form of governance. After that, the commoners then took away governance from the aristocracy.

Even if it had become easier to rise up in revolt, if you take away the core that puts all of that together, then it'll be impossible to overthrow the king.

However, a large part of the Adernian nobility don't really know much about Cretian history.

Even lying is a means to an end.

"Regarding the tax reductions..... at the very least the highest taxes must be less than the royal territories where taxes are light."

"If we reduce taxes that much then we won't be able to keep our territories!!"

The clansman shouts. Other clansmen raise voices of opposition just like him.

Great clansmen who don't hold much territory can only have so much taxes.

Therefore, they had no choice but to raise taxes.

It seems the great clansmen who hold territory to the extent they could prove it aren't proactively showing opposition.

Nevertheless, they aren't showing support either.

"It's a natural opinion. If we reduce you good gentlemen's incomes, then it's equivalent to reducing this country's military power. That's why..."

It can't be helped. Let's just tighten our belts.

Before you can force someone else to bleed, you must first show yourself shedding blood.

"I'll open to the public the means to produce paper and liquor."

The council quiets down in a moment.

It felt like you can hear the great clansmen gulping.

It's only natural to get surprised. You could say that paper and liquor are the source of the Rosyth clan's wealth.

Right now, the reason we are able to conduct such large scale construction is thanks to the foreign currency we obtain through trade of paper and liquor.

“M, my king!! Are you insane!!”

Raymond shouts with wide eyes.

I look Raymond firmly in the eyes and answer:

“It can’t be helped. We’re being unreasonable to the feudal lords. We should also show sacrifice.”

When I said so, Raymond looked like he still has something he wanted to say but he backed down for the meantime.

Then, I look around the clansmen and ask them:

“Are you still dissatisfied?”

“...Certainly we would be able to manage our territories’ finances if you teach and grant as the means of producing liquor and paper. Nevertheless, such a large scale never before seen up until now would...”

“It’d be fine if you just levy some sales tax. It’s a tax that doesn’t concern a large part of the commoners. It won’t be a problem if you raise it more or less.”

Although the economy might more or less chill if they raise some duties, it should also grow more than that chilling.

Even now, the sales tax is marvelously rising every month after all.

“What do you think?”

“.....”

The clansmen fall into deep thought.

After a while, a clansman that showed vigorous opposition began talking.

“If things will become so, then I shall bear no opposition. I give my support.”

With that as the beginning, one by one the clansmen show their agreement.

After this, large scale tax reduction and duty consolidation was decided through vote.



The last clansman gives his greetings and the diet is postponed.

The only ones remaining here are me and Raymond.

...

Fufufufu, hahahahaha

“Hahahahahahahaha! Everything went well, huh, Raymond.”

“Yes. To think things would go this well, it’s all thanks to your speech.”

If you say that, then I dare say your performance was much more better, Raymond.

I was about to burst into laughter.

Now then, let us expound on the matter.

In this incident, the royal clan got not one disadvantage nor loss. Rather, we got nothing but gains.

By opening up the production methods to the great clansmen, the supply will increase and the price will drop, you say?

Certainly, the price will more or less drop. But it’s something that will drop either way.

In the first place, paper and liquor are consumables and are basic goods of small profits but quick returns.

While it may be true that the supply will increase, the price won’t fall that quickly.

It’s estimated that the royal territorie’s reduced taxes are more than covered by the profits obtained from sales taxes.

At any rate, bronze, silver, and gold coins brought in large quantities by Creatians have begun circulating in our country after all.

In addition to that, being able to get taxes in the form of cash rather than goods also makes us much happier.

Nevertheless, we still have to resolve ourselves for the large scale fall in tax revenues.

Also, regarding the profits we've obtained...

"At last we finally managed to get our hands on the sacred forbidden grounds called the great clansmen's territory. Furthermore, we managed to reduce their income in one go through tax reduction."

The first time will always be difficult, but the second time will be much simpler.

We've said it again and again but it's something that applies even to these noblemen.

We managed to obtain a precedent of being able to exert influence over the great clansmen's territory through a resolution in the council. It's a huge profit.

Furthermore, we managed to make them feel that the profits from the sales tax from paper and liquor would be enough to cover the income lost from the tax reduction.

However... that's a misunderstanding.

In the first place, merchants go where a lot of people go.

Therefore, just like before, it won't change that they would go to the royal territories. Well, the number of merchants going to clan territories might also increase more or less but not to the extent they could expect much from sales taxes.

The economically ignorant great clansmen still seem to not understand this point.

In other words, we managed to vastly reduce the influence of the great clansmen in this incident.

However, how did everything go this well?

Honestly, I had thought that...

This might have really been the end.

Although we managed to shift this into a good direction, there was enough possibility that the council could have ended in disagreement and war.

“Have you heard? It appears that the clansmen have recently been addicted to Cretian culture. They’ve bought Cretian teaching slaves and seemed to have educated their children in the Cretian language. Also, it seems they’ve been collecting works of art with zeal recently. Isn’t that related to why they’ve been wanting money?”

“I see. Selling paper and liquor in order to obtain money is far better than selling the wheat from the tax payments in kind after all.”

In other words, it’s thanks to the zealous Cretian merchants, huh.

Nice, Cretian merchants!

Well, however...

“The commoners’ opposition came much earlier than we anticipated, huh.”

“.....It’s probably because of the Cretians, yes? They must have indoctrinated them with various things such as the money economy.”

I’ve been prepared for this but...

I got confused by how faster things went than anticipated. Even the spread of the money economy went faster than anticipated.

“Now then, I’ll be going to the place where the guys refusing to work are. I’ll immediately talk them down.”

“I’ll also come with you, My King.”



When I came to the site, the laborers crowded around me complaining about the harshness and dreadfulness of construction work and life.

Now, I’m not the imperially virtuous Prince Shotoku so I won’t be able to understand and answer each and every one of them.



For the meantime, I'll let them speak until they're satisfied.

For a while, the laborers kept airing their dissatisfaction at me. Then at a moment I judged favorable, I start speaking.

"I completely understand your complaints!!"

I say so in a voice as loud as possible so that everyone could hear.

Then, I look around the laborer's faces. I firmly make eye contact.

"I'm thinking that it's good giving each one of you here land. However, it probably won't work even if you are given lands from far away. Furthermore, slaves, salt, and money are limited so there's no way we would be able to give some to everyone here."

The color of discontent begins to appear and disappear in the faces of the soldier. However, I won't stop.

"However, it is my true feeling that I want to reward you gentlemen. Therefore... I'm thinking of showing my thanks to you in the form of tax reductions."

In addition to that, the country will, without fail, bring out provisions during labor and military duties.

We will also suspend the collection of special taxes.

We will prohibit the unjustified seizure of assets by the king and the clansmen.

Etc...

I promised improvements regarding the things the commoners are worrying about as well as the things they might worry about.

Gradually, you can see joy and surprise on the faces of the commoners.

This is probably a result far better than they had anticipated.

It's exactly as I've intended. If you had to negotiate in the end, then rather than doing it half-baked small steps, doing it seriously and drastically should give a better impression.

For the finale, I raised my voice and gave my finish.

“I want to be your protector. As king, I want to protect you people. Therefore, won’t you people protect me, this country, from our enemies? This is my wish from you, my people, as king!”

This time, I turned the tables, asking something of them.

Silence controls the place.

What shattered it was the voice of a commoner.

“Long live the King!”

Hearing someone shouting so, the surrounding commoners follow suit.

““Long live the King!””

The wave of cheers gradually grew until, before one noticed, it became a chant that shook the atmosphere.

““Long live the King!!!””

...

It was a bit more than I had anticipated but I wonder if it’s fine to label this as a great success?”



Supreme Martial Authority, Right to Veto in the Senate, Emergency powers of Imperial Dictatorship, the Highest Religious Authority.

There are various powers invested in the Romano Emperor.

Where did these powers come from? Is it because he is a living god? Is it because he has divine blood in him? Is it because it was given to him by Zelvina, Hainaut, Arne and Mares?

No.

The Emperor's Absolute Powers are derived from just a single duty.

That is the duty to protect the citizen.

The Emperor is allowed to exercise such absolute authority in times of defending the lives, food, water, freedom, and property of his citizens.

And the rights we Romano citizens have are rooted on our payment of taxes, duty to military service, and absolute loyalty towards the Emperor.

Emperor and Citizen.

So long as the two continue to protect their duties, I believe that the Empire is indestructible.

Excerpt from History of the Empire. 535<sup>th</sup> Year Issue

“Treatise on the Empire”

## Chapter 104.5

\*Slap\*

The sound of a cheek getting hit reverberates throughout the Yurt.

It was Ledus who fell and Rachaela who hit.

“Who will become whose wife?”

“.....If I felt like it, I can rape right here right now, you know?”

Ledus scowls at Rachaela.

Rachaela firmly scowls back.

“No thank you. Try it if you must but I’d bite my tongue and die before you could do so. Feel free to rape my dead body as much as you like.”

The Equus tribe’s medical technology is poor. Therefore, if someone bit their tongue off, then they’d surely die. But then again, it would be quite a painful death.

“.....Listen here, I won’t rape you. I’ll immediately bring you Muzio’s head. If I do that, then there’s no need for you to be faithful anymore.”

“You won’t be able to kill Muzio. A coward like you won’t be able to.”

After the two scowled at each other for a while, the two turned their backs on each other.

# Chapter 105

## Cretians

“Oh dear me! Look at all of you, welcome, welcome everyone!”

Abraham welcomes the representative of Lezzad, Ains, and the representative of Nemes.

The three are currently at Abraham’s residence.

It’s a mansion sarcastically called by the Lezzadians and Nemesians as Abraham’s palace.

That said, it’s built at a scale that you’d be forgiven for calling it a palace.

At the very least, it’s much larger, beautiful, and luxurious than the Rosythian Palace.

“Thank you, Your Excellency. We would like to thank you for inviting us here for today.”

Ains lightly extends Lezzad’s salutation while Nemes’ representative shortly follows suit.

The three then immediately move to talks.

“Now then, I think everyone here knows what we’re going to talk about. The Rosyth Kingdom is currently the target of a coalition. The king there is a grandson to me. Naturally, I intend to send reinforcements. What about you gentlemen?”

“Our country has also received an official request for reinforcements. Naturally, we also intend to support them. The Belvedere Kingdom is, after all, our arch enemy.”

Lezzad and Gehenna both have huge reasons to intervene in the war.

From Lezzad’s point of view, this is their chance to catch the Belvedere Kingdom in a pincer so there’s no reason for them to pass on this war.

Nemes, on the other hand, finds that point difficult.

“Unfortunately, Our country is not that close with the Rosyth Kingdom. Personally speaking, I also think it’s better if we send reinforcements to the Rosyth Kingdom but the citizens probably won’t agree. Therefore, we are thinking of sending aid in the form of provisions and war funds.”

In other words, Nemes also supports the Rosyth Kingdom.

“Isn’t the topic of today’s talks painfully obvious? Why don’t you hurry up and tell us the main point of the matter?”

Abraham shrugs at Ains’ request.

He then speaks while showing slight disappointment.

“This war will certainly empty the treasury of that country. In any case, they’ve also been busy engaging in huge enterprises up until recently. Therefore, they should be interested in borrowing..... As such we should lend the Rosyth Kingdom huge amounts of money and make them slaves to the will of us, Cretians.”

“What we’re more worried about is you using your great-grandchild to eliminate us.”

Ains quips while glaring at Abraham.

Although Lezzad also agrees on the policy of burying the Rosyth Kingdom in debt, Abraham is someone who can’t be trusted.

“Hahaha, I’ll be dead by the time my great-grandchild becomes king. Aren’t I correct?”

“... Yes, you are correct.”

Nemes’ representative makes a bitter smile.

Abraham has a time limit called “life span.”

“Well, I guess it’s fine. Regardless, it’s a huge enterprise that won’t succeed unless the three of us cooperate. I humbly place our trust in you.”

“Our country, Nemes, shall also cooperate.”

“Thank you very much, gentlemen! Haha, unless we merchants put our trust in each other, things won’t start after all!”

Creatians are a merchant people. Although naturally speaking there are some farmers amongst them but that profession as well is done in pursuit of trade.

It’s difficult to raise wheat in Cretia. Instead, it’s easier to raise olives and grapes. Such produce would be sold to other countries like Persis from whom they would then buy wheat.

Where there is money to be made, Cretians would immediately ride their ships, set sail and head for the actual site. Once they’ve filled up their ship with goods, they’d then use the oceans to move island to island, continent to continent.

Ains, Abraham, and the Nemes Representative are also the same – they are merchants.

Amongst them, there are also pirates.

Should trade not go favorably, merchant ships can be quickly changed into pirate ships. With such modes of operation, they managed to sink several Persis and Povenian ships.

These are what makes a Cretian.

Cretians taking control of the Tethys Sea is not a coincidence.

Valor, Seafaring, Negotiations, Trade, Economic Power, and above all, cunning...

No race of the various countries in the Tethys sea can surpass such a people.

Battling against the Great Persis Empire and winning many times is proof of this.

It’s not good to make enemies of the Cretian people...

“Now then, the next problem is who would take command of the army. Politically speaking, I want to say that one from each of your countries should take equal command but... we’ll lose if we divide the chain of command into two. I do not want to do such stupid things.”

“I feel the same way... Actually, I have just the perfect person for the job.”

“Oh? Who might he be?”

Ains answers Abraham’s query.

“Alexios. Alexios Barca. Well, he’d get angry if we call him a Barca but you know who I’m talking about.”

“.....That great general from Povenia? Haldir Barca’s son? Certainly, it’ll be most suitable to make him commander huh. He’s not affiliated with any country after all and his abilities are the real deal. If I can recall correctly, it was in the war five years ago, huh... [TLN1]

Five years ago, a dispute broke out between Povenia and Cretia.

The site of the battle was the island of Trisqueria a little south from the Adernia Peninsula.”

This island is a famous grain-producing region in the Tethys Sea where a lot of Cretians are importing their wheat.

In fact, thirty percent of Cretian wheat imports all come from Trisqueria.

In that war, the supreme commander of the Povenian forces was Haldir Barca while Alexios worked under him as the centurion of an elite cohort.

From the beginning, Povenia advanced successfully through Trisqueria driving Cretian armies into a corner one by one. It was a horrible situation where, at worst, Cretians would have to completely withdraw from the island.

Haldir Barca and Alexios Barca were that troublesome as enemies.

However, for some reason, a strange disturbance in their military movements suddenly broke out.

They didn’t pursue into attack even though they would win if they did so quickly.

They withdrew even though there was no need to do so.

That was the beginning of their strange behavior.



Thanks to that, the Cretians were able to regroup and recover.

This was something Abraham and the others learned long after but it seemed that the Povenian Senate had meddled in the war.

Because of that, they never managed to win even though they could've done so.

No matter how effective the generals, all of them would be pointless if the politicians controlling them are incompetent.

This is a good example of that.

“But can we trust him? He’s a man who abandoned his country you know?”

“You can rest easy on that. That man is currently constructing a world only for him and his wife called Melia. He’s an excellent general that we need to properly recruit on our side by interfering in that world. What’s important is that we just need to be careful of not repeating the same mistake as Povenia.”

Abraham smiles with a grin at Ains’ statement.

“Ha, there’s no need for such foolish actions. All would be fine if he would just win for us.”

Abraham open his mouth widely to speak with a huge burst of laughter.

...Thanks to that, his jaw got dislocated, reminding him of the awkward fact that he’s ageing.

# Chapter 106

## Eloquence

Our forces currently number around 7,000. It's impossible to increase this any further. In addition to this, we add the 200 Equus cavalry that Muzio brought with him. It ballooned to this number because in the Equus tribe you're counted as a warrior as long as you can handle a bow regardless of whether you are a woman or a child.

The Belvedere Kingdom and Eville Kingdom each have 5,000 men for a total of 10,000.

Ledus, on the other hand, commands a force of 3,000 Equus cavalry and is currently crossing the mountains.

Meanwhile, the 11,000 strong army headed by Bartolo is currently surrounded in the DeMorgal Kingdom by the enemy a little less than 9,000 strong.

Now then, which should we deal with first?

"Your Majesty! We've received a handwritten letter from the Cretian City-States!"

The messenger hands over the letter.

It seems the three states had a discussion and decided to unite and give my country support.

- Lezzad and *Gehenna* (*TLN: Author wrote Nemes, but I think this should be Gehenna*) would each send a thousand troops to attack the Belvedere Kingdom from the rear.
- Nemes would support us with military rations and supplies.
- Furthermore, if the Rosyth Kingdom still has anything more to request, then the countries wouldn't mind lending some war funds.

"If a god abandons, another picks you up, huh. I'm especially thankful for the war funds..."

Honestly speaking, my country's finances are currently burning to oblivion. It's already at quite dangerous levels. Furthermore, we've decided on tax reductions by next year...

It makes one not want to think what happens after the war, huh...

In any case, it's good that we manage to secure loans. As long as we can continue to do so, the country's finances won't descend to bankruptcy since it'll make us unable to gather capital. You can say that thanks to these loans, we'll be able to secure some leeway.

.....However, there's nothing more troublesome than loaning money from other countries.

They're probably trying to follow Caesar's example and try to make the target indebted beyond what they can handle.

However, the objective has been decided, huh.

"Gentlemen, Lezzad and Gehenna intend to pin Belvedere down. Send a thousand soldiers to the Belvedere Kingdom and buy some time through delaying tactics."

The problem, however, would be Zoldias, huh...

I wonder what we should do. Well, for the meantime, I did send Yal to negotiate with King Zoldias and request that they distract the Eville Kingdom.

"Your Majesty! A letter from Lord Yal has arrived!"

"How quick!"

I take the letter and read it.



"I see..."

Yal reads the order documents that came from Almis.

He had already heard from King Zoldias the circumstances behind the coalition. Then,

he was immediately asked by King Zoldias if it would be better for him to return to the Rosyth Kingdom.

“What is written?”

A sorcerer that Yal brought with him to serve as Falconer asks him.

Yal hands over the letter to her.

“As you can see... he wants us to keep up our efforts and keep negotiating with King Zoldias. He also wants us to distract Eville from behind. If possible, he wants an alliance with King Zoldias.”

Yal gives a short summary.

First, an alliance is impossible. This was evident in the negotiations with King Zoldias.

That king feels that the Rosyth Kingdom is as much a dangerous kingdom as the Gillbed Kingdom.

That instinct is correct. Should the Rosyth Kingdom annex the Gillbed Kingdom, it's bright as day that the next target would be the Zoldias Kingdom.

That said, for King Zoldias, it's also true that the Eville Kingdom is a threat.

Should the Eville Kingdom manage to obtain a territory from the Rosyth Kingdom and strengthen themselves, it would be the Zoldias Kingdom who would find themselves in a bind.

“Alright, I guess we should go now.”

Yal heads for the Zoldias Royal Palace.



“Lord Yal Claudius, to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit? Are you perhaps thinking of returning home?”

“No, Your Majesty. There's nothing I could do for my country if I go home.”

Besides, how could he go home? The Eville Kingdom lies between the Rosyth Kingdom and the Zoldias Kingdom. Going home is impossible.

"I'll say this in advance. I won't take an alliance. I don't like strengthening a neighboring country. It's better for you to get small or better yet disappear from Adernia entirely."

Zoldias declares to Yal.

At present, he is 25 years old.

Although he is short, his body is solidly built. It's the build of a king of a country that's mostly mountainous.

Whether it's because of his youth, or his personality, King Zoldias often tells what he thinks frankly. He doesn't hold himself back.

"By no means. We won't be asking for things like reinforcements and the like. Our country will win after all."

"Oh?"

King Zoldias squints his eyes. He has taken interest in Yal who, in spite of his country being in a dangerous situation, could still act so boldly.

"But I don't think your country has that much of a leeway?"

"I'm sure His Majesty have heard of the weapons our country produces called bomb spears, yes? King Rosyth is also an inventor. We also have other weapons besides that, you know?"

It's a lie.

At the very least, Yal doesn't know of other weapons other than that.

That said, the bomb spear is an innovative weapon and that no other country still understands the fundamental principle behind it.

Therefore, what Yal declared might still have been true. It has enough persuasive power to make another think so.

“What I am hoping is that the Zoldias Kingdom strike the Eville Kingdom.”

“I already told you we won’t be mobilizing any troops...”

“We don’t wish for any reinforcements now, you know? If the Eville Kingdom is to lose to my country, isn’t it better for your country to join in on the fray?”

Yal starts speaking on the premise that the Rosyth Kingdom will win.

King Zoldias can’t read Yal’s intentions.

If they would win, won’t it be better for them to just surge into the Eville Kingdom as is? The Rosyth Kingdom should have no need at all for the Zoldias Kingdom.

With Yal’s proposal, the Zoldias Kingdom will profit while others do the work. Zoldias can’t think how that would be profitable to the Rosyth Kingdom.

“Destroying the Eville Kingdom would be easy. However, should their capital fall, administering them would be very difficult. It won’t be that difficult if we manage them one by one but right now, we’re at war with several countries, yes? We can’t take our time. That’s why, after we win, we’ll have Your Majesty raise your troops. With that, your country would be able to easily obtain territory from the Eville Kingdom. Our country would leave a few troops behind for defense while we tidy up the other fronts.”

Zoldias silently looks at Yal while listening to his proposal.

Yal, on the other hand, continues his persuasion while keeping note of Zoldias’ reactions.

“How is it? So long as your country won’t take the Eville Kingdom down, my and your country won’t have a direct border. My country doesn’t have the leeway to swallow the Eville Kingdom. If we make the Eville Kingdom a buffer state, then the possibility of a territorial dispute breaking out between our countries would disappear.”

King Zoldias begins considering Yal’s proposal in his head.

With Yal’s proposal, the Zoldias Kingdom would receive no demerits nor risks.

In any case, the only loser would be the weakened Eville Kingdom.

The Zoldias Kingdom is a mountainous nation so there's very little fertile land.

Therefore, taking territory from the Eville Kingdom is not a bad proposition.

In any case, there's a basin (low-land region) in the border between the Eville and Zoldias Kingdoms where one can cultivate a considerable unit of wheat.

Should the Zoldias Kingdom be able to obtain that area, they would be able to obtain security.

King Zoldias has confidence in his military power. At any rate, he still is quite a young king. The younger a person, the more proactive he'd be is the same no matter the world.

Therefore, King Zoldias...

"I understand. Then, please proceed to lay out the conditions of your proposal. There's no way you'd give us the right to profit while you fight for free, yes? What does your country want from us? What do you want me to do? I'll say this in advance but we won't mobilize our troops until after you've won."

"It's simple. 'King Zoldias will support the Rosyth Kingdom' We just want you to declare these few words."

King Zoldias thinks for a little.

(I just have to say this and it'll be fine? There's nothing for me to lose to boot...)

"I understand. My country will support the Rosyth Kingdom."

"Thank you very much."



"Alright, with this we managed to get a commitment."

What Yal wanted was the words "My country will support the Rosyth Kingdom" from King Zoldias.

There won't be any problems if they have just these words.

“Please gather everyone for me.”

Yal gathers the subordinates and sorcerers that he’s brought along with him to the Zoldias Kingdom.

He then speaks.

“Listen, everyone. Immediately propagate throughout the Zoldias Kingdom that King Zoldias had proclaimed his support for the Rosyth Kingdom. With that, Eville spies should be able to catch word of it. Just that is enough. With these, we’ll be able to startle their rear.”

This is the truth. King Zoldias won’t be able to deny it. Even if you say it was a secret agreement, both countries had agreed to it after all.

What’s important is that the contents of the words “support” don’t clearly come out. It can be interpreted as just his personal feelings, it can also be thought of as support in the form of provisions and war funds, and it can even be interpreted as an actual attack from the rear.

The Eville Kingdom should then descend into futile worry. At the very least, they won’t be able to send reinforcements against the Rosyth Kingdom.

This is what Yal was able to do.

“Now then, I guess we should contact His Majesty, King Rosyth.”

Yal prepared some paper and ink.



“Alright! Yal was able to get King Zoldias’ support!”

The great clansmen well up. This was quite the big news.

Even if just a declaration, they were able to startle them from behind.

“Your Majesty! Just now, the Eville and Belvedere armies have begun moving! Each of their 2,000 armies seem to be returning to their own countries!”



Perhaps, the news has probably reached both of their countries, huh.

Eville is returning in order to deal with the Zoldias Kingdom while Belvedere is returning in order to deal with the Leazzad and Gehenna united army.

With this, we were able to take away 4,000 men from the battlefield without fighting them. Nevertheless, the enemy still numbers 9,000 men strong including the Equus tribe. This is much more than my army.

“Alright, the plan is decided. We’ll crush them one by one. First we’ll hit Belvedere and Eville with a thousand men each and buy some time. We’ll send 5,000 against the Equus tribe and crush them. After we’ve made Muzio lord, we’ll take reinforcements from the Equus tribe and surround the Belvedere Kingdom in a pincer with the Lezzad-Gehenna United Army. We’ll merge with that army and then attack the Eville Kingdom. After that, we’ll head towards Bartolo to reinforce him. Does anybody have an opinion to share?”

Nobody raised their hand. In other words, nobody has an objection.

“Now then, we’ll take a vote!”

As such, the Anti-Coalition Strategy has safely been approved.

The counterattack begins here!!

## [ Intermission III – Reverse Side ]

# Chapter 107

## Equus War I

The border between the Rosyth Kingdom and the Equus Tribe is the reasonably high mountain range called the Alva Mountain Range.

The Rosyth Kingdom lies on its western side while the Equus tribe's lands lie on its east.

It's mutually used by both sides and is demilitarized.

In other words, there isn't a clear border in the area. Well, this isn't such a strange thing in the Adernia Peninsula.

The 3,000 cavalrymen headed by Ledus are crossing the Alva Mountain range.

There was no reply from the Rosyth Kingdom which meant that the demands were rejected.

Basically, the Rule of Force plays a huge part in Equestrian tribes. In other words, while what Ledus did is far from honorable, he'll be recognized as chief so long as he wins against Muzio.

In any case, Ledus' grandfather..... the previous Lord Equus' father had also killed his lord, who was then chief of the tribe, and stole wife, daughters, and the position of chief.

Side with the Strong – that is how Alvans think.

Even if you say their blood is mixing with other cultures and are slowly Adernianizing, they are still the descendants of the flat-faced people.

Besides, Ledus also has the personal desire of making Rachaela his.

Although it's not like he can't already make her a forced bride through plunder right now...

It's only Ledus who thinks that it's more acceptable to give the freshly severed head of the previous husband rather than sheep as the betrothal gift.

This makes Ledus look like a brute but it's a relatively common way of thinking amongst Alvans.

To equestrian tribes, women and wealth count as legitimate plunder.

Stealing another's wife (Netori) and getting one's wife stolen (Netorare) are just everyday occurrences.



There are three routes to the Rosyth Kingdom from the Alva Mountain Range. In order from the north, let's call them Route A, B, and C.

First is Route A. The road here is dangerous and the most roundabout so it's not normally used. However, if you got entangled in something complicated that would have you go escaping and hiding, then this is the most effective route. In fact, this is the route that Muzio and his entourage used to escape to the Rosyth Kingdom.

The next is Route B. It's the shortest route to the kingdom. It's also the route with the most even road surface. Therefore, a lot of merchants use it as well as envoys of the Rosyth Kingdom.

However, the route is narrow so moving a huge army through it won't go well.

The last route is Route C. It's the route that Ledus and his army are currently traversing.

The road is quite uneven and the distance is the average of the other two. However, the road is quite wide so an army can march through it.

The Equus tribe, instead of using wagons and carts, have instead used sheep for transport – a walking supply train.

If the road was narrow, they wouldn't be able to make the sheep walk so they had no choice but to go through Route C. It would be a different story if they had divided the army into several groups but... doing so would be the height of sheer folly.

Naturally, the enemy should also know that.



“I dare say the enemy is already lying in wait at the mouth of this canyon. It would be disadvantageous for them after all to fight in the open fields.”

Ledus says to his grandfather walking beside him.

Ledus’ grandfather is a great warrior chief – a military commander with a long and distinguished service.

“I also think so. Lord Equus. We should be vigilant against an ambush, yes? This geography is ideal for an ambush after all.”

The Great Warrior Chief surveys the surroundings.

If they got pinched here, even if they are cavalry, they won’t be able to escape. It’s impossible to make use of cavalry’s mobility here.

“Lord Equus, a falcon report has arrived. The Rosyth Army has taken up positions blocking the path. They are 5,000 infantry and 300 cavalymen strong. A lot of anti-cavalry measures have been spotted. We can’t confirm an ambush.”

“The person that read the report was Lydia who has openly become the leading sorcerer in the Equus tribe... a spy of the Rozel Kingdom.”

Although Lydia’s true masters are Mari and King Rozel, the point of the coalition won’t be accomplished if they couldn’t give Ledus victory.

Therefore, Lydia is supporting him with all her might.

“I see... Thanks. I’m expecting a lot from you.”

“Thank you very much.”

While snickering deep inside, Lydia gives a greeting and leaves.

That day, while keeping vigilance on their surroundings, Ledus signals to make camp and set the Yurts to let his men rest.

This in order to prepare for tomorrow's decisive battle...



“Muzio!! Come out you fleeing coward!! Or perhaps you're scared to come out? And you call yourself an equestrian!!”

Ledus faces towards the Rosyth Army and shouts. After that, the Ledus Army's soldiers, too, follow suit, provoking Muzio and the Rosyth Army with a large voice.

As if unable to stand the taunting, Muzio takes some soldiers and breaks from the formation.

“The coward is you!! To attack in the night when all is asleep, can you even call yourself an equestrian tribesman? Oh good lord, I'm so embarrassed to be your brother. Even if you had no confidence in yourself, to think you'd use such means. It was probably also you who was responsible for the sick horses! To go so far as a coward!!”

As if to support Muzio's words, the Equus cavalrymen headed by Muzio as well as the Rosyth infantrymen start jeering.

A smile appears in Ledus face.

“Alright, then we shall do a one on one battle!!”

Ledus declares so and advances forward alone without his army.

As such, it'll become impossible for Muzio to not oblige.

This war is not just about winning. This is about Muzio showing his own strength to the tribe.

Unless he does that, he'll be make fun of as a powerless fool without the support of the Rosyth Army.

“What will you do, Older Brother? Shall we have a match with the bow and arrow?”

“No, let's go with your specialty – a bout of swords. If I use the bow, you'll definitely lose after all.”

Muzio declares confidently. Ledus licks his lips.

“I won’t care if you regret it later!!”

The two kicked the belly of their favorite horses and dashed forth into battle.

Their two swords violently clashed against each other.

Both of them aren’t wearing any stirrups so the only thing supporting their bodies are the muscles of their legs. You can see from this intense battle how excellent these two as warriors.

The sounds of iron violently clashing reverberate throughout the canyon.

Both armies hold their breaths as they watch over the battle.

“You’re good, huh, Older brother.”

“Same goes to you.”

The two perform the dance of battle, drawing close, striking, and separating.

This goes on for a while.

“HAAAAA!!”

Ledus’ sword strongly strikes Muzio’s sword.

The vibrations are transmitted through the sword greatly jolting Ledus’ arms.

“Tch, it seems I’m at a disadvantage at one on one.”

Muzio declares so, turns his back, and runs at full speed. In other words, he’s escaping.

It’s Ledus’ win.

“Wait!! You’re turning your back even though you’re an equestrian!?!”

Ledus chases after Muzio in order to strike him down. The 3,000-strong Equus cavalrymen follow him.

They rapidly draw close to the enemy formation.

Ledus worries a little bit.

(Should we assault just like this?..."

Ledus sees an anti-cavalry wall before them.

It's not that tall. Or rather, accurately speaking, it has a low chance of stopping Equus cavalrymen. It's probably just at a height enough to stop cavalry of agricultural peoples.

If you just overstretched yourself a bit, you'd be able to jump over it. Naturally, it's to be expected that they'd be attacked with spears and arrows should they get stuck on the wall...

Ledus looks at the soldiers behind him once.

"Ooooooooooooo!!!!!"

The soldiers are following him straightforwardly. Their morale is sufficiently high.

This is the moment he should just believe in his soldiers and their horses.

"Let's go!!!"

Ledus, who has entrusted everything to morale, assaults the enemy positions. He collects his force and raises his horse's neck up.

His favorite horse, recognizing its master's intentions, forcefully kicks the ground.

They jump over the wall and begin cutting down the Rosyth Army's infantry.

The soldiers, negligently thought that the wall will completely stop the enemy, are easily cut down.

"Surround them!! Surround and ki-gguah!"

Blood springs forth from the body of a man that looks like a centurion. It was the Great Warrior Chief who cut him down.



“Don’t go too deep.”

“Thanks, grandfather.”

One after another, relying on the momentum, Ledus’ cavalrymen invade the enemy’s formation. There are some of them who made mistakes, but they only numbered a few. As expected, this kind of wall won’t be able to defend against Equus cavalry men.

It’s already too late to reorganize.

The Rosyth Army’s infantry and cavalry have already broken formation and escaping.

“What, these guys aren’t that of a big deal huh. Let’s go! Aim for Muzio and King Rosyth’s heads!”

Ledus raises his voice and dashes forward. The cavalrymen follow suit. One by one, they cut down and kill the Rosyth soldiers.

Victory and defeat have already been decided.

The Ledus soldiers, believing certain victory, have begun thinking about plundering property.

Amongst them, just one person is making a worried face.

It’s the Great Warrior Chief.

“(Things are going too well...)”

The enemy has Muzio who is an Equus tribesman just like them. He should have noticed that the height of the wall isn’t enough.

Furthermore, the enemy’s resistance is too weak.

And also, their banner.

They’ve lost this much so it won’t be strange to see soldiers abandoning banners but not even one banner has fallen.

“Lord Equus! This is strange! The enemy’s retreat is going too well. The possibility of

this being a trap is high! I suggest we retreat at once.”

“Don’t be stupid! What kind of trap could there be in this situation? We’ve received reports from sorcerers that there won’t be an ambush yes? If they do have some of a number we’d overlook them, then it should be a number that we can just ignore. There’s no way I could let go of this chance to win!”

What he said was quite plausible.

To the bitter end, the strangeness is no more than just the Great Warrior Chief’s intuition. There’s a high chance that it’s just a misunderstanding.

There’s no way they could move an army just because of an old man’s intuition.

“If you say so then...”

The chief sticks close to Ledus as much as possible in order to protect him should something happen.

Just like that, they run through the formation.

After a little while they come out of the enemy formation and begin slashing at the back of the retreating main body of the Rosyth Army.

At that moment...

“Thi, this is!”

The smell of oil stimulates the senses of the Great Warrior Chief.

But it’s already too late.

The light infantry of the Rosyth Army as well as the Equus cavalrymen headed by Muzio who had just been retreating a while ago changed course.

And then they fired off fire arrows.

The arrows ignite the oil that covered the ground.

“tch, such trickery!!”

Ledus curses as he calms down his horse.

But this much won't be a problem. A blaze won't be created just by wetting the ground with oil. Oil is something that disappears in the blink of an eye after burning after all.

There isn't any lumber in the area to fuel the flame.

Even the oil is just at a quantity where you'll just notice it if you come close to the ground where it is scattered.

They won't be able to pass through the places burning since horses are afraid of fire but...

The area that the fire covered isn't that big. It's enough to just go around it.

"Hahaha, idiots!! Do you think this small of a fire could stop us!?"

\*Boom\* \*Boom\* \*Boom\*!

Thunderous roars rock the area. The ground had suddenly exploded.

The explosions spread in a chain engulfing the area in smoke.

The explosions themselves aren't that big of a deal but a number of unlucky cavalymen got blown off.

However, the combination of smoke and the sound of explosion was more than enough to light the fire of terror inside the horses' hearts.

"Uwaaaaa!!!"

Ledus favorite horse is startled and became restive. He calms it down and then surveys the surroundings.

Thirty percent of the cavalymen has fallen from their horses while forty percent are clinging to their raging horses with all their might. The remaining thirty percent, just like Ledus, have somehow calmed their horses down.

It's at that moment when the Rosythian hoplites and cavalymen began their assault.

The Equus cavalry's momentum has completely disappeared.

"Run away, Ledus!!! If this keeps up, you'd get killed! I'll buy you some time somehow so escape!!"

The Great Warrior Chief shouts. He has completely forgotten to speak politely to Ledus as he himself is utterly confused by the mayhem.

"kku, I understand!"

Ledus complies and positions himself to escape.

However, an arrow almost grazes his ear as he tries to escape.

"Oioi, equestrians don't show their back, right?"

Muzio prepares his bow as he said so.



PDF by: traitorAIZEN